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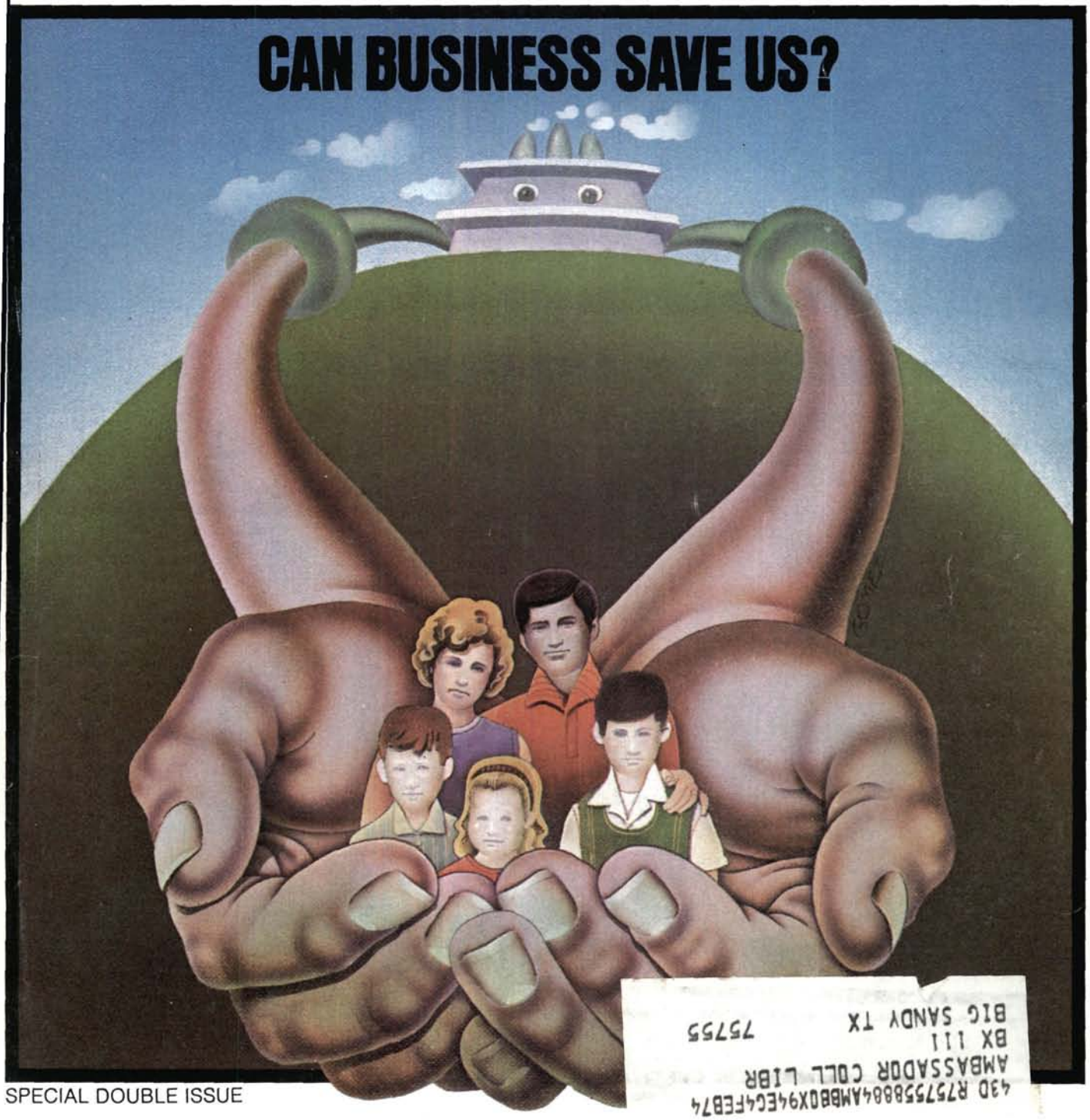

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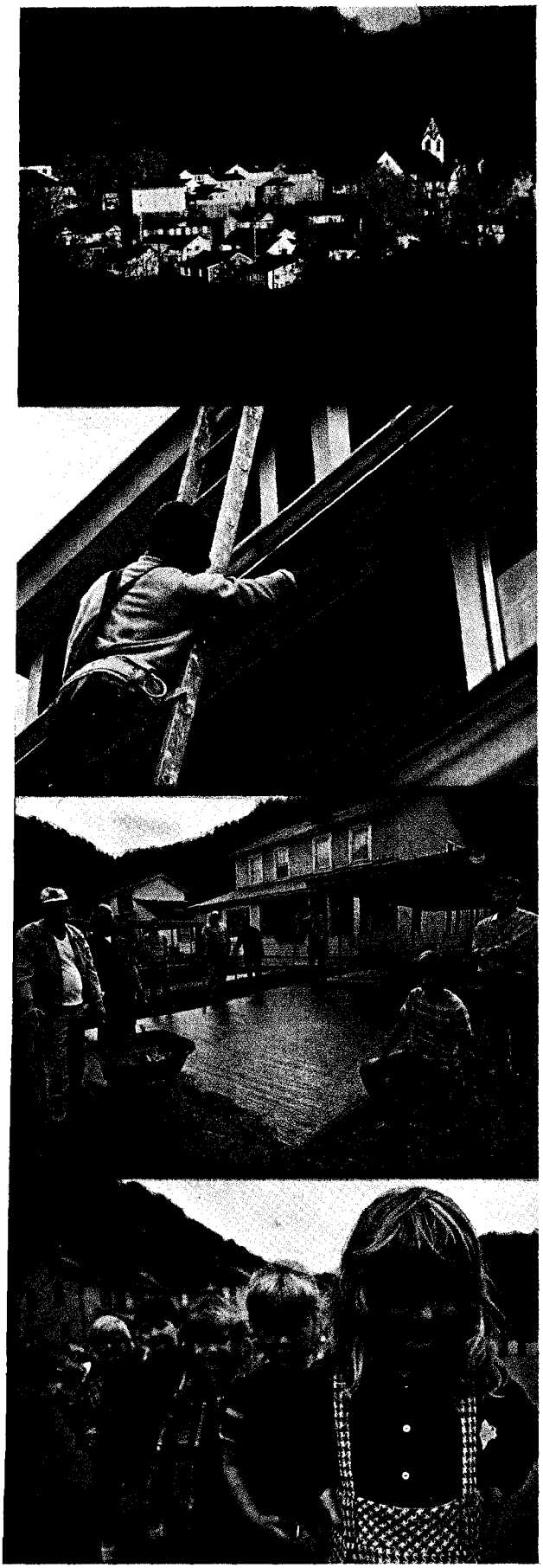

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MARCH 17, 1973 VOLUME 1, NUMBER 3

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INSIDE *SR*

President Nixon's Second Inaugural Address ("Let each of us ask, not just what will government do for me, but what can I do for myself?") and, even more strikingly, his budget message, which lists no fewer than 100 federal programs he plans to cut back or terminate, appear to be the opening guns of a major debate in this nation. For Mr. Nixon has raised the fundamental question of who is to do society's work.

By society's work, of course, we refer to making generally available decent housing, a high level of health care, an education well suited to the requirements of our complex and demanding culture, productive and meaningful employment—in short, all those things and services that we as a community require for our social well-being.

The question is, who, or what social mechanism, is best able to accomplish these tasks? Is it the federal government? Is it the individual, responding to the President's appeal to "do for myself"? Is it profit-centered institutions? Or is it some combination, some working-together, of any of the above?

Because we believe that this question is of vital importance to this society, we have assembled the work of a distinguished group of thinkers and analysts in a 16-page Special Business Supplement, which begins on page 43.

Drucker

Our own "opening gun" is **Peter F. Drucker**, the eminent social critic and authority on business, who looks in this essay to individual initiative, to the so-called private sector, and finally to the "public service corporations" for the accomplishment of society's work in the years ahead. Professor Drucker is superbly qualified to open our discussion, having touched on this and related themes in scores of magazine articles and in a remarkable series of books including *The New Society, The Effective Executive, The Practice of Management, America's Next Twenty Years, Landmarks of Tomorrow, Managing for Results,* and *The Age of Discontinuity.*

Born in Vienna, Professor Drucker was educated in Austria and England. He worked as a newspaper correspondent and as an economist for an international bank in London. Since 1937 he has been living in the United States, working first as an economist for a group of British banks and insurance companies and later as a management consultant for several of the country's largest corporations as well as for leading companies abroad. From 1942 to 1949 he was professor of philosophy and politics at Bennington College; since 1950 he has been professor of management at New York University's Graduate School of Business; and, since 1971, also Clarke Professor of Social Science at Claremont Graduate School in Claremont, California. He tells us he is currently working on a new book, to be published in the fall by Harper & Row, which will be entitled *Management: Tasks, Responsibilities, Practices.*

Hamilton

Edward K. Hamilton, the brilliant 34-year-old deputy mayor of New York City, is also especially well qualified to discuss the question of who is to do society's work. He differs with Professor Drucker, arguing that our present problems in delivering social services arise from "the sheer difficulty of the task rather than the question of who should tackle it," and that, furthermore, there is "no substitute for massive federal funds" as a solution to our domestic needs.

A graduate of the University of Minnesota, Mr. Hamilton did graduate work in government and economics at Harvard. He was a member of the staff of the U.S. Bureau of the Budget from 1961 to 1964, rising to the post of assistant to the director in 1963. From 1965 to 1968 he was a senior member of the staff of the National Security Council. In September 1968 Mr. Hamilton was named executive secretary and staff director of the Commission on International Development, a temporary study commission chaired by the Right Honorable Lester B. Pearson and financed by the World Bank. The commission's report, entitled *Partners in Development*, was published in October 1969. The following year Mr. Hamilton served as vice-president and senior fellow in Foreign Policy Studies at the Brookings Institution. He was appointed Director of the Budget for the City of New York in September 1970 and served in that capacity until his present appointment as deputy mayor of the city of New York in December 1971. W. H. H.

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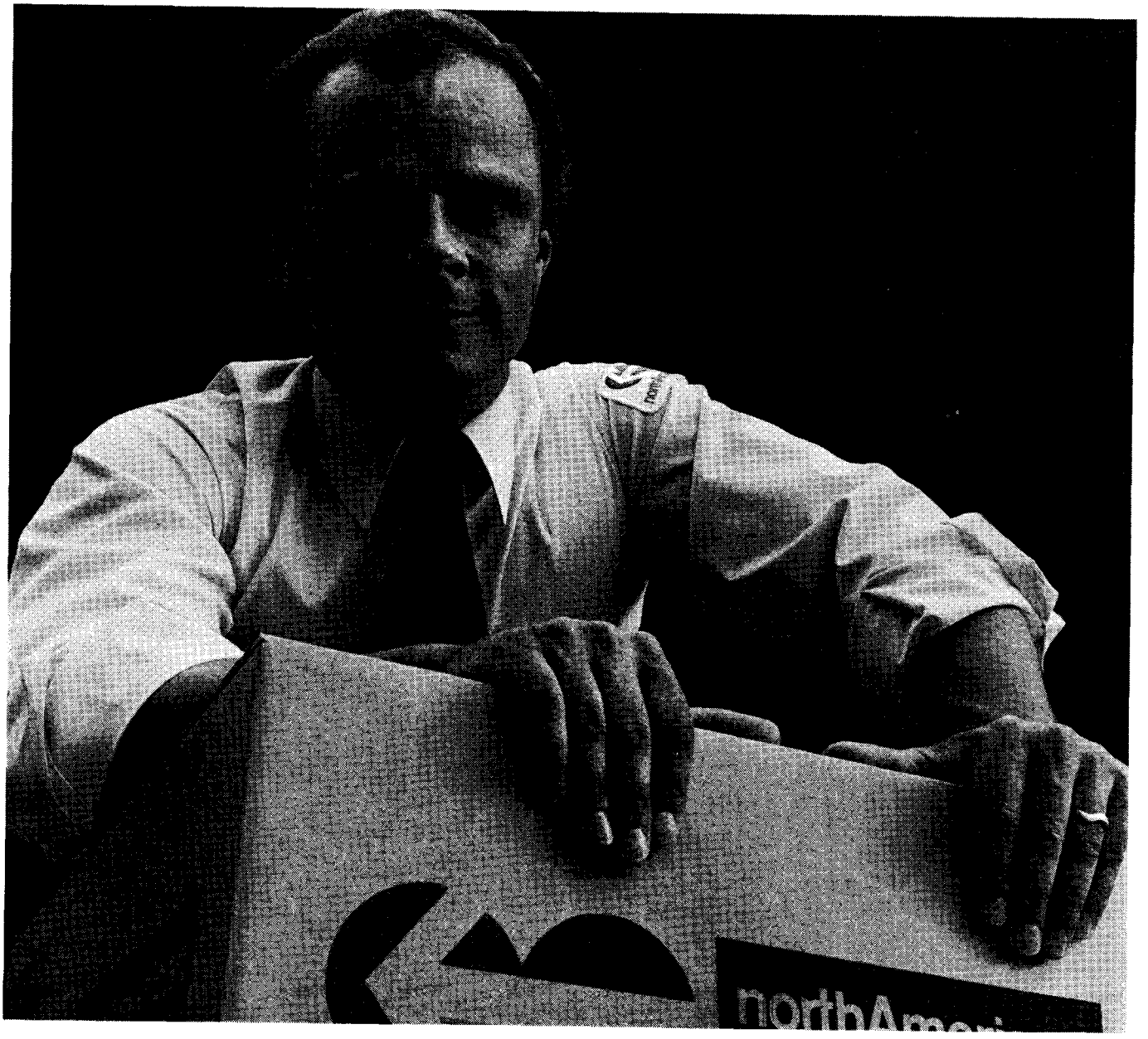

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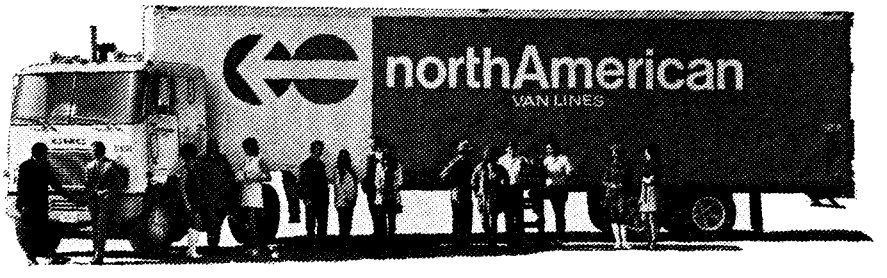

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Dr. Friedman's Diet Revelation

Slimness, as we have all been told and told, is next to sexiness. The lean and hungry man—and especially woman—is the one who gets his woman or her man, respectively. Now it is marvelously proposed that sex through slenderness is self-fulfilling profligacy. Erotic activity not only is fun, asserts a book published recently by Prentice-Hall; it also fights ugly fat. *How Sex Can Keep You Slim* is the name of the book, by a Dr. Abraham I. Friedman. How can sex keep you slim? Why, by burning off more than 200 calories per engagement, says Dr. Friedman; even more calories are avoided if the reducer takes his or her appetite to bed instead of to the table. "Reach for your mate instead of your plate," Dr. Friedman's promoters prescribe. "His exciting innovation has been called the greatest weight-loss discovery of the century," they go on, with no hint of irony. This wondrous confluence of two profound American concerns is selling nicely, more than 20,000 hardcover copies to date. □

Living in the Jaws of Defeat

BY VINCE STATEN

FRIENDSVILLE, Tenn.—These days there is joy in Friendsville, a tiny marble-quarry town (pop. 585) located in the foothills of the Great Smoky Mountains some 30 miles south of Knoxville. The town is the home of Friendsville Academy, a private Quaker school with 53 students—none of whom is Quaker—and the good news is that on a Thursday evening last month the school's basketball team defeated St. Camillus Academy by a score of 64–43. That in itself isn't very remarkable, except that the Friendsville Foxes had lost their previous 138 encounters on the basketball court. More than six years had gone by the boards since Friendsville defeated Clinch High School, 65–50, on Valentine's Day in 1967. Two classes had graduated without ever seeing their team win. So you can understand why, when the final buzzer sounded in the St. Camillus game, Friendsville sophomore Janie Lynn burst into tears and her classmate Terry Duffield fainted dead away.

"When the final buzzer sounded, sophomore Janie Lynn burst into tears."

Or perhaps you can't, not having suffered through those 138 losses. Oldtimers still register painful looks when they talk about loss number 88 in the streak. Greenback High won that game, 45–43, after a confused Friendsville player scored on the wrong end of the floor. Not long afterward Fortune *almost* smiled on Friendsville again. The streak stood at 102 games when the Foxes' ace guard, Johnny French, hit a desperation shot from midcourt at the final buzzer and the scoreboard read: Friendsville 65, Glencliff 64. While the crowd erupted into a minor riot, the opposing coaches held a heated discussion with the official scorer. It turned out that the scoreboard was wrong—the game was really tied. And with four of the Friendsville starters already fouled out, Glencliff won easily in overtime, 77–70. "Snakebit" is the word they use in Friendsville to describe that kind of luck.

As the team went into the current season, coach Joe Fink had retired, leaving as his legacy a 119-game losing string, shared with two predecessors. The new coach, Rick Little, a recent college grad, was optimistic about ending Friendsville's long sojourn in the jaws of defeat. All five of last season's starters were returning, and a hotshot transfer student would become eligible in January.

As a graduate student at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville, I've been privileged to attend all of the Foxes' games this year. Herewith, the diary of a masochistic basketball fan:

Lanier, November 14. This is the first game of the season, but the excitement is not on the basketball court. Charles Kuralt of CBS News is filming an "On the Road" segment about the Foxes' woes, and the distracted Lanier fans alternate between intense interest in the TV crew and half-hearted attempts to act natural when the cameras are turned their way. The Friendsville fans

Vince Staten, a freelance writer and basketball fan, lives in Knoxville, Tennessee.

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***—Diary of a Texas cattle drive, 1866. Quoted in* The Cowboys**

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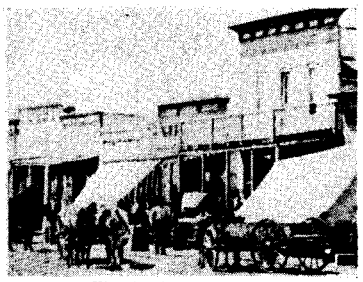

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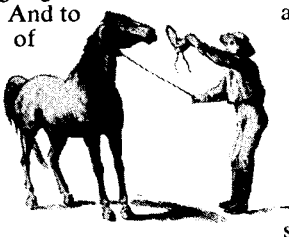

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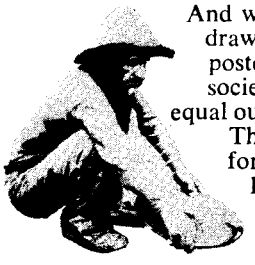

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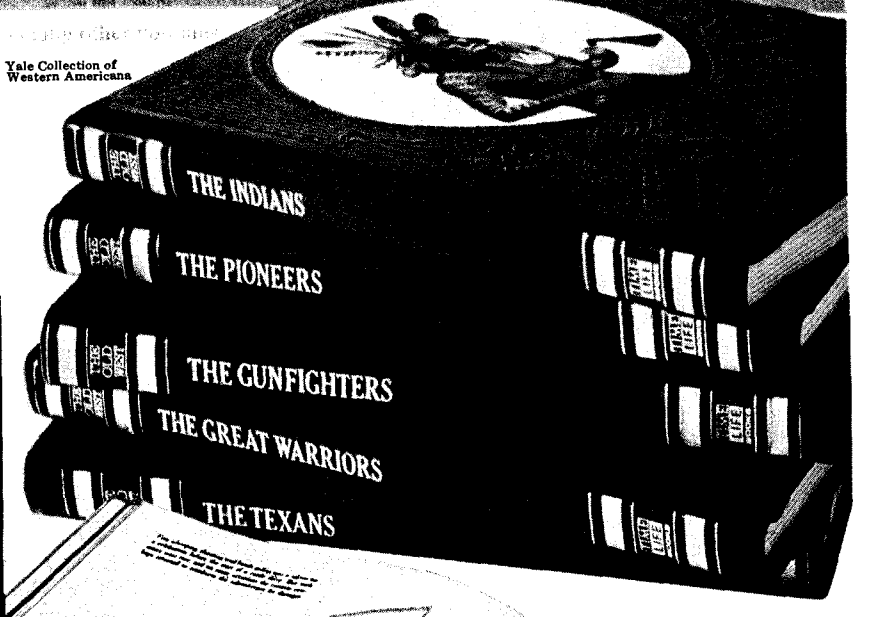
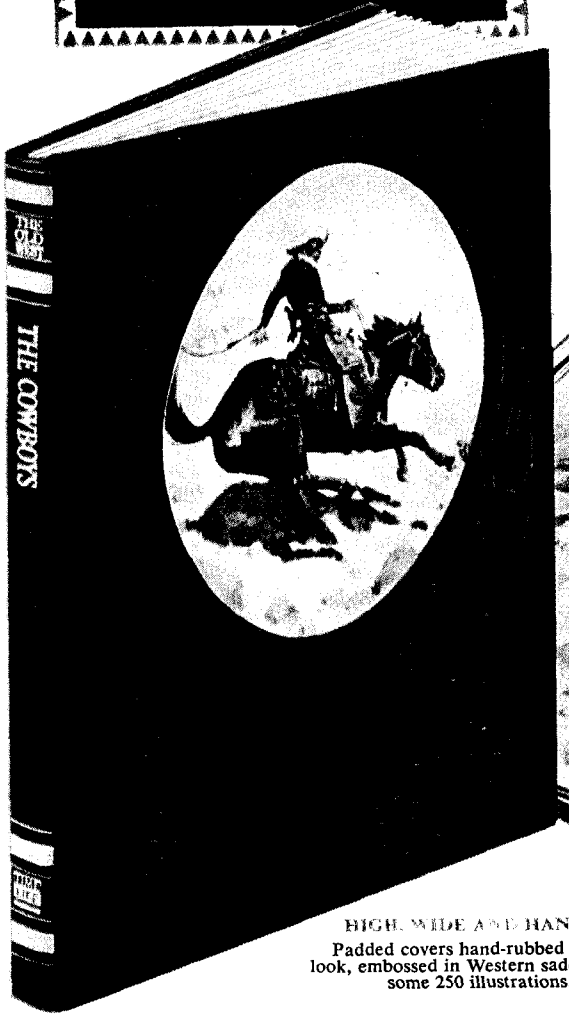
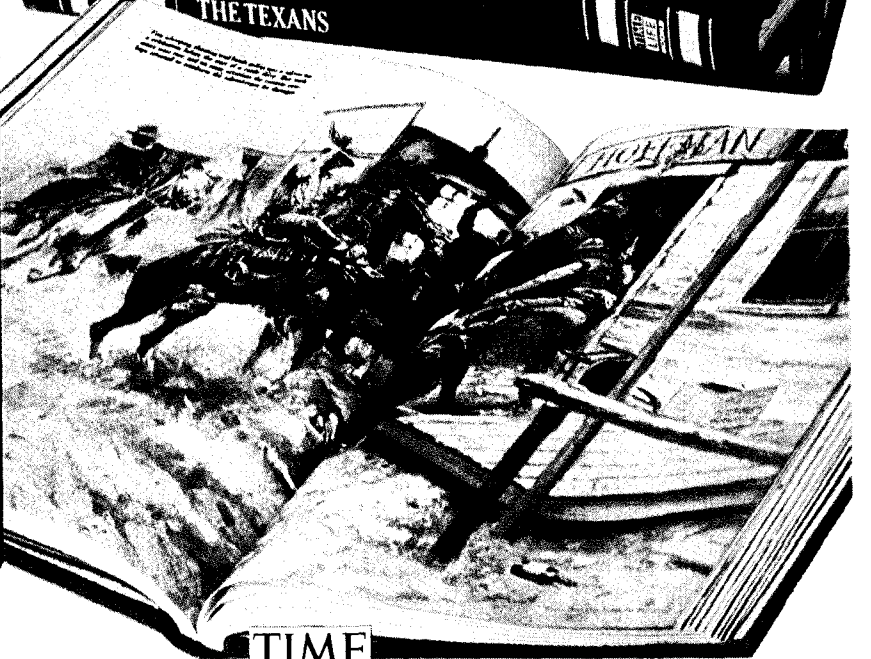




Detail from "The Cowboy" by Frederic Remington



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are less self-conscious—they've already appeared on NBC's *Today* show. I talk with a Friendsville student, Frank Arr. "Sure I want to see them win," he tells me. "It'd be a new experience." Will they win tonight? "Naw, we want to give ABC an equal opportunity to cover us first." Final score: 66–30, loss number 120.

Copperbasin, November 18. The Friendsville cheerleaders never give up. The game is down to the final minute, and their team is behind by 30 points, but they're still shouting, "Foxes are best" and "Beat Cougars." I talk to Patty Walsh, who's been a cheerleader for four winless years. "Sure it gets discouraging," she says, "but we've got to keep trying. We can't lose forever." But they lose tonight, 76–44, loss number 121.

Webb, November 21, at Friendsville. The Friendsville gym is freezing for the Foxes' home opener because the boiler isn't working. Webb's coach wears a heavy winter coat during the game, and team members who aren't playing keep their warmup jackets on. Back for the game is former coach Joe Fink, now a forester at Big Ridge State Park. I ask him what he said to the team before each game during his tenure. "I used to give them a pep talk to get them aroused," he says, "but I found out I was just making them nervous. So I quit saying anything." Webb wins, 86–41, loss number 122.

Walland, November 28. I drive to Walland, but the gym is dark and the door is locked. The boy at King's Texaco and Market in Walland tells me that the gym has been condemned. I hurriedly drive to Friendsville and arrive just as the game is beginning. Walland wins, 92–21, loss number 123.

Greenback, December 1. Greenback takes out its first string with three minutes to go in the first quarter. At half time the Friendsville cheerleaders do their "Hello from Friendsville" cheer. I listen closely as they give their names and hometowns, but I can't believe my ears. At half time I talk to DeDe Shimizu from Maryland. "We never give our right names or anything," she sighs. "Tonight Liz Davis said she was Charlie Chan from New York. And I told them I was Sarabelle from Detroit." Final score: 84–26, loss number 124.

Washington College Academy, December 2, at Friendsville. One of Friendsville's star players is out with a bleeding ulcer. Frank Arr says it's from too much moonshine. Final score: 69–33, loss number 125.

Tennessee School for the Deaf, December 5. The kid who usually plays the Foxes' mascot is in regular school clothes. He tells me someone stole the suit after the last game. Final score: 74–25, loss number 126.

Tellico Plains, December 9. There is no game tonight. Tellico Plains dropped Friendsville from its schedule at the last minute.

Townsend, December 12. I arrive during half time of the girls' game. A few members of the girls' team are outside smoking. The boys might as well be. Final score: 84–32, loss number 127.

Clinch, December 15. Snow is falling on Clinch Mountain as I drive to the game. Inside, the gym is bare brick, and an echo resounds from wall to wall. Frank Arr says the game has to end before 9 so the cows can come back in. Tonight could be the night. Clinch hasn't won in 57 games, and one of its starters is so fat he has to wear cut-off blue jeans. But there's bad news, too: the Friendsville team is down to eight. Two more players, both starters, have quit the team since the last game. Friendsville takes an early 8–2 lead, but it doesn't last. Final score: 64–41, loss number 128.

Cleveland Day School, January 12. I arrive at half time of the girls' game again, and Friendsville is behind, 23–0. They finally lose, 54–8. I ask Janie Lynn, one of the reserve guards, what their coach says to them before a game. "Mainly, he tells us not to smoke on the bus. And at least to go out there and try. Put on a good show." I haven't spotted Frank yet, and I'm about to ask where he is when the boys take the floor. My God, Frank is now on the team! At half time I corner him and ask him why he decided to go out for a team that hasn't won in six years. He puts it in perspective: "There's nothing else to do in Friendsville." Final score: 76–24, loss number 129.

Townsend, January 16, at Friendsville. Frank says that he and Robin Ingram, one of the starting forwards, went over to the visitors' dressing room before the game and caught two Townsend players smoking dope. I ask the Townsend manager about this, and he denies it. "They don't even smoke," he reasons. Final score: 83–45, loss number 130.

Cleveland Day School, January 19, at Friendsville. The cheerleaders shout, "Hello to the Trojans" at half time, and DeDe introduces herself as Pisser from San Francisco. The boiler isn't working again. Final score: 85–39, loss number 131.

Harrison-Chilhowee Baptist Academy, January 23, at Friendsville. Friendsville's star center, Woody Proffitt, has joined the army, and Johnny French is out with a sprained ankle, but Glen Brue is now eligible. Frank scores his first 2 points, Glen scores 12, but the Baptists beat the Quakers, 92–33, for loss number 132.

Lanier, January 25, at Friendsville. Friendsville outscores Lanier in the second half, but Lanier wins, 79–55, loss number 133.

Walland, January 30, at Townsend. Since its gym was condemned, Walland has been playing its home games at neighboring Townsend. Final score: 91–28, loss number 134.

Washington College Academy, February 3. It's Homecoming for Washington College. The president of the school tells me he'd like to have some publicity, but not for losing to Friendsville. Washington College leaves its first team in until the final two minutes in an effort to score 100 points for the Alums. I wonder how much more indignity they want to inflict on a team that hasn't won in six years and feel relieved when they fail to make 100. Final score: 98–54, loss number 135.

Tennessee School for the Deaf, February 6, at Friendsville. Tonight is the sixth anniversary of the Foxes' last victory. With seven minutes to go in the first half, Friendsville is leading, 15–13. Even the boiler is working. But it doesn't last. The boiler quits first. Then Glen gets into foul trouble, and guard Mike Jervey, weak from the flu, sits out most of the second half. Final score: 71–47, loss number 136.

Greenback, February 9, at Friendsville. The girls' game is canceled, since all but three members of the team are sick with the flu. The boys lose, 77–51. Number 137.

Webb, February 10. Cheerleader Kimi Julian has been steadfast all season in giving her real name and hometown. Tonight in the "Hello to the Spartans" cheer she breaks down and calls herself Wendy from Israel. I have been proud of her courage all season. I am also proud of the team for not giving up after it falls far behind in the first half. I catch myself standing during the "All for Foxes, Stand Up and Holler" cheer. And I call the referee a plumber. Am I getting soft? Final score: 78–40, loss number 138.

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WIT TWISTER NO. 323

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The — — — — — — human being sometimes shares

With beagle or with — — — — — — what he feels.

He — — — — — — his neighbor, fleeces friends, but bares

To — — — — — — what he from all mankind conceals.

A.S.

Answer on page 84

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1546

A crytogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1546 will be found on page 84.

JGUVGR EKV HJG TWXX VCO

J XJCGLNU YXWM OKWGSY VT

KWZYRXT JY J ENWORN. OKV-

YR EKV HJG'O TWXX VCO J

XJCGLNU YXWM OKWGS VT

OKRZYRXPRY JY HNWOWHY.

IRVNIR YRJOVG

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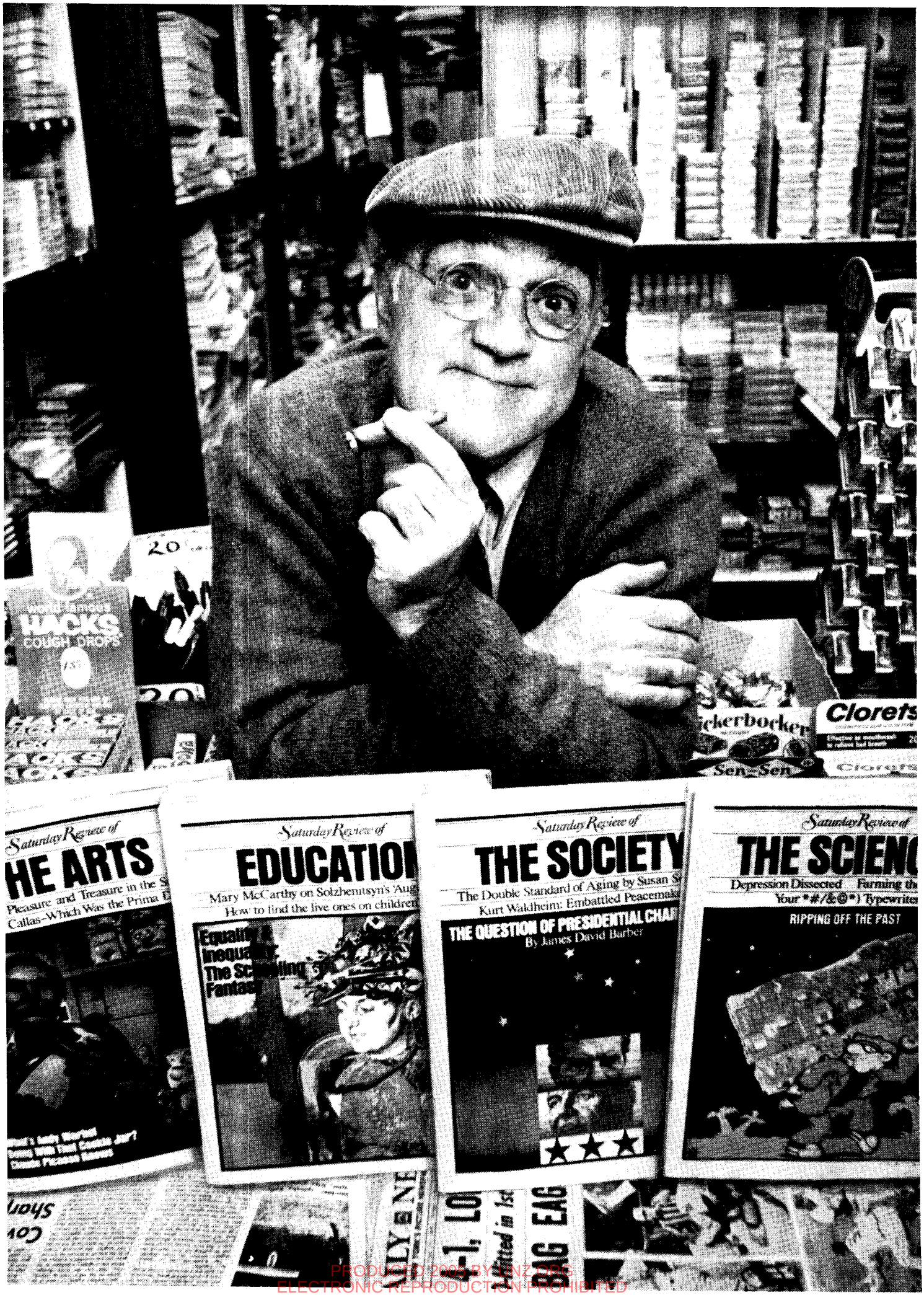

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¶Slow Learners.

¶Equality vs. Inequality.

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¶Economic and social systems in the public school microsociety.

¶Are "educational" toys really educational?

¶Do "crash courses" for College Boards really help?

¶Education beyond college.

THE SOCIETY

The individual in today's society might as well be in a pinball machine.

Virtually everything that happens in society affects his life, yet for the most part, he is almost powerless to cope with it. The future shock phenomenon just accelerates the change, and makes its impact harder to take.

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Patricia Moore, Aspen, Colorado

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The Stanford Court on San Francisco's Nob Hill

St. Camillus, February 15, at Friendsville. It's the biggest home crowd of the season—129 paid admissions. Art Masker, the headmaster of St. Camillus Academy, tells me it's only the third time this season they've made enough at the gate to pay the referees without having to dip into school funds. Friendsville coach Rick Little has a hunch that tonight will be the night, and says he'll shave off his beard if the team wins. I talk to the St. Camillus coach's wife, who asks me about Friendsville. I tell her they have two eighth-graders on the team. She says St. Camillus has two seventh-graders. I tell her Friendsville has been beaten by as much as 70 points this season. She says St. Camillus has lost by over 100 points several times. A true battle of the giants is in the offing.

Friendsville gets the opening tip, takes a 6–0 lead before St. Camillus even gets off a shot, and leads at the half, 28–7. Other good omens appear: no one goes out to smoke at half time, and the cheerleaders even give their right names in their "Hello" cheer. Friendsville wins, 64–43!!! The streak is broken! (Naturally, the scoreboard is wrong—it reads 62–43.) Friendsville fans celebrate with kisses and tears. Tomorrow the whole school will get a half day off.

While the Friendsville fans congratulate one another, I watch the St. Camillus team trudge to their dressing room. One player passes me, head down, mumbling, "The laughing stock of the nation." □

Franglais

Some call French the language of love; some say it's the language of diplomacy. One thing it clearly isn't, however, is the language of modern commerce. Witness the fact that when a special French government commission recently was assigned to purge the language of the English impurities that have crept in over the years, it succeeded in finding French equivalents for some 350 "Franglais" words or expressions—*spectacle solo for* "one-man show," for instance, and *retrospectif* for "flashback." But the commission confessed that it was stumped by three terms without which the world of business would be struck practically dumb. The three: "hardware," "software," and "marketing."

Beating Boredom on the Job

BY EMMA ROTHSCHILD

It would have stunned the first Henry Ford—the very idea that any major automobile manufacturer should question the assembly-line techniques on which the world's automotive industry has been built. The latest U.S. advertisement for the Swedish automobile Saab announces in boldfaced type: BORED PEOPLE BUILD BAD CARS. And Saab's answer to the boredom created by the monotony of the moving assembly line is, quite simply, to abolish it—at least in part.

Whether the no longer bored workers smiling out of the ad will help sell more Saabs remains to be seen. But the company's pitch to the American public could not touch a more exposed nerve. Just last December the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare issued a thick report entitled "Work in America," which revealed strong undercurrents of job dissatisfaction among American workers at all income levels. Fifty-seven per cent of U.S. white-collar workers would enter different occupations if they had a chance to choose; 76 per cent of blue-collar workers would do the same; and among unskilled auto workers the figure is 84 per cent.

If, as the HEW report suggests, the redesigning of work—the creation of more satisfying work routines and environments—will be a major challenge of the coming post-industrial decade, then it is worth asking a few questions of the Swedes: Just what are they doing in their auto factories, and why?

In the mid-Sixties absenteeism and labor turnover in the Swedish automobile industry were running at rates almost double those of Detroit. Both Volvo, Sweden's largest employer, and Saab, the nation's number-two car manufacturer, began hiring increasing numbers of immigrant workers and women —both presumably more docile laborers than the relatively well-educated and highly paid Swedish males. But the disruption of work routines caused by workers "out sick," and the necessity to train new workers continued to take its toll on profits.

Experiments to combat what Swedish auto executives called "a touch of the English disease" began some eight years ago with Volvo's experimentation with various job rotation schemes. The company rotated some workers from job to job every hour to test the effects on fatigue, morale, and production. Some of the inefficiencies they discovered were due to simple idiosyncrasies of the human body: a 250-pound man

Emma Rothschild is working on a book, Paradise Lost—The Decline of the Auto-Industrial Age, *to be published by Random House in the fall.*

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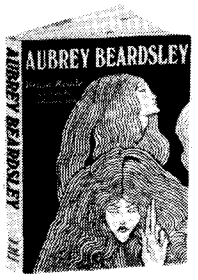

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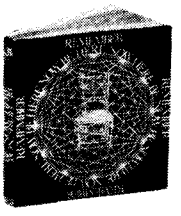

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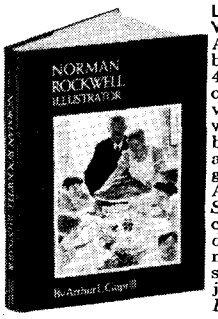

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cannot move in and out of a tight working space with the same ease as a 150-pound man, and some bolts are especially hard for left-handed workers to reach. These are problems that are taken into account in job assignments on the assembly line, but they are obstacles that cannot be avoided when workers move from job to job.

Inside Volvo's plants Swedish cyberneticists studied the muscle fatigue caused by repetitive tasks requiring continuous use of the same muscles. In the large Volvo factory in Göteborg, workers in experimental groups were permitted to switch jobs with one another whenever they chose.

Despite Volvo's headstart, however, it was Saab that inaugurated the most thoroughgoing "work satisfaction" program a little over a year ago. In Saab's newly built engine assembly factory near Stockholm, engines are now assembled by groups of four workers. Each worker group receives all the finished components necessary to build a complete two-liter engine. Since each engine must be fitted with 90 different parts, the work remains arduous, and the autonomy of the assembly teams is of a limited nature because the teams must still meet efficiency standards.

Each group of four workers is allocated only 30 minutes in which to assemble four engines. Group members may decide for themselves whether each worker will build one engine every half hour, whether all four will build one engine every 7½ minutes, or whether, by working in pairs, they will produce an engine every 15 minutes. But the team must produce at least four engines in the allotted time.

In an interview with the *Financial Times of London*, a Saab production manager reported that the costs of an early experiment in team assembly of engines—one that involved about 30 workers—ran only $4,000 to $6,000 a year above the cost of the amount of production on a moving assembly line. This money sacrifice is far lower than die-hard believers in the assembly line would have predicted.

Saab executives doubt that it will ever prove economically feasible for teams to build entire cars. Where they continue to use conveyor-belt production, however, the company has made efforts to ease the traditional regimentation of the line. The conveyor belt stops during coffee breaks, which it does not do in Detroit, and in Saab's Scania truck plant a group of workers can elect representatives to a plant "development group," which helps advise Saab on ways to vary assembly-line tasks in the group's section of the plant. When the changes will not cost money, workers can initiate them without waiting for company approval.

Day in and day out, a man used to do the same task along the assembly line. Now teams of workers share many tasks.

Whether more flexible and independent work patterns are possible on a large scale will be put to the test in early 1974, when Volvo is scheduled to open two new plants specially designed around non-traditional methods of production. Each plant is expected to employ some 600 workers. At one plant they will produce engines, at the other they will assemble 30,000 cars a year—one-eighth of Volvo's total production. The specially designed plants are expected to cost 10 per cent more to build than conventional factories. Though few details on how work will be organized inside the plants have been made public by Volvo, preliminary information indicates that the organization will be similar in concept to that at the Saab engine plant. Teams of 15 to 20 workers will comprise an assembly "station" to perform one set of assembly tasks—the fitting of engines, the installation of interiors, or the trimming of doors.

In his announcement last June of plans for these two new factories, Pehr Gyllenhammar, president of AB Volvo, pointed to the revolutionary nature of Volvo's efforts. "In traditional methods of car manufacturing," he said, "man has been used to serve the machine. What we're doing is turning it the right way around." The extent to which Volvo is actually involved in a historical reversal of Henry Ford's pioneering principles of mass production can, however, be judged only after the Volvo plants begin production. Will worker groups be allowed to switch jobs only within their groups or to switch production stations and learn a multiplicity of skills? Will switching be decided on the basis of the workers' personal preferences or be designed by the company primarily to avoid muscle fatigue and thereby raise production? Will the groups' decision-making powers extend to establishing production goals?

These are precisely the kinds of questions raised by the Swedish auto workers themselves. To date, the unions have supported the work reorganization at the Saab engine plant as an important first step in the development of more satisfying working conditions. But union officials also point out that this is not enough. The most physically demanding jobs involved in automobile assembly, jobs such as hanging doors, are still done alongside the moving conveyor belt. Workers assigned to such tasks get little respite from strenuous motions.

Some critics argue that the experiments at Saab and Volvo are peculiarly Swedish and that their lessons cannot be applied outside of Sweden. Few other nations, for example, have a labor force as scarce, highly educated, and comparatively prosperous as Sweden's; few auto manufacturers elsewhere will, therefore, be similarly forced to appease workers in order to maintain their competitive positions in the world market. More importantly, detractors point out, the Swedish plants are small-scale operations. General Motors produces nearly as many cars in a single day as the new Volvo plant will produce in a year. Even at Volvo seven-eighths of production will continue to take place on highly automated assembly lines.

But the implications of the experiments should not be underestimated. For what they are proving is that assembly work can be rearranged without a significant loss in technical or economic efficiency. Auto executives elsewhere will no longer be able to defend the minute fragmentation of tasks along an ever-moving assembly line as the one and only viable way to produce cars. But more importantly, workers who learn of the autonomy of Swedish teams will no longer be forced to believe that life in a car factory must of necessity be a reenactment of Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times*. □

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TRAVEL

They Don't Sell Flight Insurance at the Grand Canyon Heliport

BY WILLIAM H. HONAN

"The newest ultimate in Grand Canyon tripping," proclaimed a travel brochure found in my hotel room in Phoenix, Arizona, "is the world-renowned helicopter flight." Being something of a Walter Mitty–type daredevil, I was seized immediately with the fantasy of bobbing around in a new-fangled flying machine inside a gusty gorge one mile deep and filled with some of the world's most spectacular obstacles. I was on my way to visit the Grand Canyon anyway, and so I made my reservation by telephone for a helicopter flight.

During the five-hour drive north from Phoenix, however, I began to get cold feet. I recalled a conversation I had during my army days with a couple of army helicopter pilots who had done salvage work in the Grand Canyon after two airliners collided in mid-air and fell into the canyon. The pilots told hair-raising stories of sudden, high-velocity bursts of wind and other conditions that made their assignment perilous.

My misgivings increased just before I reached the Grand Canyon when I passed a huge highway billboard extolling in four-foot-tall letters the EXCITMENT (*sic*) of the helicopter ride. If the outfit that flies helicopters through the Grand Canyon can't even spell the word "excitement," I reflected, there's no telling how many loose screws there may be on their choppers.

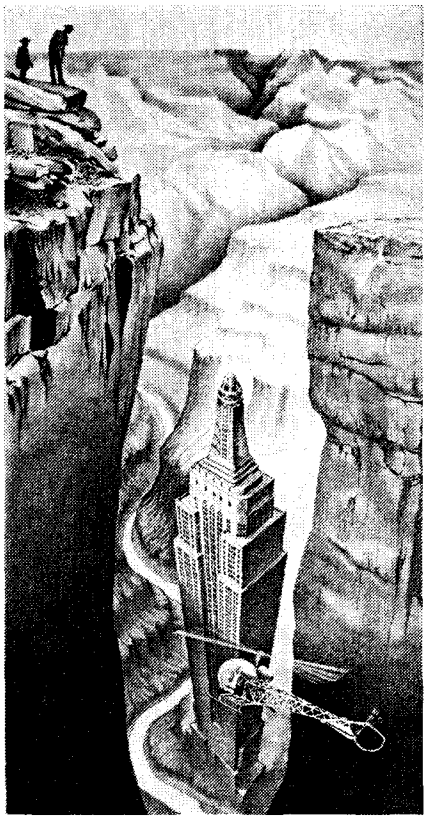
Arriving at the Grand Canyon tourist office a few minutes later, I asked the young girl behind the counter: "Uh, that helicopter trip . . . just how *dangerous* is it?"

"Oh, not a bit," she cooed.

"Well," I replied, frowning and behaving as though I were privileged to some special knowledge, "they *have* had a few accidents lately, haven't they?" I was just fishing, of course, and therefore was stunned by her reply.

"No, no, not *this* company," she said. "You must have heard about the people who ran the helicopters *before* this company took over. *They* had a crash about every week!"

William H. Honan is Managing Editor of SR of The Society.



"What they ought to do to help people appreciate the Grand Canyon would be to dump the Empire State Building into it."

Thereupon, I decided that the perfect way for me to visit the Grand Canyon was by pack mule. I cancelled my reservation and departed to take my first look at the Canyon—from the rim.

On first look, of course, the Grand Canyon is impossible to see. What your eyes report, instead of the Grand Canyon, is a painting, a mural. It simply lacks reality. You confront a vast gorge 18 miles across and 30-odd miles in length, studded with towering buttes and splashed with blue, rose, deep purple, and brown. Everyone knows all about that because everyone has seen the photographs dozens of times. The trouble with looking at it in actuality is that you have nothing to relate it to, nothing to measure it by. What the National Park Service ought to do to help people appreciate the Grand Canyon, I concluded, would be to dump the Empire State Building into it. That would really help us tourists comprehend the extraordinary dimensions of what we are looking at.

After enjoying the sunset from Mojave Point, I started back to my motel room. As I drove past the heliport, I noticed lights in the hangar. I strolled in and soon struck up a conversation with a tall, thin, blond lad of about 25 who told me his name was Mike Antonelli and that he was one of three chopper pilots who worked for Grand Canyon Helicopters. Like the other GCH pilots, he said, he had learned to fly a helicopter in the army and had then flown combat missions in Vietnam. Pretty soon I got around to the question of safety.

"I wouldn't call these flights dangerous," Mike said in the reassuring tone of voice that all pilots seem to adopt. "It's hard to believe it, but a helicopter is actually *safer* than a fixed-wing aircraft." I pricked up my ears at that. "If the engine quits," he continued, "a helicopter has a feature called autorotation. That is, the rotor windmills. It spins freely. And you can glide to a perfectly safe landing. We practice power-off landings all the time. There is *some* risk involved, of course. You get only one pass at where you want to land, but the beauty of a helicopter is that, unlike a fixed-wing aircraft, it can land in a confined area."

Well, I thought to myself, maybe a helicopter is safer than a conventional airplane for flying in the Grand Canyon, but that's like saying a motorscooter is less dangerous than a motorcycle in the Peruvian Andes. Why risk my neck flying *anything* inside the Canyon? Still, I had to admit, I was intrigued. I asked why the company that ran the helicopter service in the Canyon before had had so many accidents.

"They weren't making scenic flights," Mike replied. "They were doing construction work—laying a pipeline across the Canyon in order to bring drinking water over to the South Rim. That was dangerous work. They were using their helicopters to carry pipe and heavy equipment, and they carried close to the maximum load on every trip. Also, they would have to get in much closer to rock formations than we would consider safe."

"What sort of a safety record do you have?" I asked.

"Each of us flies about a dozen trips a day," Mike began, "and in two years we've never had a serious accident. There have been a couple of incidents. Once, when I was landing at the Havasupai Indian Reservation inside the Canyon, my rotor struck a wire, but nobody was hurt, and there was only minimal damage. On another occasion a helicopter tipped over out here on landing. Everybody got out safely, but when some fuel spilled out and the

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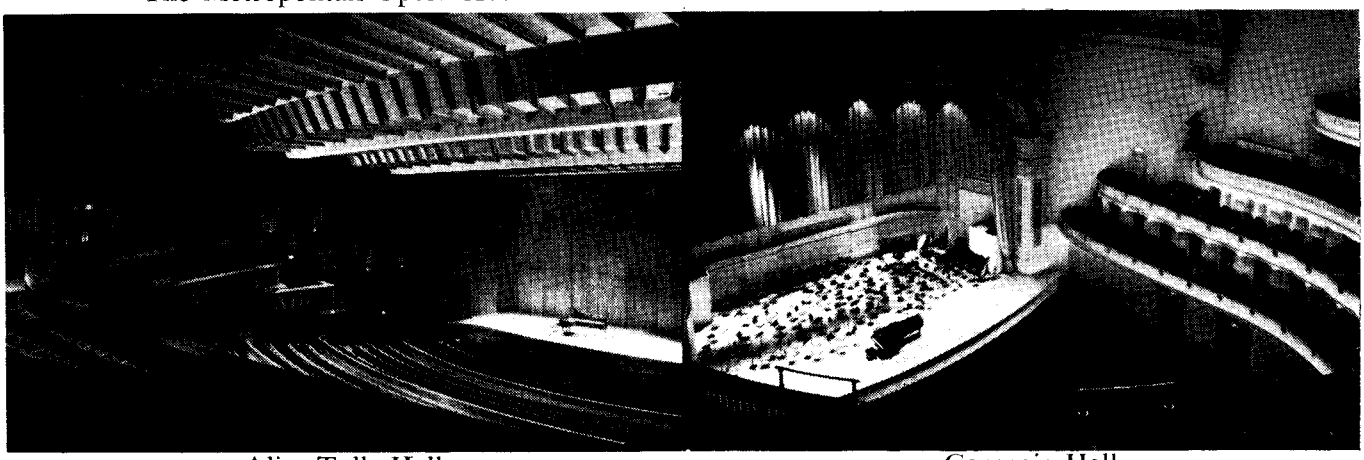

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fumes hit the hot engine, the helicopter caught fire and burned up."

Mike was forthright enough to admit that, although the company's safety record was fairly good, flying in the Grand Canyon could be treacherous. "Precisely because it's dangerous to a degree," he said, "the FAA discourages private pilots from flying in the Canyon. There are situations that could trick an inexperienced pilot. For example, the North Rim of the Canyon is 1,000 feet higher than the South Rim, and it slopes toward the South Rim. So when you're flying inside the Canyon and look south, you might be above the South Rim and think you're not inside the Canyon and then turn and fly into the north wall. There are some tricky Venturi effects in the Canyon, too—that's where the wind is forced between two buttes and comes out at great velocity. The shadows, too, can throw you if you aren't prepared for them. One minute you're flying along in bright sunlight, and the next you're in the shadow. You can become temporarily blind and experience other perceptual distortions. Flying the Canyon every day, however, we get used to these things. And on the scenic flights we always fly the same routes; so we know what to expect."

I felt Mike had been frank with me, and even if he had not completely dispelled my misgivings, he had captured my imagination. So I signed up for a flight at 10:30 a.m. the next day.

When I returned to the heliport in the morning, I met Dan Nicholson, the chief pilot of Grand Canyon Helicopters, a crisply neat man of about 35 who would take me into the Canyon. I chose the shortest and least expensive of the flights offered—the "Grand View Flight," which would last only 20 minutes and cost $17.50. (More ambitious chopper flyers may tour the whole western portion of the Canyon for $100.)

Nicholson led me and four other passengers to a little, white, French-built Alouette helicopter. (GCH also operates two other smaller Bell helicopters.) A ground attendant buckled our seat belts, and the turbine engine started up with a whine that soon became a scream. The little chopper shook violently. We rose off the ground with a lurch, like a lame duck rising first from one foot and then, a second or two later, from the other. Before we were more than 15 feet in the air, we started to skim forward rapidly. We glided up over the tops of some scrub trees, then ascended more steeply as we approached some telephone lines. The bright sunlight inside the helicopter flickered as the rotors sliced overhead. Nicholson explained that we were doing about 60 mph as we climbed and then would cruise at 80 or 90 mph. We would cover a distance of 25 miles on this trip, descending some 1,500 feet into the Canyon, he explained.

Presently we caught sight of the Canyon—about 50 miles of it from this altitude, or nearly twice what I had seen the day before while standing on the rim. It looked like a sore gash in the earth, the blue and rose colors suggesting a wound of some sort. We were headed for Vishnu Temple, a towering butte of red limestone inside the Canyon, which, if measured from the Canyon floor from which it rises, is the tallest mountain in the state of Arizona.

Then we flew over the rim. What an experience! The earth simply fell away. One moment we were flying at 300 feet; the next at 3,000 feet. I had the sensation of floating. Giant shapes seemed to swim by below. The rock formations of the great Canyon appeared toylike from this height—as though I could reach down and pick them up between two fingers. It was a magical experience.

We began our descent. This gave me a terrifying sinking feeling at first, but, as soon as I realized that I was not simply falling but descending at a controlled rate, I relaxed and began looking around. Visibility from this little bug was superb. I was enclosed in a Plexiglas bubble, unobstructed by any wing or almost any part of the fuselage. I had a clear view around of about 250 degrees. I could look straight up and almost, but not quite, straight down. There were several moments in which I felt I was not riding inside an aircraft but was freely suspended in the air all by myself. The feeling made me clutch my seat with both hands.

We crossed the Colorado River at Grapevine Rapids—it appeared to be a long, bright green snake flecked with white. Then we descended still lower and turned to the left. Ahead were two enormous, red-colored, sheer mountain peaks—Hawkins Butte to the left and Dunn Butte to the right. There was a connecting wall of red limestone between the two, and we were about to fly over it. Nicholson explained that the wall is as tall as a 55-story building. As we sailed over the wall, we hit an updraft and the chopper bounced 10 or 15 feet up in the air. "That's nothing," said Nicholson. "You take a fixed-wing flight if you wanna know what an updraft is really like," he added with a wry smile. Conventional airplanes are more sensitive to wind effects than helicopters, he explained, because they have greater surface area.

Our altimeter was registering 6,000 feet. That put us 3,600 feet above the Canyon floor since the Colorado River here is 2,400 feet above sea level. Way down below Nicholson pointed out a couple of inflated rafts, which appeared to be just shoving off from a beach. We spiraled down 500 feet toward the rafts—an eerie, disorienting motion, even though we were still several thousand feet over their heads.

Then we commenced our climb up out of the Canyon. As before, the pilot did not increase engine power but rather adjusted the pitch of the rotor, and up we went with no seeming increase of energy. We were merely trading a little forward speed for altitude gain, Nicholson explained. We were less than a quarter mile from the south wall, and we could see Kaibab Trail sloping down beneath us. Looking sharply, we saw about a dozen specks moving along the trail. We were too far away to tell whether they were mule riders or hikers. And then up over the rim we came, and suddenly it seemed as though we had returned to the real world, for once again we were not far above the tops of the big pine trees.

We skimmed along over the entrance road, then swooped down over the bright orange hangar of the heliport and dropped to a soft landing—much softer than I have ever experienced in an ordinary airplane. I shook hands with Nicholson and thanked him for a magnificent experience.

Would I recommend helicopter flying in the Grand Canyon? Yes, indeed! Although the parents of small children should bear in mind that they don't sell flight insurance at the Grand Canyon Heliport. □

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LETTERS

Getting "With It"
Marcia Seligson missed the point in her article "The New Wedding" [*SR of The Society*, March]. All people on the far side of the Continental Divide are not comatose. This grandmother is delighted to attend a "new" wedding and pluck my lyre while wearing frontier pants from the rag bag so I can sit in a tree (if someone will hoist me up). I won't gawk if the wedding party is covered only with painted sex symbols. I'll cackle, "right on!"

Gladys Yost
Littleton, Colo.

Information . . . Please
I found Mr. Warren Hinckle's article "The Daily Press Exposed" [*SR of The Society*, March] most interesting. I think we all realize that the guarantee of the First Amendment concerning the press is rather vague. There are only so many things that the press is allowed to cover, but then to have the press run the way it is, is really too much to handle. It seems that the *informed* American is only about one-fourth as informed as he thinks he is.

Alan Mattson
Minot, N.D.

Quite a Bellyful
Albert Sukoff's article about the meaninglessness of large numbers, "Lotsa Hamburgers" [*SR of The Society*, March], was to the point, but he did not carry it far enough. There are about 225 million men, women, and children in the United States and Canada. Let us say that almost half of them include ready-made hamburgers in their diets. If 1 out of 20 is a patron of McDonald's—that's a pretty healthy share, considering the thousands of eateries that sell them—this works out to five million McDonald's hamburger-eaters. Each of these five million McDonald's hamburger-eaters would have had to belly up to a McDonald's stand on an average of once a day, 52 weeks a year, for over five solid years, to chomp up ten billion of those things (with no time off for good behavior). To me that's a lot of bull . . . I mean, bicarbonate of soda.

John Dawson
Vancouver, B.C.
Canada

Immobilized Minds in a Mobile Society
Daniel Zwerdling's article "How to Stop a Highway" [*SR of The Society*, March] offends me. It is this sort of irresponsible, inflammatory nonsense that discourages the legions of thoughtful people in this nation, who have been seriously working with this problem, in the search for an optimum environment. It is necessary to reflect the views and needs of our whole community: societal, economic, recreational, emotional, and technical. The decisions affecting transportation of a mobile society are intricate and are not improved by pandering to simplistic, single-minded points of view. Mr. Zwerdling's approach leads many of us who are affected by a changing transportation system to misplace our trust: to adopt an adversary position before the priorities or issues are established, immobilizing the minds of those who wish to contribute their constructive views to a dynamic process.

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Spokane, Wash.

Heap Big Money in Injun Foolery
After reading Don Causey's article "Honest Injun" [*SR of The Society*, March], I didn't know whether to laugh with scorn or weep with pity. But poor "Chief" Henry Lambert is really no more to be scorned than any actor who plays the fool in order to get attention and money, except that, under equitable economic and social conditions, Mr. Lambert might prefer to support his family in a more dignified way.

Mrs. Max C. Shank
Chicago, Ill.

Politicians or Social Butterflies?
I found it hard to believe the comment that several of the ten most admired women in "Galluping Attitudes" [*SR of The Society*, March] could be said to have been actively involved in politics. Really now, only Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek were, and even for these women it was only because of the positions held by their husbands. In your 1971 list, only the elected officials—Prime Ministers Golda Meir and Indira Gandhi, Senator Smith, and Representative Chisholm—can really qualify. To say the others are "intimately linked with politics" is to define their existence in terms of their husbands' positions. Would you say that President Nixon is "intimately linked" with visiting hospitals and giving teas for congressmen's wives?

Leon Weintraub
Research Assistant
Land Tenure Center
Madison, Wis.

Farmers Out in the Cold
I have read "How Fred Andrew Tills the Soil With a Computer" [*SR of The Society*, March] with apprehension and distaste—apprehension because of the continuing trend of big corporation holdings, and distaste because farming is becoming a business rather than a way of life and an art. Chemicalized produce and plants lack nutrition and protein quality, and insecticide runoff is deadening the little remaining biotic life in a once fertile land. The independent, self-sufficient family farmers who established this country are being replaced by inhuman and polluting corporations, whose farming practices will not endure the 20 years they are purported to be planning ahead.

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EDITORIAL

Who Is to Do Society's Work?

No question is more central to the future of our—or any other—nation than the one that is posed above and explored at length in a special section of *Saturday Review of The Society*. The manner in which the question is answered determines what form of government a society will adopt, how its great industries will be organized and run, what status its individual citizens will enjoy.

There is no longer any serious debate over the proposition that a great deal of society's work must be done by one or another level of government. There remains, however, considerable room for debate over precisely how large a role government should play vis-à-vis the private sector. If, for example, we were to decide as a people on a sizable increase in federal, state, and local expenditures on jobs, housing, and education, our taxes would rise dramatically. As it is, in the level of its social outlays the United States is considerably behind such non-Communist countries as Sweden, Britain, France, and West Germany. But a big tax increase, even if it were politically possible, leads to this thorny question: At what level do taxes begin to erode incentive and to create the risk of serious malfunctions in what President Nixon has rightly called "the greatest engine of productivity the world has ever known—the engine of American industry and private enterprise"?

Nor do ever-increasing government expenditures ensure that society's work will in fact get done. Nearly half a century ago Walter Lippmann wrote in *A Preface to Morals*: "Corrupt, stupid, grasping functionaries will make at least as big a muddle of socialism as stupid, selfish, and acquisitive employers can make of capitalism. There is no escape from this elementary truth, and all social policies which attempt to ignore it must come to grief." Lippmann continued: "The early doctrine of *laissez-faire* was utopian because it assumed that these same unregenerate men, once the laws of property had been altered, would somehow muddle their way to a harmonious result. Both ignored the chief lesson of human experience, which is the insight of high religion, that unregenerate men can only muddle into muddle."

Rightly or wrongly, November's election is being interpreted by some—most notably, our President—as a mandate to curtail spending by shrinking or eliminating a wide variety of social programs. Unfortunately, Nixon has so far made no attempt to fill the gaps thus created by encouraging industry and private enterprise to move in. Certainly, there is considerable evidence that the public would like industry to do so. In a recent survey conducted by Louis Harris, a resounding 78 per cent of the public replied "yes" when asked whether "business should take the lead in civic and community affairs," and only 19 per cent said "no." But Harris found that the public was also sharply critical of business for not doing enough in several major areas. Only 39 per cent thought business has been "a real help" in aiding the needy; 37 per cent in assisting minority groups; 25 per cent in controlling water pollution; and 24 per cent in controlling air pollution. "It is ironic," Harris concluded, "that at a time when people want business to become more active in community leadership, they also believe business is doing less than before. This creates a sense of public frustration that breeds alienation, a development that may prove important in the politics of the 1970s."

How will business respond to this obvious desire on the part of the public that it play a greater role in solving our social problems? With all the diversity, no doubt, that has always characterized American industry and its captains.

Some will respond negatively, period. Among those who respond positively, some will prove to be motivated by pragmatism, some by altruism, some by a blending of the two. For example, in a recent speech, Jeno Paulucci, a Minnesota food executive, urged his fellow industrialists "to become involved in helping to solve our social problems" for the thoroughly practical reason that, otherwise, "government doles to those who refuse to contribute to our society [will] turn us into a total socialistic state." But Paulucci struck a more idealistic note when he added: "We all know what we must do. We can first recognize and admit that profit is not the only responsibility of business. We can work to revive our stagnant cities . . . If we become involved, we will find no greater joy or satisfaction than knowing that we are working to make a contribution to our fellow man."

In an even more idealistic vein, John D. Rockefeller 3rd calls in a new book for "a humanistic revolution" emphasizing "individual action taken for the benefit of the community." Such change, he writes in *The Second American Revolution*, "will succeed only through growing involvement of the moderates . . . those who, for the most part, have 'made it' in this society." That category would necessarily include a great many businessmen.

Such appeals notwithstanding, it would be utopian to expect American businessmen (or those of any other nationality) to abandon their pursuit of profits and begin leading crusades. Profit is, after all, one of the things that keeps the American engine running with such astonishing dynamism. In this respect the French economist-philosopher Bertrand de Jouvenel offers a fascinating and thoroughly hard-headed justification—quite apart from the dictates of conscience—for industry to support a high level of investment in public programs. In a speech at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara, California, de Jouvenel maintained that there is a direct correlation between a country's social expenditures and its growth rate. "Germany is held up as an example of phenomenal postwar economic growth," he said. "What people do not know is that Germany has had much more social expenditure than Britain; it is second only to France. In France . . . something like 30 per cent of the national income is shifted around by the government for social purposes and we have a growth rate upward of 5 per cent."

Perhaps the most generous appraisal of American industry's role in solving social needs was offered by another Frenchman, author-politician André Malraux. "Democracy does not have an avowed form of government," Malraux told C. L. Sulzberger, the *New York Times* columnist. "What is particularly important—especially in the United States—is its sense of civism. In the United States the private sector is much more important in its positive contributions than is true for most other countries."

Was Malraux being *too* generous? Let's hope not. With the demand for social services on the rise and the federal government's willingness to meet that demand on the decline, American industry's positive contributions will, if anything, have to increase.

RONALD P. KRISS

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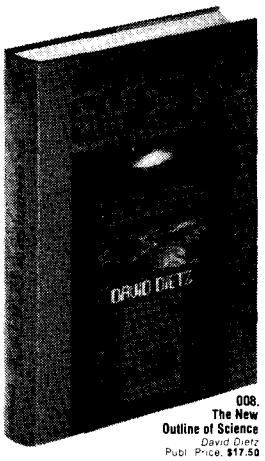

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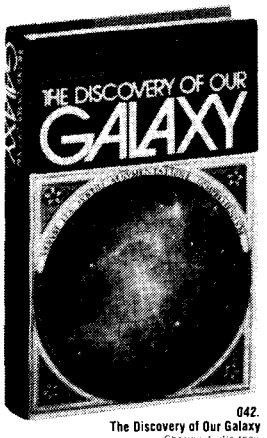

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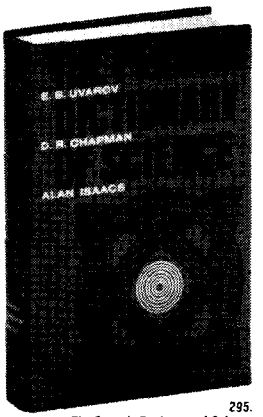

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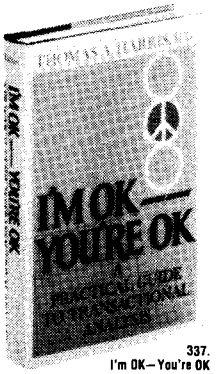

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It's still not the same as having a tooth pulled, yet few tears are shed. So found the author in a look around New York State, whose liberal stance on abortion the Supreme Court has now decreed for the whole country.

ABORTION FOR THE ASKING

Seated in a semicircle around Holly Shaw, R.N., are seven women, each certifiably no more than 12 weeks pregnant. It is Friday night, the busiest night of the week at Bill Baird's Parents Aid Society, a small nonprofit abortion clinic on Long Island run by one of the country's most zealous crusaders for abortion reform. In a few hours the women assembled here will no longer be pregnant, and Mrs. Shaw is explaining in great detail how this will happen. The Baird clinic does its counseling in small groups, instead of individually, in the interests of tension-easing and productive experience-sharing, but there are no group dynamics at work this night. The seven women stare despondently at the transparent model of a female pelvis that Mrs. Shaw uses to explain the procedure. She tells them that the kind of abortion they are about to have is swift, simple, safe, and can be pain free. Not one of her listeners believes it. She tells them she had one patient who read a magazine through her abortion. Two of the women look almost catatonic with fear. She tells them, "Some people have even said it tickles." No trace of a smile pursues the notion. Afterwards, Mrs. Shaw goes on, they might feel "a little yucky," no more than that. Nothing, nothing this friendly, compassionate young woman offers dispels the haggard apprehension clinging damply to the walls of the little room. Finally, she turns to a large, pale young woman who is rather conspicuously struggling with nausea and says gently, "Doris, you look really grim." Doris, expelling a mournful sigh, slides even lower into the chair and says, "It sounds so awful—isn't there some way they can put you out without telling you about it?"

Helen Dudar is a reporter for the New York Post *and has written for a number of national magazines.*

BY HELEN DUDAR

So there it is: for the past 33 months, any woman who wanted an abortion could have one in New York State for the asking—and the paying—before the seventh month of her pregnancy. Since July 1, 1970, under the benediction of one of the most liberal laws in the country, New York State has become the most popular place in the hemisphere to have an abortion performed; New York City alone has counted more than a half-million voluntarily terminated pregnancies.

Now the U.S. Supreme Court has extended the right nationally in a decision that surprised and pleased the advocates of legalized abortion as much as it outraged its foes. When the Court's decision, which was handed down on January 22, becomes a reality in this country, the expert guessers are guessing that 1,600,000 legal abortions will be performed every year (see box, page 34). Just the other day, abortion was an unmentionable and, under the laws of most states, a criminal act. Now, in no time at all, barring the remote possibility that anti-abortion forces will win a constitutional amendment overturning the decision, legal abortion will be an established fact of American life.

That makes it worth taking a look at the place where abortion has worked under the most liberal conditions for the longest time. For the past few weeks I have been visiting abortion clinics in New York and the people who keep them busy—patients, doctors, counselors. Everything that I have seen and heard suggests that while the law can offer safe and humane surroundings for a woman who wants an abortion, no one can do much about making it psychologically easy. Like Doris at the Parents Aid Society, almost every woman comes to the experience with a degree of anxiety. It is not a happy time. On the other hand, contrary to the folklore of abortion as lifelong trauma, it is not necessarily a profundly scarring one either.

Let's look at the realities. For a starter, as one abortion worker put it, "It's a pregnancy, not an infected molar." To many women, conception is a magical event, good magic when a baby is wanted, bad magic when it's unwelcome; in either event, it's hard to be casual about the fertilization of a human ovum.

Then, there is the specter of the botched abortion; everyone has surely read of one, seen a movie about one, had a friend or relative victimized by one, and the imagery is forever fixed: the newspapers on the kitchen floor, the dingy overhead light, the unclean instruments, the inept or sadistic doctor, the death by hemorrhage or blood poisoning. In this part of the U.S., where abortion has become almost routine and almost respectable, where clinics flourish all over the state, where Planned Parenthood of New York will even charge it to your BankAmericard, the question many women

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"I sat there waiting my turn at the clinic, wondering if I were less of a person for doing this. You just don't know, even with the legality, whether you're doing the right thing, because by all our moral and religious standards, you're not."

still ask first is, "Will I die?" The answer is almost certainly not. In the first two and a half years of abortion reform, there have been 17 deaths among 507,851 abortion procedures of varying kinds, compared with five times that rate of fatality from tonsillectomies. In the last year and a half, there have been no deaths at all among women who had suction-aspiration abortions, the latest and simplest procedure, which can be used up to the twelfth week of pregnancy.

This technique is an advance over the old dilation-and-curettage method in which the wall of the uterus was scraped. It begins with an injection of a local anesthetic to numb the cervix; the pain killer is the same thing the dentist uses before he starts drilling. Then the doctor inserts a series of slender dilation rods into the cervical opening; that produces the abortion. A vacuum apparatus suctions out the uterine contents. Some doctors also curette the walls of the uterus to make certain all the tissue is out. The whole business takes no more than ten minutes, and, theoretically, it is possible to feel no discomfort beyond some mild cramping immediately afterwards as the uterus contracts to its pre-pregnancy size.

Even if they entertain no intimations of mortality and risk even fewer real dangers, most women arrive with some fear and expectation of pain, an anticipation that is often self-fulfilling. Under ideal conditions—a relaxed patient, a gifted counselor, a truly skilled physician—a simple abortion can be without pain. Under the worst circumstances—a paralytic fear, haphazard counseling, rotten medical technique—it can hurt like hell.

Standing between the woman, her fears and pains, the doctor and the world, is the counselor, a unique and important innovation in abortion services. In New York, where abortions may not be performed in doctors' offices, every abortion service in hospitals, hospital clinics, and free-standing clinics has a counseling staff. A counselor may be a nurse, a social worker, a psychologist, or, in many cases, an unspecialized college graduate who is bright, friendly, calm, empathetic, believes strongly in the right to abortion, probably has had one herself, and is present as surrogate friend. The best counselors work hard and successfully to allay the patient's worst fears, listen to and help with all sorts of problems, and stand by her while the doctor is at work, holding her hand, stroking her forehead, talking all the while to take her mind off the moment.

I didn't expect a place as nice as this. I expected a dingy room and all kinds of people like you see at a bus stop—some people crying, some people not crying, and everything hurry-up. I thought it was going to be all hush-hush and hurry-up. But nobody in the waiting room seems very upset—they're all sitting there socializing. I thought the doctor would be old and gray-haired with an attitude of "Ah, come on, this is an everyday affair and you knew what you were getting into." I have three children at home. I was so afraid I'd be too sick to get back to them tonight. I've been so upset about this pregnancy—I haven't been eating and I haven't been sleeping. I do love kids. Some days I felt good and thought, wouldn't it be nice to have another baby? That usually lasted about ten minutes.

Rosemary was her name; she was 25, a lapsed Catholic, too tired on Sundays to take herself to church, and, besides, the mass wasn't beautiful anymore now that they did it in English. This Sunday, she conceded, dimpling, she might just be in church, out of gratitude. Five minutes after her abortion she was sitting in Baird's recovery room in Hempstead reflectively nibbling cookies. And five minutes after that she swallowed hard, her big blue eyes wide with surprise, and said, "I feel so good now."

There are 24 free-standing clinics in New York City and many others scattered throughout the state, and just about all of them are nicer than anyone expects. It's a sour social commentary that women who are going to have an abortion are usually startled to find themselves on premises that are clean, comfortable, well lit, tastefully decorated, and staffed by kind people. The clinics vary from small Middle West cozy to huge and Alphaville labyrinthine, but most of them have similar amenities: an attractive waiting room often filled with young men who have come with their young women; hard-working, conscientious counselors; gynecologists who work by the day for an eight-hour shift that pays them $280 and who range in warmth, humanity, and skill all the way from swell to indifferent; a recovery room, usually with beds, where a patient may nap for a while; a recovery lounge where, having been required to arrive with an empty stomach, she can break her fast on cookies and coffee.

There are also a few other features that clinics have in common, among them an aversion by their staffs to calling things by their rightful names. The place where the abortion is performed is always the Procedure Room. Nobody ever suggests that the sensation of suctioning is similar to a birth contraction; the word "baby" or "fetus" is rarely heard. What is being removed is "the contents of the uterus." A patient who wants to know what it looks like learns that "it's just some bloody tissue that looks like your period"—which, by the end of the first trimester, is simply not true. (But who am I to carp when the New York Telephone Company, for example, can hardly bring itself to acknowledge that abortion service is now an established enterprise in the city? You have to think of checking under "Birth Control" if you're looking for abortion clinics in the Manhattan Yellow Pages. There is no listing under "Abortion.")

If the clinics trope toward euphemism, the motive is, at least, compassionate. The hope is to ease fear and guilt, and, in some cases, that is next to impossible. In high relief, the full range of suffering can be seen most clearly among Spanish Catholic women

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"Well, it might as well hurt, maybe that will teach me a lesson."

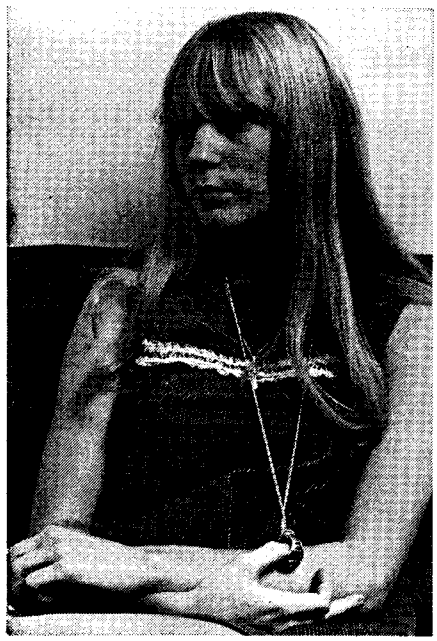
—Puerto Ricans, Mexicans, South Americans, it doesn't matter where they come from—they are clearly the products of the most sexually repressive of Western cultures. Petra Diaz, a Spanish-speaking counselor at the 22nd Street Center, a big Planned Parenthood operation in downtown Manhattan, has to begin reassuring them from the moment she starts making interview notes.

"So many of them come without having told husbands, friends, families. They see me writing, and they become frantic. Why am I writing things down? Who will see their records? Is it secret? The Spanish-speaking women claim to feel more pain, and they probably do, but I feel it is due more to emotional reasons than physical ones. Sometimes they are able to relax on the table; even so, they may have heavy cramping. I had one patient—she had had two illegal abortions, which were very bad. Before the doctor even touched her, she was sitting on the table saying, 'It hurts.' Afterwards, when we talked in the recovery room, she said she had suffered more fear and guilt this time than before. She said to me, 'For three times God has given me three pregnancies, and I could not keep them. I wonder if He will punish me when I really want a child.'"

Almost everybody worries about the effect of the abortion on future fertility. "Will I be sterile?" they want to know. The answer usually given is that it is the remotest of possibilities. What appears to be common, however, is for young women who have had abortions to experience difficulty conceiving when they set out to start a family; the guess is that the problem is often emotional, the price exacted by the tensions and guilts that still surround the business of terminating an unwanted pregnancy.

Interestingly, for all of the Catholic Church's ceaseless attack against abortion reform, the services are used as much by Catholic women as any other segment of the population. The best demonstration of this is in the case where an abortion center is serving an exclusively local population. At a big hospital in Syracuse, New York, for example, 44 per cent of the women who got abortions were Catholic, an accurate reflection of the religious composition of the city and surrounding counties.

In this era of radicalized and politicized clergy, it is no longer even surprising when a woman shows up



at a clinic with the blessing of her priest. There was one such woman a while ago at Parkmed, a big place in a Park Avenue skyscraper, which is the only free-standing clinic in the city that offers general anesthesia. She was in her late thirties, the mother of three children, one of them brain-damaged, and she had some serious medical problems that made another pregnancy treacherous. She was there with her husband and, she said, with the full approval, indeed the urging, of her priest. He had given her a small bottle of holy water, priestly insurance in case the fetus had a soul. The ritual didn't require a Catholic, anybody could do it, and since the patient would be unconscious when the fetus emerged, she wondered if her counselor would mind conducting the little ceremony. And so, after the suction aspirator had done its work, a motherly, middle-aged Jewish social worker named Lillian Shapiro chanted the appropriate phrases and, as she puts it, "blessed the tissue." Mrs. Shapiro recollects that her patient was fine afterwards. "She seemed to have no feelings of guilt or remorse."

There are women, on the other hand, who set out to pay their dues, almost willfully embracing the prospect of pain. "Well, it might as well hurt" is the way one woman put it as she walked into the procedure room. "Maybe that will teach me a lesson."

Then again, it is possible to arrive for an abortion in a relaxed, radiant state and still encounter pain. In the hands of a practitioner who has learned the techniques well, suction-aspiration abortion is simple but, says Joan McTigue, a counselor, "doctors don't seem to want to learn from each other." She, among others, told me that some physicians consistently cause more pain than others because they "can't be bothered" doing the reading homework involved in learning to administer the local anesthesia effectively. Miss McTigue, who works in a big city clinic, also worries about another aspect most people don't talk much about or possibly even think much about; the best counselor in the world can be eroded by the nature of the work, and this, too, affects the patient. "It's exhausting, draining. We need space, time to deal with what it means to be dropping five fetuses a day into formaldehyde jars. Nobody wants to confront that. For the woman having the abortion it's a lifesaving or surely a life-enhancing event. But for the counselor it gets to be life-denying, somehow. The final effect is you're drained of the creative energy you need to keep going. The counseling gets more and more superficial. It gets to be like a factory."

Patients who would rather be unconscious and unhurt can go to a hospital for general anesthesia or to an independent, free-standing clinic that offers oblivion, usually at a slightly higher price than a local anesthetic. The time spent under general anesthesia is brief and doesn't require an overnight stay. Ardis Danon, assistant administrator at Parkmed, says the clinic's patients include mothers who are proponents of, and have given birth to, children by the Lamaze method. They believe in natural, wide-awake childbirth but prefer to sleep through an abortion.

I must say this is the most humane thing that's happening in New York. I had an illegal abortion five years ago performed by this supposedly high-class doctor on Park Avenue. I had a local, but it was an unhappy experience—it seemed to me I was being treated like a stack of flesh gone wrong. He wasn't absolutely hostile, because there was this $1,000 fee hanging between us, but the attitude was one of, 'Okay, you danced; now you pay the piper.' He was brusque and incredibly impersonal. I hated him for a long time. . . . I guess I got pregnant because I thought I would like another child. It was irresponsible of me, I know. I'm divorced, my kids are 13 and 12. But the pressures of the music business are heavy, and I suppose hav-

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"I didn't expect a place as nice as this. I expected a dingy room."

ing a child was a way out. . . . This place, there's nothing secretive, nothing sordid. I mean, I recommend it. I woke up here this afternoon thinking, 'Oh, I wasn't punished this time for being sexy.'

That was Beverly, the folksinger, a wonderful-looking woman with a smile like a day in May and electric masses of black Brillo hair. We met in the recovery lounge of Parkmed, where I had just taken a sampling among six other abortees and five times heard the phrase one always hears in that setting: "I feel so relieved." I have been told that afterwards some women cry a little, out of transient sadness or guilt or even relief, but I never saw tears in any of the places I visited. The sixth patient in that circle of women swallowing cookies was mostly very, very angry.

She was Nancy, a 23-year-old secretary from Nova Scotia, who had been deflowered and impregnated by her fiancé. He would have married her, but, having experienced sex and conception, she lost interest in him. "I feel sick about the whole thing," she said vehemently. "No, not about having the abortion—I wanted to do it—but never again will I get myself into this position where I have to have an abortion."

"Never again." It is the clarion cry of most of the unwed, freshly nonpregnant, a vow of eternal celibacy heard a thousand times a day in recovery rooms across the state. "I ain't gonna have sex anymore," Petra Diaz quotes a patient as saying. "You don't gonna see me anymore." Not only is the pledge flagrantly unrealistic, but it creates a problem for clinic workers who try to persuade their clients that they would rather not have the repeat business. Most clinics have a policy of offering birth control information; a few are more forceful than that. "We don't want to see you back here again, unless you want to drop by for a visit or an examination," Holly Shaw said mildly to her seven patients at Baird's that Friday night; then she proceeded to explain the two most widely used methods, the Pill and the intrauterine device, and to ask each woman to choose then and there.

From time to time a woman will return within a few weeks, pregnant again. The city's repeat rate is 1.9 per cent, and it is twice as high for residents as for nonresidents. A new unwanted pregnancy may be an authentic accident; the IUD is far from foolproof. It may be what someone in the medical literature once rather elegantly labeled "atonement pregnancy"; an immediate and direct way of penalizing oneself for the "transgression" of abortion. It may involve a desperate, racking worry about whether the abortion has produced sterility; for many women, the ability to conceive is the ultimate confirmation of femininity. Finally, here and there are women who use abortion routinely to control their reproductive systems. This is often the case among recent immigrants from Eastern European countries, where abortion has been freely available for years. At a city hospital clinic in Queens County a while back a recently arrived 32-year-old Yugoslavian woman, the mother of two children, came in for an abortion and could not understand why she provoked such astonishment when she reported she had already had 17.

Teen-agers present a special set of problems. "Sometimes they just dump so many fantasies on the idea of having a child," says Margie Weiss, another Planned Parenthood counselor. "You know, it's this mysterious, fabulous thing of becoming an adult, a woman. It's an *accomplishment*."

Young teen-agers, 17 or under, represented nearly 20 per cent of the abortions performed during the first two years of abortion reform in New York. The clinics are by now accustomed to mothers arriving to register daughters for abortion and announcing firmly, "My daughter was raped." The counselor usually discovers when alone with the child that the rapist was a boy she had been sleeping with for eight months. What an odd set of values it is that makes a woman take a barnacle-hold on the belief that it is better for her child to have been violated than to have pleasured herself with s-x.

Because youngsters often wait too long to tell their families about a pregnancy, they must wait even longer to terminate it, and it must be done in a hospital. For after three months, the fetus is too large for abortion by vacuum-aspiration and the procedure requires a saline injection. To start the abortion, a salt solution is injected through the abdomen into the amniotic sac; two days later uterine contractions result, and, after a while, the fetus is expelled. Nobody really knows whether this kind of abortion is worse emotionally than suction-aspiration, but it is surely more disagreeable, not to mention more expensive. Furthermore, patients undergoing saline-injection abortions are usually placed on the maternity floor, which, with a waning birth rate, is the only place where hospitals have bed space. So a woman laboring to deliver a fairly well-formed fetus (and on rare occasions a living, premature infant) is likely to be within hearing distance of the wails of the newborn. There are nurses who will not work on saline cases and some pro-abortion doctors who find the procedure so unappealing that they refer patients to less squeamish colleagues.

The early days of saline service in New York hospitals were grim. "Initially," a gynecologist told me, "we had nurses who were ostensibly pro-abortion but whose attitude proved to be so punitive and antisexual that the patients suffered. You'd write an order for Demerol to be given when needed and find out later that it was not given until the patient was out of control or not given often enough. Those women were eventually weeded out of the program, but we still find some covert anti-abortion attitudes, nurses who may be very supportive through a first abortion, but hostile when they learn this is the second time around."

I said to Richard, "I'm getting an abortion. I hope you approve, but I'm getting it whether you approve or not." I felt very strongly it would be the end of me to have this third child. It would mean giving up any pretensions I have to a career; it would make me into a housewife, and I knew I didn't want that. I was fearful, if I had it, I'd end up as a battering mother. I was afraid I would hurt the child. I was held up for two weeks by a family problem. I was really scared I wouldn't be able to go through with it if I waited much longer. What if I felt life? What if I had more symptoms than just breast swelling? Then I would certainly feel, God, it could be murder. I didn't tell anyone else, not my parents, not my friends. I got a certified check from the bank and left Richard home with the children and went uptown. I sat there waiting my turn at the clinic, wondering if I were less of a person for doing this. You just don't know, even with the legality, whether you're doing the right thing because, by all of our moral and religious standards, it's not. The abortion itself was easy. The doctor told me to relax, and, of course, I relaxed. The suctioning felt very much like a birth pain, like a baby coming out. There is this feeling, Gee, I've gone through this before. I do not remember any great guilt feelings afterwards. Those I had before. The feelings I had

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"I wonder if He will punish me when I really want to have a child."

after were of utter elation. I had been brought back from the dead, as it were.

We have just heard from Myra, an editor, a relatively liberated woman, and an unswerving believer in the right to abortion. She does not remember telling a friend that she got home that day, stepped through the door, and was momentarily flooded with remorse. The thought that pulsed through her head was, "My God, what have I done?" Reminded of it the other day, she said, "Did I say that? I don't remember. But if I did, I've blotted it out." And so, apparently, do many women.

Now, for years, one of the articles of faith in the medical profession has been that abortion is usually a profoundly traumatic event, producing lifelong guilt and shame and depression. It is a dismal introduction to the workings of the scientific mind to ramble through the recent medical literature on abortion, there to find psychiatrists and gynecologists exploring the subject anew, discovering that they have all these years believed a myth and asking, in the tortured jargon of the trade, the equivalent of "how could we have been misled?" This happened only a few years ago when, prodded by the rising demands of the women's movement for abortion reform, doctors started looking back at old works and discovered that the standard textbook warnings of the emotional hazards of abortion were a myth, based on little more than general prejudice and a rare case or two.

Reviewing the literature in 1970, a Yale psychiatrist, Dr. Stephen Fleck, appears to have had the single dazzling flash of insight into the psychology of abortion. As he pointed out, there are something like 4,000 documented postpartum psychoses a year in this country —that is, cases of women not under psychiatric care before pregnancy who suffer such profound depressions after childbirth that they had to be institutionalized. It seems reasonable to suppose that, if abortion produced similar derangements, a few representative examples would have turned up somewhere, sometime. But they haven't.

Modern clinical studies of the emotional impact of abortion are thin yet respectable. There have been a few done in England and Sweden—countries which have had liberal abortion policies for years (but not abortion-on-demand)—and these studies agree that "serious" effects are rare.

In New York City, health authorities know "anecdotally" of one woman who, early in the days of legal abortion, went home and took her life, leaving a note that spoke of her guilt over terminating the pregnancy. The event is classified anecdotal because it is not part of the massive body of data collected and processed by the city's Bureau of Maternity Services and Family Planning, and nobody appears to have inquired into it. "All we know is that the patient may have been under psychiatric care, although that is unclear," said Dr. Jean Pakter, director of the bureau. "But this is why we make a big point about counseling. There should be very careful screening."

In general, the obvious supposition is that a severely disturbed pregnant woman is apt to be a severely disturbed abortee, but the odds are that she would be in a worse state bringing forth a child she didn't want.

Clinic counselors find that right after abortion a small minority of women, about 15 per cent in one upstate New York study, are sad and say so or look it. Over a period of weeks, some women may experience limited periods of mild depression. For a married woman who had enjoyed motherhood, the sight of a new baby may set it off. The counselors find that those who suffer the most before and after are women who are most conflicted about having an abortion: the unmarried girl who is doing it under pressure because her mother or boy friend want her to; the woman with ingrained religious convictions who really feels abortion is unacceptable but cannot face a new child.

But there have been astonishingly few reports of bad aftermaths. The Center for Reproductive and Sexual Health (better known as Women's Services), the oldest and largest of New York State's abortion clinics, allows, indeed encourages, its out-of-state clients to call collect for advice on either physical or emotional problems, and it has a policy of paying for any abortion complications requiring further attention. Explaining all this, Barbara Pyle, its executive administrator, said, "We pay $50,000 worth of hospital bills a year for complications, and that would certainly include emotional problems if any turned up. It seems impossible that out of almost 70,000 cases there has never been a case of acute depression that turned up on our follow-up sheets, but there hasn't."

Even so, it is also impossible to imagine that some women do not arrive home and feel, along with relief, a sense of loss. *It's gone.* It happens, according to Dr. Nathalie Shainness, a Manhattan psychiatrist who has been one of the major pro-abortion voices in the reform movement, but she thinks this feeling of loss may often be a "mask" for something else. For example, a woman who has allowed herself to become pregnant in hopes of cementing a relationship with the man involved and then has had to abort is apt to be mourning not simply the unborn child but the failure to transform the relationship into marriage, say, or a better marriage.

Dr. Shainness suspects that the further along the pregnancy is, the greater the possibility of post-abortion melancholy. "Body loss" as well as psychic loss has to be considered. Momentous hormonal changes take place during pregnancy. "The longer this goes on, the more the body is 'deprived' when the abortion takes place. Also, I believe there is a growing psychic adaptation to the pregnancy in spite of the nonacceptance, which may also cause a sense of loss. *Loss,* not guilt."

The most detailed post-abortion study reported so far is the work of two child psychiatrists at St. Luke's Hospital Center in New York, and it has created some distress in pro-abortion circles in

Arithmetic of Abortion

An estimated 1,250,000 abortions were performed last year in the United States—about half legal and half illegal. Dr. Christopher Tietze, an international expert on abortion, who is an associate director of the Population Council, projects on the basis of New York City's experience that in the wake of the Supreme Court's decision the number of legal abortions will rise to 1,600,000 a year, or roughly four abortions for every nine births. This would still be significantly lower than the rate in Hungary, where there are as many abortions annually as births. Still, readily available abortion throughout the U.S. could eventually lead to 300,000 to 400,000 fewer births a year, Dr. Tietz estimates, and population expert Dr. Charles Westoff of Princeton says that this drop-off, on top of our current decline in birth rates, "would drive the national fertility rate substantially below replacement level."

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The Supreme Court's Slow But Certain Impact on Abortion

In January, the nation's highest court severely restrained states from restricting or prohibiting a woman's right to have an abortion. During the first 12 weeks of pregnancy, the Supreme Court declared, a woman has this right without qualification. From the thirteenth to the twenty-seventh week, states can impose conditions only to protect the woman's health. A state may prohibit an abortion during the last ten weeks of a pregnancy, the Court said, but not even then if the woman's health is at stake.

Prior to the decision, only a few states came close to being this permissive about abortions—Alaska, California, Hawaii, New York, and the District of Columbia. Now, in theory, abortion on demand is legal everywhere in the United States, as long as it falls within the Supreme Court's boundaries. Conforming legislation and further defining of the law through courtroom challenge still lie ahead, however, as part of the usual slow process of transforming judicial edict into functioning law. Meantime, deep moral and religious opposition to abortion continues and is likely to make this legalization process even slower.

Indeed, in at least five states, legal authorities have, at least rhetorically, challenged the Court's decision by affirming the legality of existing anti-abortion laws and regulations. Louisiana's attorney general, for instance, said a doctor's license might still be revoked in that state if he performed an abortion. Michigan's attorney general has asserted that a doctor who performs an abortion in Michigan "at this point does so at his own peril." To the dismay of feminist fighters for abortion, the attorney general of the state of Washington declared that a married woman living at home still must obtain her husband's consent for abortion. And Virginia's legislature defiantly rejected a bill to bring that state's law into conformance with the Court's decree.

Meantime, the Catholic Church's hierarchy remains vehemently opposed to abortion, as evidenced by a recent, unprecedented pastoral message from the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. This formal proclamation calls for disobedience of "any civil law that may require abortion." "We reject the opinion of the U.S. Supreme Court," the church body said, "as erroneous, unjust, and immoral." At a minimum, the proclamation undoubtedly means that Catholic hospitals, even those that serve in a quasi-public status as a community's only medical facility, will continue to refuse to perform abortions.

In light of lingering legal uncertainties and unrelenting opposition, few areas where abortion has been illegal or severely restricted are rushing to provide abortion services. The general situation in such areas was described for Tennessee in particular by the executive secretary of the Tennessee Medical Association: "Everybody is in limbo. Our attorney is studying the Supreme Court decision to see what our options are. I don't know of any physician who will perform an abortion on request right now."

Still, even in the short time since the Court decision was handed down, there have already been some discernible movements in the direction of freer abortion in many parts of the country. In at least a dozen states, government legal authorities have declared existing anti-abortion laws to be no longer in effect. In at least nine states, legislation has been introduced that would bring state law into conformity with the Supreme Court decision. And a number of actual, new abortion services have cropped up here and there because of the decision.

In Texas, whose anti-abortion law was specifically voided by the Supreme Court, a clinic has been set up by three Dallas doctors. In Missouri, where state law imposed manslaughter penalties for performing an abortion or for even referring a woman to an abortionist, a St. Louis group is planning to open an abortion clinic by the end of this month. Detroit's first three abortion clinics are set to open this month, too.

The Abortion Counseling Service of Minnesota used to send about 25 women a week to San Francisco for abortions, but since the Court's ruling they have sent only four a week, women over 12 weeks pregnant whom Minnesota abortion physicians feel they lack the experience to handle. Preterm, a Washington, D.C.–based abortion clinic, has sensed enough of a demand to set up a formal training program for such doctors living in states where they can now begin to practice abortion because of the Supreme Court's ruling. Perhaps the most direct and concrete impact of the Court's decision has been felt by Berkeley Bio-Engineering, Inc., of Berkeley, California, whose sales levels have doubled since the decision. This firm manufactures about 70 per cent of the vacuum aspirators in the United States, the principal piece of equipment used for modern lawful abortion. The company is currently unable to keep up with orders for its abortion device—orders, the company says, that are coming in from every region of the country.

New York, where people worry about damage to the cause. It was a pilot study by Drs. James H. Egan and Eugene J. Mahon of 12 poor black and Puerto Rican girls, aged 12 to 18 at the time of their abortions. Interviewed several times in depth over periods averaging 11 months, they were found to be depressed, lonely, full of guilt. Those who continued to have sex had ceased to enjoy it. Almost all of them had experienced cruel, guilt-provoking confrontations with parents and boy friends in which they were excoriated for having committed "murder."

As the study makes clear, and as Egan emphasized again in an interview, he and his colleague believe that "most young teen-agers who become pregnant ought to have abortions." But the lesson is that merely counseling the young teen-ager who wants an abortion, while ignoring the other people in her life who may make her miserable later on, is doing only half the job that needs to be done.

In vivid opposition to the shadowy side of the picture is a small body of feminist belief in abortion as a growth experience—sometimes, anyway. Some of the women who come for abortions have spent most of their adult years in passive and submissive housewifery; occasionally the decision not to have this fourth or fifth or sixth child is the first important one they have made since the wedding day. "They come out of it feeling altered," says Monique Nadel, a founder of and counselor at the Bronx Community Abortion Center. "They've discovered a strength within themselves, they've found they can do something by themselves and for themselves. It's a big learning experience. They'll never be the same again."

If our system of providing abortion on demand doesn't enlarge everywoman's perception of herself, the prayer is that at the very least, it doesn't distort or diminish it. These things, obviously, are unmeasurable. But on paper and in daily experience, New York's record looks good; the rest of the country could do worse than adopt its approach as a humane starting point for delivering abortion to those who want it. Monique Nadel told me of a 16-year-old girl whose counseling had been so successful that, relaxed and interested, she sat up through the procedure, watching. That, of course, is the ultimate exception. Pregnancy, as I noted early on, is not a hurting tooth, and it's hard to visualize a time when a trip to the abortion clinic can ever be as routine as a visit to the dentist. □

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FAKING IT

America will soon become the first civilization to eliminate lying. The lie is not vanishing because it is being killed off, like some hapless species of wildlife. It is not disappearing because it was legislated out of existence, like a noxious fume, or because it has atrophied from lack of use. Clearly, the lie cannot be regarded as a victim of higher morality but as a casualty of progress.

For the liar the outright lie has always presented an enormous and central peril—that of being exposed, with the humiliation and even jail sentence which may follow. So clumsy and even hazardous a weapon cried out to be replaced by something that would accomplish its objectives and be at the same time safe. The breakthrough has come, and, as a result, our society will soon be as free of lies as a diet cola is of calories.

The new device that is making the lie obsolete can be called the Fake Factor or, for those who require still more trenchant terminology, the B.S. Factor. A factor makes or does something. Introduced into communications of any kind, this factor causes a subtle skewering of sense, a distortion of logic, without ever becoming totally untrue. Unlike lies, which are occasional instruments used for specific purposes, the Fake Factor, to succeed, must be ubiquitous—that is, it must set the standard for what is, or isn't, an acceptable level of truth. This factor, then, is responsible for a continual difference between word and reality. It has brought about the lie which is not quite a lie and the truth which is not quite true. Increasingly, it determines how we talk to one another and the way we establish meaning.

Conventional lies wear thin sooner or later, but the Fake Factor is immensely durable, being a dense weave of logical errors and sophistries combined (or recycled) into spectacular new packages with the help of current prejudices and the modern religion of science. Besides, faking on such a scale is bound to cause a continual distraction of attention, which in turn protects the Fake Factor from too much scrutiny. The overall result is so much cant and obfuscation as to cause a cerebral fog to settle upon our mental landscape and all but obliterate its real features.

The Fake Factor in American life, writes Arthur Herzog, has caused "a cerebral fog to settle upon our mental landscape and all but obliterate its real features."

Perhaps the best indication of how well fakery has succeeded in America is that most people seem only dimly aware, if aware at all, of how much cant their minds are compelled to absorb. Fakery, in other words, has come to seem a natural, quotidian part of experience. Indeed, that was the objective in the first place—to make the unreal appear real, the bizarre seem ordinary, the non-thing or non-person look like a thing or person, the crazy sound sane, the irregular seem regular, the distortion appear as the normal way of making a case.

The Fake Factor, then, fills the messageways and stores of this country to overflowing. It is brought to you in the ads and the news stories. It can be seen in the design of many products and felt in the prices of those products. It is heard on talk shows as much as during the commercial breaks. It resounds in the oven that plays "Tenderly" when the meat is ready, and over the Super Bowl when jet fighters swoop overhead as though the taxpayers had demanded this use of planes, pilots, and fuel. It can be found in copious quantity at any stationery store—in, for example, the daily reminders that serve as daily excuses to forget. It is displayed on such license plate messages as New Hampshire's LIVE FREE OR DIE; in such film ratings as "For Mature Audiences Only," meaning voyeurs; in the inflated figures for church membership; in the appliance manual's line drawing of the neat coveralled serviceman who comes when you call; in sex manuals that help no one; in warranties that don't warrant; in insurance policies that insure half of what you expected; in the folderol of the futurists; in the splenetic posturings of "radicals"; in the prevarications of Presidents.

One way to assess the ubiquity and impact of the Fake Factor is to imagine what happens in its absence—for without a generous application of fakery TV ratings fall, grants do not come through, exams are flunked, candidates lose, income-tax returns are penalized. Skill at faking will not automatically guarantee success, but it will take one —even one deficient in other talents— a long way toward the pinnacle. Consider the following modest sampling of the various kinds of fakery available to every American as so many spikes on the greasy pole.

ANYTHING AUTHORITIES

"When an 'Anything Authority' becomes successful, he joins the Permanent Rotating Panel Show on television."

The thirst for answers in a difficult world has brought about the rise of Anything (or Everything) Authorities. The Anything Authority is someone whose credentials in one field are taken as valid for others—often many others but almost always including politics. Examples are Dr. George Wald, the biologist; Dr. Benjamin Spock, the pediatrician; Jane Fonda, the actress; and Dr. Linus Pauling (who has said of President Nixon: "For 15 years I have studied insanity. I saw the eyes on television, and *there* is madness, paranoia"), the chemist turned psychologist.

Arthur Herzog, a New York–based freelance writer, is the author of the forthcoming The B. S. Factor *(Simon & Schuster), from which this article has been excerpted.*

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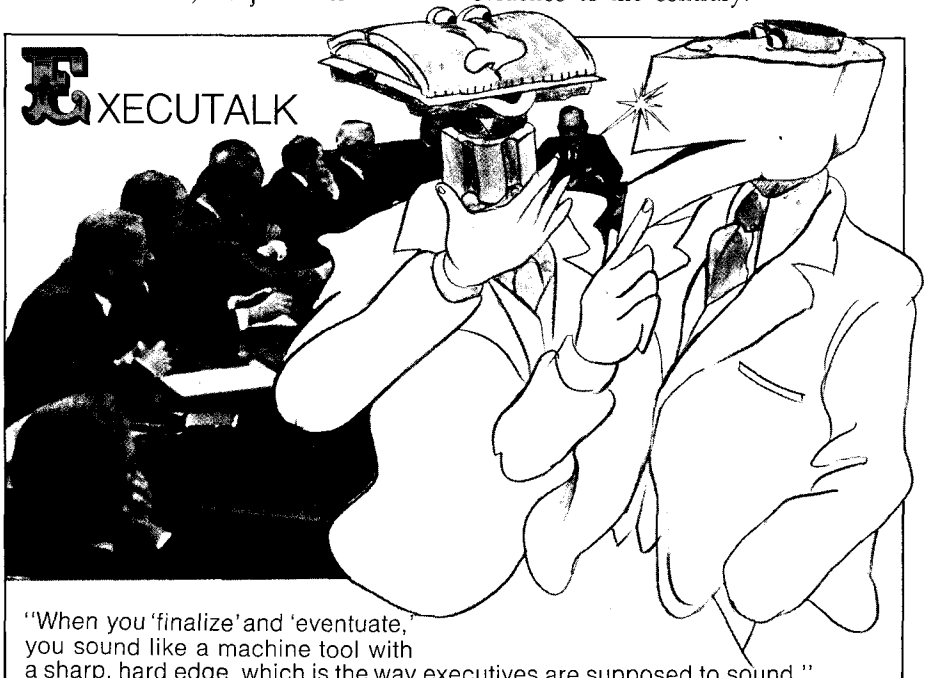
The trouble with an Anything Authority is not that he takes a position or works for a cause but that he seldom seems to apply the same standards of research and documentation to the field in which he is not expert that he would to his own. (Since many Anything Authorities are scientists, the ineluctable suspicion must be that scientists do not regard the field of international relations, say, as one worthy of special knowledge.) The opinions of Dr. Pauling, twice winner of the Nobel Prize, must always be respected, and yet it is difficult to imagine Pauling discussing the double helix, which he helped discover, in quite the glib manner he used in talking about Nixon's paranoia. For in his own discipline the authority must prove his contention—a requirement that vanishes when the topic is Anything.

When an Anything Authority becomes successful, he joins the Permanent Rotating Panel Show on television. Besides fame as an Anything Authority, there are two criteria for membership on the PRPS. One is that the guest must get a reaction from the audience—whether cheers or boos doesn't matter—and the other is that he must *never* be stuck for an answer. Glibness helps, and so does the fact that many emcees do not know the hard questions that might be asked.

Being an Anything Authority is big business these days. They are quoted in magazines, called upon to write book reviews, invited to join boards of directors to add panache, given sizable per diems as consultants, and used for all manner of fund drives to benefit any cause from politics to private schools. The whole phenomenon results from the hope that somebody still knows something outside narrow fields of specialization—despite the mounting evidence to the contrary.

EXECUTALK



"When you 'finalize' and 'eventuate,' you sound like a machine tool with a sharp, hard edge, which is the way executives are supposed to sound."

Everybody wants to be an executive, just about. Then you get to fly on Executive Flights, stay at Executive Inns, have an Executive Indemnity Plan, eat Executive Salami, maybe become a Chief Executive—or, if you get fired, style yourself as an Executive Consultant. Nobody is willing to be a manager, a secretary, or a messenger unless "executive" can be worked into the title.

Executives have a way of sounding brisk, authoritative, efficient. They use catchy, upbeat phrases, such as "economic game plan" or "action agenda." You never hear of a "lazy" or "ineffective" executive, though there must be some. Executives revel in snappy endings, such as -ist, -ate, and -ize. When you "finalize" and "eventuate," you sound like a machine tool with a sharp, hard edge, which is the way executives are supposed to sound.

The drawback to Executalk is that it's much harder to frame a thought with such circuitous language. Compare "name of the game" with "point" or "purpose"; "bottom-line consciousness" (as in "Does that man have bottom-line consciousness?") with "understanding of profits"; "waste management" with "garbage disposal"; "eyeball" with "look at"; "authenticate" with "verify"; "umbrella solution" with "best answer"; "over-fly" with "fly over"; "formated" with "laid out"; "ball-park estimate" with "rough guess."

Question: Why would busy executives take the harder way? Answer: Because they need an ego boost. For business and professional people, Executalk conveys status and a sense of expertise. It imparts a spirit of individualism to a corporate world where there is little or none.

ONENESS

The popular notion of Oneness holds that we are all basically similar deep down. One nation indivisible, one people, brothers and sisters under the skin, Americans all, we march into the sunset toward a common destiny.

Be wary of the Fake Factor when you hear exhortations to Oneness, as in such words and phrases as "my fellow Americans," "the corporate family," "togetherness," "community," "neighbors." The following sentence from a Welcome Wagon brochure is a perfect example of plain old Yankee commercialism being palmed off as neighborliness (the italics have been added): "*Gratefully* acknowledged are the *generous public-spirited* business *neighbors* who make possible this *friendly call of greetings* from your Welcome Wagon *Hostess*. . . ." The fact is that the only things the average community will rally around are the Little League and zoning laws. A certain Mrs. Beatrice Munro was at least frank when she told a local reporter: "My father, Henry Lounsbury, zoned Bedford, New York, for four-acre zoning in 1921. I have fought to keep it four-acre zoning, and I will fight for it until I die."

When blacks or the lettuce pickers call for Oneness among themselves, they have a specific set of group objectives in mind. In a similar way, the women's rights movement calls for Oneness among the "sisters"—although, for my money, it ignores the fact that "women" are not a discrete category but rather heterogeneous members of different classes and groups, with different interests. (This may indicate that Women's Lib can proceed only a certain distance before serious differences in objectives emerge, if they haven't already.) But the trouble with the notion of Oneness is that more often than not its real purpose is to achieve the aims of a few. It's curious that business executives talk about the "corporate family" whenever wage increases come up, or that before elections each of the two political parties sanctifies "our two-party system," meaning that each remains intact and without much additional competition.

When Presidents invoke Oneness, speak of "we" (meaning "them") and "us," bewail "divisiveness," and so on, they generally want to submerge the genuine differences that exist between us so as to gain a widespread consensus in support of *their* programs. Better, perhaps, to affirm the divisions and try to resolve them (through adversary proceedings if necessary) than to declare a state of unity that is largely imaginary—one that causes shock waves when the real differences emerge, as they always will.

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CANDOR CON

"It is a sign of an infantile streak in our culture that so many people quest for total truth and actually believe they are getting it."

These days almost everybody is pledged to divulge the whole truth and nothing but the truth, while finding his opponents less than completely open. "Truth is a habit of integrity, not a strategy of politics," said Senator George McGovern. President Nixon pledged his first administration to "complete candor."

Repeated use of Candor Con reveals a deeply cynical view about the judgment of others. You know perfectly well that complete candor is generally undesirable and/or impossible, yet you want others to think that you are completely candid. It follows that the more you pitch for total truth, the more you deserve to be distrusted, whether you are a preacher, a businessman, an advertising copywriter, or the President.

It is a sign of an infantile streak in our culture that so many people quest for total truth and actually believe they are getting it merely because somebody claims to be handing it out. A fear of artifice and a distrust of disingenuousness spring from a simple-minded supposition that an artful approach to reality (even one that avoids fakery) is somehow wrong, and, as a result, people are susceptible to Candor Con, with the consequent rise in divorces, proliferation of bad art, and massive loss of confidence on the part of those who eventually come to feel they have been victimized. Complete openness is a dream, but the hunger for total truth persists, and anyone who wants to deal with the American public must come to grips with it, though he be the basest of fakers.

PRECEDENT PAP

Spelled out explicitly, Precedent Pap says: "If I give you this, next you'll demand that. Since *that* is unacceptable, I won't give you *this*." The argument is used extensively to rationalize the status quo.

Precedent Pap can be heard in arguments against the legalization of marijuana ("the next thing they'll want is heroin") or against proposals for a guaranteed national income ("the next thing they'll want is full socialism"). Precedent Pap was sounded by Vice-President Agnew in connection with the Attica prison riot: "A governor of a state cannot allow himself to be peremptorily summoned into the presence of outlaws to meet their demands. Had [Governor Rockefeller] gone, and still refused to surrender the state, the next demand might have been for the President of the United States to demean himself in their presence."

The fallacy of Precedent Pap rests on a failure to make the distinction between what is irresistible and what is not. If by assenting to the present demand, you are bound to accede to the next one, there may be good reason for saying no. But when you can reject the next demand even if the present one is assented to, then conjuring up Precedent Pap is a rhetorical trick. President Nixon could have refused to go to Attica even if Governor Rockefeller had gone there.

DEUS EX COMPUTER

Deus ex Computer is a new version of *deus ex machina*, an element in a play or story that appears out of thin air and makes possible the seemingly impossible, providing a *solution*.

Deus ex Computer solutions, naturally, involve the computer. There are, I know, terrible arguments between the apocalyptics, who say the computer is taking over, and the computer people at IBM, whose answer is "All you have to do is pull the plug." But apart from disputations *about* the computer, there is a way of using the computer *in* disputation, by simply invoking the computer. You might say, for instance, "I think this is true," but it's much more convincing to announce that the computer says so.

A simple version of the technique is used by income-tax accountants who send tax returns to a computer center to be tabulated, the theory being that the IRS will be so impressed by the computer that it won't question the figures used. Astrology ads that urge: "Let the computer teach you about yourself and what the future holds for you" are similar in spirit—the computer adds authority. Computer logic is held to be unassailable, and the answers on the computer print-out seem hard to argue with. But he who puts the computer in the role of God can be seriously suspected of trying to play God himself.

Like God or some revered father figure, the computer is not only authoritative but sincere. A personally addressed letter sent out by a computer rarely touches you to the quick, but it beats one addressed Dear Resident. That combination of authority and sincerity is just what makes the computer so insidious an element in modern life. We have finally invented a machine that *cares*—or at least seems to.

SCISPEAK

Scispeak tries to invoke the authority and infallibility of science in order to impress you that what is being presented is "scientific"—that is, proved, resting on experiment, based on serious testing, etc. While the scientific method is inductive, skeptical, and open to doubt, Scispeak is out to convince and therefore, though it sounds impressive, is really a species of rhetoric.

Sentences that begin "Science tells us . . ." or "Doctors know . . ." are almost certain to contain Scispeak. Another sure sign of Scispeak is the use of long, factual-sounding terminology when simple words would do, as when TV weathermen talk about a "50 per cent chance of precipitation" instead of

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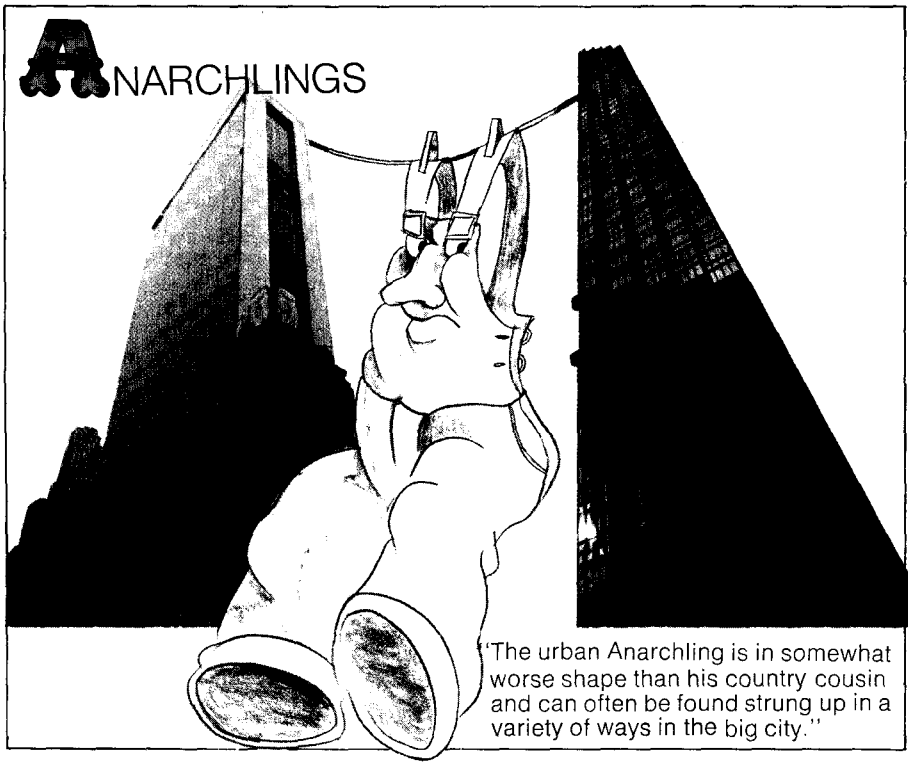
an even chance of rain.

Jargon may well be necessary for specialists at work. It may even be a way for social scientists to avoid making those dreaded "value judgments." It becomes Scispeak, however, when it no longer has any professional necessity—when it is used to overcome opposing ideas, bewilder laymen, or land a grant.

Thanks to Scispeak, a great cluster of once technical—or at least precise—words have lost their edge of meaning to the point that they are almost as interchangeable as marbles. To prove it to yourself, choose a three-digit number and find the corresponding words in the table below. Number 343, for instance, produces "intuitive sociometric contingency." Number 914 yields "interdependent power gradient." Soon you too will be speaking like a sociologist.

COLUMN 1	COLUMN 2	COLUMN 3
0. evaluative	0. coalition	0. equilibrium
1. functional	1. power	1. relation
2. hyperbolic	2. influence	2. attribution
3. intuitive	3. communication	3. contingency
4. interactive	4. sociometric	4. gradient
5. reciprocal	5. role	5. structure
6. negative	6. activity	6. decision
7. operational	7. task	7. network
8. centralized	8. status	8. matrix
9. interdependent	9. interpersonal	9. index



"The urban Anarchling is in somewhat worse shape than his country cousin and can often be found strung up in a variety of ways in the big city."

Anarchlings are not quite so bold as anarchists. A real anarchist rebels against any and all kinds of existing authority. If he believes in a system, it is one that has never been tested: self-government without established political institutions. The Anarchling, or little anarchist, is merely in flight from mass society and all its works.

One kind of Anarchling is to be found sipping carrot juice at a health bar during his lunch hour, with a copy of *The Last Whole Earth Catalog* tucked under his arm. He might earn $30,000 a year and send his children to private schools, but he dreams of making his own goat cheese by candlelight. The Crunchy Granola, wholegrain bread, unrefined honey, unsulfured fruit, cold-pressed oils, natural ice cream, organic vegetables, and various macrobiotic delicacies he picks up at a natural food shop are his way of casting a vote against the system of mass production.

You don't have to defend the present practices of food production to see that the Anarchling's definition of "natural" rests on an erroneous concept. To put "natural" in opposition to "man-made" implies that "man-made" is not "natural." But this is to put a semantic additive into "natural," since whatever is *is* "natural"—except to those who have larded the word with their own values.

For the Anarchlings the enemy of the "natural" is the machine. The hatred of machines can be called Neo-Luddism. The Luddites were a group of early-nineteenth-century British working men who reacted to the introduction of machines by attempting to destroy them. Today's Luddites have not reached the point of attacking computers with crowbars, but they place great faith in the idea of doing it yourself—without machinery if at all possible and even when nearly impossible.

Anarchlings speak Anarchese:

> This book is for people who would rather chop wood than work behind a desk so they can pay PG&E [Pacific Gas and Electric Company]. It has no chapters; it just grew as I learned; you may find the index your only guide to this unmapped land. However, if you have a feeling for the flow of things, you will discover a path: from traveling the wilds to the first fence, simple housing, furnishing houses, crafts, agriculture, food preparation, medicine—not unlike the development of our ancient ancestors. When we depend less on industrially produced consumer goods, we can live in quiet places. Our bodies become vigorous; we discover the serenity of living with the rhythms of the earth. We cease oppressing one another.*

The notion that living in tune with the "rhythms of the earth" brings vigor and health and ends oppression is simple-minded. The most cursory reading of human history says the opposite. But the standards of the rural Anarchling are not based on history; he measures the worth of an idea almost entirely by its degree of deviation from standard culture. For him, things are good when they are *harder* and *take longer*.

The pastoral vision of the Anarchlings contains the seeds of a primitive philosophy. Its articles of faith are that time is endless, that machines are barely necessary, and that the battle over scarcity has been won. When rural Anarchlings gather in their communes, however, they discover the terrible truth. Without machinery and a profitable activity, they cannot be economically self-sufficient. So they take their homemade jams and cracked corn and move to the cities.

The urban Anarchling is in somewhat worse shape than his country cousin and can often be found strung up in a variety of ways in the big city. Sooner or later the urban Anarchling is forced to find work—usually, and oddly, in the retail business—and from then on it's *The Whole Earth Catalog* and the healthfood bar.

**alicia bay laurel*, living on the earth. *new york: vintage books, random house. 1971 (unpaginated, of course).*

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"Newsthink is the rhetorical bias of the news media in favor of turning a non-event into 'news.' "

Newsthink is the rhetorical bias of the news media in favor of news. Perhaps no other fact concerning information is more important today—and more neglected. You never read about Newsthink in texts on journalism or in rueful reminiscences by the grizzled sages of the profession. And when journalism is attacked, it's for being slanted in some direction or other, as in the well-remembered antimedia forays by Vice-President Agnew, who thought the news was unfair to the government. In fact, the news *was* slanted—but in Agnew's favor. It gave him space whether he deserved it or not.

So the thing to worry about in news is not so much whether the story is *the* story but whether it's *a* story. Some of the ways of making non-stories look like stories are so elementary that nobody even thinks about them—such as putting headlines, date lines, and bylines on them; indeed, such as running the item in the paper in the first place.

But Newsthink has plenty of subtler devices at its disposal. Take some of the favorite words of those poets of the newsroom, the headline writers: "assail," "attack," "accuse," "hit," "denounce," "berate." You don't just *make a comment or two* about the city master plan; you don't even *dissent* a little. What you do is *assail* it. At least, the headline writer and the reporter say you assailed it, even though all you did was remove your glasses, wipe them with a handkerchief, and demur. Your "opponent"—as he is called—does not just comment on your comment; he assails *you*. It looks like news, but the story is really happening down at the news desk.

Reporters use the same techniques, of course. Suppose a couple of punks are trading shots. It isn't much, but if a reporter calls it a "shoot-out," he's got the makings of a story. If three people are involved, he can call it a "riot." Then there's a slot for the story on the front page. It is often the same with the statistics on crime or drugs. It may be better *not* to check them out too closely. Newsthink almost demands that errors of fact and interpretation be repeated until they become myths. One reason for this is that myths, unlike mere errors, cannot be questioned on empirical grounds. Another is that reporters like to appear on the front page. Still a third is that there must *be* a front page.

"Tagging," "trending," and "countertrending" are some other tried and tested methods of Newsthink. Tagging consists of putting an identifying label on someone and then proceeding to identify him exclusively by that label. The label is chosen in unconscious concert by the Fourth Estate for its newsworthiness. George McGovern, for instance, got tagged as a "mackerel"—a colorless fish with a large mouth—and for this reason wasn't given a chance to win the Democratic nomination. Lyndon Johnson's label read "power-mad," Bobby Kennedy's "ruthless," and Gene McCarthy's "lazy and cool." If the person so identified manages, through sheer persistence, to assert some other side of his personality, which had been there all along, the news then says he has "changed" or "matured." That means he's ready for a new label.

Trending occurs when the news media decide that events in a certain area are moving in a uniform direction. All the information on the subject will then reinforce the idea of the trend. A good example is the media's handling of youth. In 1967 the youth trend was away from politics; in 1968 into politics; in 1969 out of politics; in 1970 back again. Now the youth trend is away from politics once more. The Cambodian incursion got the youth out in full fury, but before you knew it, they had vanished back into the woods. Next they were registering in droves for the 18-year-old vote and thus could be expected to be a decisive political influence in the future, except that they might not bother to vote or make much of a difference even if they did. Then youth's interest in politics was rekindled by the McGovern campaign, only to be dampened once again by the defeat of their hero.

Countertrending is based on the time-honored journalistic tradition concerning a man biting a dog. The general idea is that, if the public has a certain perception about what is happening, one sure way to make news is to deny its validity, which trending probably established in the first place. Say the country is gradually moving toward the left. There might be a story in saying it's going the other way. As soon as everyone believes there is a strong drift to the right, countertrending calls for saying it's moving leftward again. News can make news by contradicting *itself*.□

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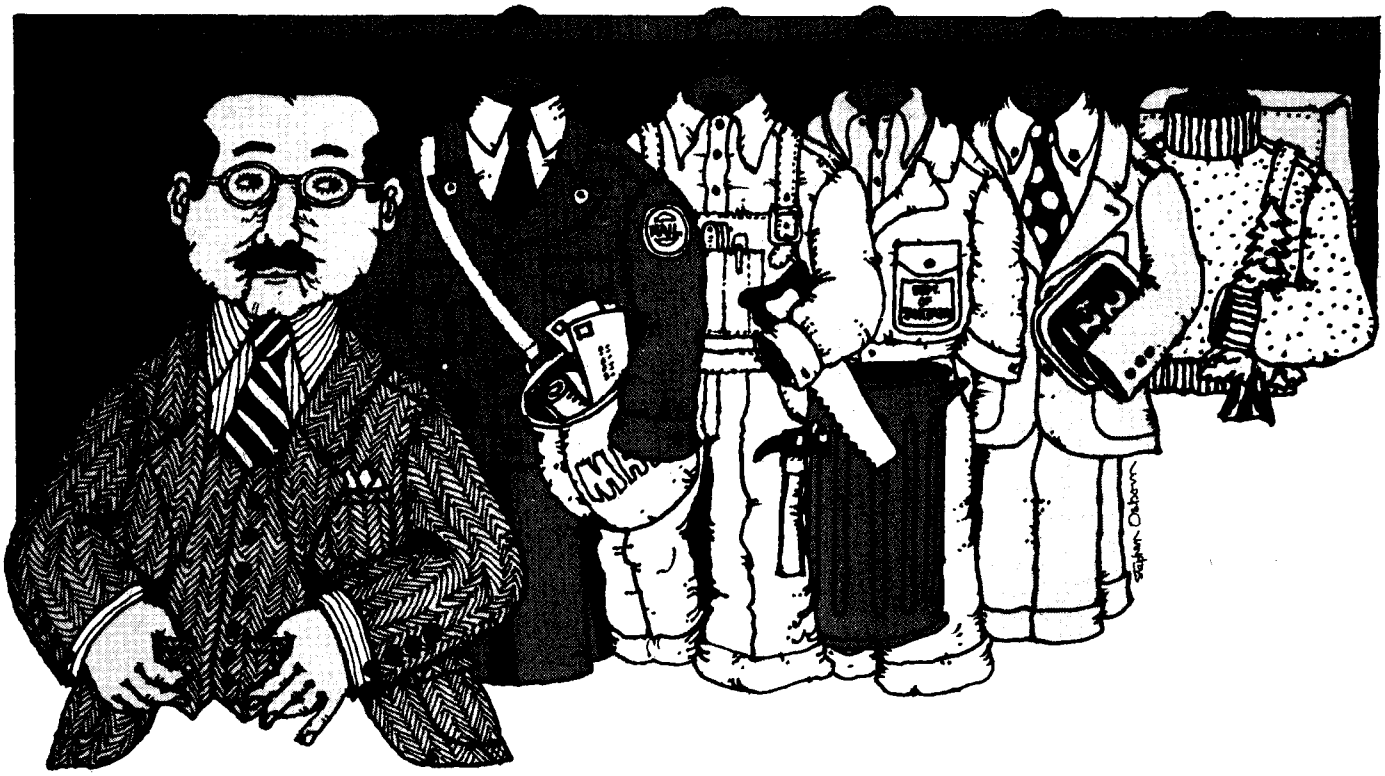

Can the Businessman Meet Our Social Needs?

Peter F. Drucker Businessmen have been arguing for 40 years, since the early days of the New Deal, that the United States should employ private enterprise, rather than government, to satisfy the country's social and economic needs. They are likely to get their wish soon—with a vengeance.

Every survey of voters, including that massive "public opinion poll," last November's election, shows that the taxpayer—and especially the employed middle-class taxpayer—is increasingly restive and rebellious. The politicians are getting the message. Last year President Nixon proposed a ceiling on federal expenditures of $250 billion, roughly a quarter of the nation's total personal income. And there is little doubt that he will keep on pressing some such self-imposed limit on federal spending and that he will have broad taxpayers' support in the effort. In California, Governor Ronald Reagan,

Yes, says Peter F. Drucker, the social critic and authority on business, and No, argues Edward K. Hamilton, the deputy mayor of New York City.

perhaps the most politically astute of all our governors, has just proposed an amendment to the state constitution that would similarly freeze state and local government expenditures at their present level of about 15 per cent of personal income in the state. Other states and cities are bound to follow.

There are good reasons for this incipient taxpayers' revolt. In the last 20 years the tax bite has roughly doubled as a percentage of personal income—with state and local government taxes going up the fastest. And this veritable explosion in the expenditures of government has occurred even though defense spending, as a percentage of the nation's total income, has been going down steadily. The American people today hand over to their governments $1.15 out of every $3.00 they earn.

Actually, the burden shouldered by the American public is quite a bit higher than is normally understood, for we do not include in the standard calculation of the tax burden of roughly 35 per cent of personal income, a number of expenditures that most Western European countries finance out of taxes, but that are still being carried in this country outside of the tax system and are considered "private"—though by no means "voluntary"—expenditures. For example, two-thirds of the health-care services financed by nongovernment health insurance (whether through Blue Cross or private insurance companies) and a substantial part of the money for educa-

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tion that goes to parochial schools and private colleges and universities should, by Western European standards, be included in the so-called public sector tax burden. If these sums are added, our total tax burden is well above 40 per cent of personal income. And in rich states it is much higher. In California, for instance, the tax burden combined with nongovernment health-care and private education expenses amounts to a phenomenal one-half of the income of every man, woman, and child in the state.

There are still, of course, quite a few people who believe that we could finance even larger public expenditures by redistributing incomes or by reforming the tax system. Unfortunately, they are whistling in the dark. The only way to get additional money for government expenditures is to take it from those who have the bulk of the incomes—the employed middle class earning between $7,000 and $15,000 a year per family. The taxpayer, apparently, senses this fact and is not willing to put up with any such increased burden.

At the same time a number of recent public opinion surveys have revealed an increasing disenchantment with government programs, and especially with government programs designed to cure social ills. No one really quite believes anymore that spending more money on these programs will produce results. And indeed there is little in the record to substantiate the bright beliefs of the early 1960s that government spending is a magic wand with which to cure social problems. Foreign aid and public housing, the War on Poverty and massive spending on education—all the bright hopes of Camelot have turned to ashes.

The results of some programs have actually not been nearly so dismal as our public breast-beating would have us believe. Foreign aid, while no glaring triumph, has had considerable effect—even though the "population explosion" has made massive increases in production and productivity a holding operation at best in many developing countries. And one should not gloss over the fact that today two-thirds of America's 20 million blacks have risen above the poverty line and hold "middle-income" jobs, which is about twice what the most extreme optimist (such as this writer) dared hope for in the early years of the Kennedy administration. In 1950 only one-third of our black population had done so well, and in the early 1960s less than one-half had achieved that level. The number of black families earning $10,000 or more a year almost tripled during the Sixties; that group now stands at a quarter of

the black population. And the same proportion of young blacks was enrolled in college in 1970—quite a bit more, relatively, than some white "ethnic" groups, such as young Americans of Italian or Polish origin.

These are great achievements, unique in human annals. Yet statistics do not prevail against an all but pervasive belief in the futility of the massive government program. The people of this country appear to be increasingly convinced that about all their government can do is spend billions and create massive bureaucracies. The problems themselves only get worse, however.

Yet, paradoxically, every survey of the American public also shows that nearly everyone, regardless of age, sex, race, or education, wants more public services. No one wants less. Indeed, we have been adding public needs at an accelerating rate. Where we talked of civil rights, poverty, and education a decade ago, we have now added the environment, mass transportation, the energy crisis, and a few others. No one wants to pay. But everybody wants results.

In addition, we face a major new need to create additional jobs. Today's birth rate is at zero-population-growth level. But the babies born in the high-birth-rate years, from 1948 to 1951, are now entering the work force in increasing numbers. They themselves may want few or no children. But they marry and form families. And they do need jobs. In every year during the Seventies the United States will have to create some 40 to 50 per cent more new jobs each year than we had to find in the Fifties and Sixties. The number of people who reach retirement age and thus vacate jobs will not, however, grow very much—we are at or past that peak period. Moreover, some major job categories that absorbed large numbers—especially of the educated people—will inevitably shrink. Because the birth rate began to fall sharply in 1961 and remains at a very low level, the number of children in school is already declining fairly sharply and will continue to drop—at least for the rest of this decade. Job opportunities for teachers will, therefore, shrink rather than expand. And if government expenditures are going to be limited, government jobs—the fastest-growing job category in the Sixties—will also contract rather than grow.

Most people, when they think of the need to find jobs, think of black teenagers without schooling or experience. But the largest group for whom this society will have to find jobs in the next decade will be white, middle-class, and highly educated; that is, those with schooling beyond high school. Clearly, the first *economic* priority we face is employment.

If indeed we impose a ceiling on government expenses—or if we only slow down the rapid expansion of government expenditures—people will blame President Nixon or Governor Reagan or other politicians—or will give them credit. But the politicians only react to the realities: to the growing resistance of the taxpayer and to the disenchantment with the cure-all of massive government programs. But these realities also mean that the continuing appetite for services, the continuing demand to do something about our social problems, and the need for rapid growth in jobs can hardly be met, except by mobilizing the private, nongovernment sector and making it serve social needs. "Free enterprise" may be invoked as the sanction for this shift. But the threat of government bankruptcy, fiscal and, even more so, moral, is the real reason.

What form could such "reprivatization" take? What approaches and policies are available? Where might new approaches be applied? And what are some of the land mines, pitfalls, risks, and dangers?

Perhaps the only way to make sense out of a bewildering proliferation of policies, programs, and needs is to list the main ways in which government can try to make the "private sector," which is to say, business enterprise, take on and perform social tasks.

There are essentially four such main approaches, none of them new. For, of course, we have had a "mixed

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economy" for decades and do have some idea of what might work and what will not.

Let the Market Do It

First, there is the simplest way: to withdraw the government, or its activity, and let the market do it. That is, we may count on profit opportunities to attract businesses into new areas of social need.

One old public service, the Postal Service, is actually in the process of being "privatized" in this way. United Parcel Service, a private company, though fully owned by its employees, already carries more parcels than does the Postal Service. Private mail services are springing up, are doing an impressive volume of business, and apparently they give satisfaction to their users. Even the Post Office's monopoly on delivering first-class mail to the home may soon be breached. One private mail carrier is currently suing in an effort to be permitted to deliver mail to the householder's mailbox, which only the Postal Service may use today; the private services have to tie their bundles to the doorknob. Yet the case of mail delivery also illustrates some of the problems we face. In sparsely settled rural areas, mail can be delivered only at a substantial loss. The same applies to Aunt Jane's Christmas gift parcels. In terms of both service and cost, the optimal solution to mail delivery would be to let private businesses take over those services when they can make a profit, and still operate more cheaply and do a better job than the Postal Service—while calling upon the taxpayer to support those inherently unprofitable services that still have to be maintained in the public interest. But on philosophical grounds it is difficult to justify a system in which the private investor "skims the cream," while the taxpayer is left with the "lemons."

Another area, an even more difficult one, in which the market could play an important role and supply most, although not all, of a public need, is housing. Public housing programs are among the oldest of our government programs. They are also among the least effective. Government has been able, fairly successfully, to subsidize housing for those who need little subsidy—that is, for persons with middle- to upper-level incomes. This is where the subsidies, tax breaks, fast write-offs, and mortgage guarantees have helped finance the bulk of our office buildings and our moderately priced and luxury apartments and condominiums. But the government has made a botch of aid for low-income housing. In addition, high-rise public housing has run into especially great resistance, if not rejection, on the part of the poor. In this country, as in Great Britain, apparently only the very well-to-do—or, for temporary periods, the young unmarried—really want to live in high-rise apartments in the city. It may be fashionable on the part of the young to talk down suburbia. But when it comes to picking a place to live, suburbia is where they go. And the blacks, in that respect, behave no differently from the whites. Indeed, spurred by the very rapid rise of the black middle-income groups, the black exodus to the suburbs has been proceeding at a much faster rate than that of the whites and is likely to continue this way. Every survey shows around 85 per cent of the respondents, whether white, black, well-off, or poor, *not* wanting to live in the city; and every census projection shows a continuation of the population drop in the city and the move to suburbia and exurbia. Thus, the main housing problem for the United States to solve over the next ten years will not be that of the "black ghetto," as horrible as its housing conditions are, but that of the suburb, both white and black.

At the same time, outside of any governmental system—in fact, until recently, hardly noticed by housing economists—this country has developed the first truly low-cost housing in history: the mobile home. Nine out of ten lower-priced homes—which together constitute a full third of the total market—are now "mobile homes," which of course are no more "mobile" than conventionally built houses once they have been erected on a concrete slab. Though far from being "good housing"—and though the esthetics and environment of the typical mobile-home community are hardly inspiring—the mobile home is easily the "best buy" on the market today. Here, in brief, should be an opportunity for private industry to develop a decent low-cost mobile home, meeting reasonable esthetic and environmental standards.

Again, the example points to the difficulties. For the upgrading of the mobile-home industry would require much more than a major effort on the part of big business. In the process, it is safe to predict that the mobile-home industry, while totally fragmented today, would rapidly coalesce into a fairly small number of giant companies since they alone could make the tremendous investment in research and capital that would be necessary, especially in the development of communities of such houses. A multitude of governments—from the federal down to those at town and village level—would have to wrestle with zoning, environmental regulations, neighborhood opposition, and so forth. Yet the mobile home, despite its all too visible shortcomings at present, is the best solution so far to the problem of low-cost housing for low-income groups, as well as for middle-income families that are just starting out.

Contracting Out

The second policy tool for mobilizing the energies and resources of business for social tasks is to "contract out." For example, city governments may hire (or contract) private firms on the basis of competitive bids to take over any of a number of municipal services, such as garbage collection. In some American cities this is already being done, with substantial benefits in the form of lower costs and better service. Even fire-fighting might conceivably become "private enterprise." Again, there are some experiments already going on—

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in some Texas communities, for instance. We are experimenting with "voucher systems" in education that, in effect, create competition—both among educational philosophies and among different educational efficiencies. We have been experimenting, with mixed results, with "performance contracts" in a number of school systems that turn over some activities, such as the teaching of reading, to outside private contractors whose fee is based on how well the children do on standard tests.

One area in which "contracting out" is likely to be tried on a large scale is the training of the young "hard-core" unemployed. Nobody has done very well in this area, but business has done less poorly than most. In some such training programs, a full one-third "make it"; few government programs are even half as successful. If we should decide to employ the private sector to tackle this fundamental problem in our society, what incentives would be needed? What standards should be set? Is training enough, or should we also "contract out" the creation of jobs for the graduates of the training programs?

"Contracting out" has been around for a long time. Large parts of the American health-care system, Blue Cross, Medicare and Medicaid, are in effect "contracting out" programs in which an independent contractor, physician, or hospital is being paid on a fee-for-service basis.

These examples show, however, that "contracting out" is by no means a panacea. This policy requires clear standards and controls; their lack is probably the greatest weakness in Medicare and Medicaid programs. It also requires that there be actual competition between contractors, on price as well as on performance. But it provides choice and competition and thereby holds out the promise of efficiency. Above all, the contractor is paid only if he performs at the minimum standard, whereas a government service, as all experience shows, tends to double its budget if it fails to deliver.

Graduated Punishment and Incentives

Where "contracting out" pays for services performed, graduated punishment and incentives work best if the need is to prevent the wrong thing from being done. These, too, are tools to stimulate competitive business performance.

The environment is the area in which this third basic approach to "re-privatizing" public and social tasks is most likely to be applied. The reason is that there are numerous environmental

areas where the main job is to get business, as well as local governments and private persons, *not* to do damage, *not* to pollute, *not* to discharge effluents and raw sewage, and so on. And there the most effective tool by far is to have the damager or polluter pay on a steeply graduated basis for his wrongs to the environment. This policy is likely to be far more effective than outright bans, since prohibitions are hard—if not impossible—to police and since they provide no incentive whatever for doing the job efficiently and economically. A graduated penalty is a tremendous incentive for technological effort and for capital investment, at no cost to the taxpayer.

One interesting area for the application of this principle might be the control of automobile pollution. Government regulation may succeed in cutting down the emissions from *new* cars, but only the individual motorists can maintain decent emission controls on older cars—which always outnumber the new ones on the road. A steeply graduated license fee for cars based on the level of emissions might be the answer. At least it might force the worst offenders off the road.

Purists have always argued that this practice amounts to "selling a license to pollute." But what matters is whether or not the technique works. Altogether, carrots work better than sticks—and for a business (but also for a local government) there is no more effective carrot than the avoidance of loss. Rather than threaten a university with a cut-off of all its federal grants, we might, for instance, adjust grants—on a steeply graduated basis—to the number and proportion of minorities, whether women or blacks, the university puts on its faculty. It is amazing how much one can get out of a dean for a buck, especially in these days of short rations for higher education.

The Public Service Corporation

Finally, there is the autonomous "public service corporation," which may be employed for specific tasks. Such a corporation may be privately owned, privately run, and run for "profit," and still be "semi-governmental." One example is Comsat, which was created by an act of Congress in order to run satellite telecommunications, but whose shares are quoted on the stock exchange. Or, such a corporation may be "private," but still have its debts guaranteed by the government, which enables it to be provided for above and beyond the figures reported in the federal budget—a characteristic that has always made these corporations particularly attractive when government deficits are running high. Or, such a public-service corporation may be totally governmental like the Tennessee Valley Authority. Or, finally, it may have mixed ownership. In fact, this latter "interface" institution, which is neither completely governmental nor completely private, but a true hybrid, has been developing rapidly in all industrial countries. One can predict that such interface institutions will play an even bigger role in this country in the next few years.

Unless we shift to complete nationalization as Senator Edward Kennedy has been proposing, a public-service corporation is almost certain to be central to health care. The main burden will then be carried by private institutions, whether insurance companies or cooperatives such as Blue Cross, yet there will also be a need for a "reinsurer of last resort," and that will have to be a public service corporation, whether set up and run by the federal government or, as in the case of Workmen's Compensation Insurance today, by the individual states.

But, and the "but" should be emphasized, there are many of society's tasks that cannot be "privatized" in any form. Mass transportation is one of them. And, even in areas where we expect private business to do the main job, government policy is needed. Energy is an example. We are not, in other words, going to go into a period in which government "shrinks." At the most, we are going to enter a period in which government mobilizes the resources of nongovernment institutions, especially of business, to help carry what is rapidly proving to be an unbearably heavy load for the taxpayer.□

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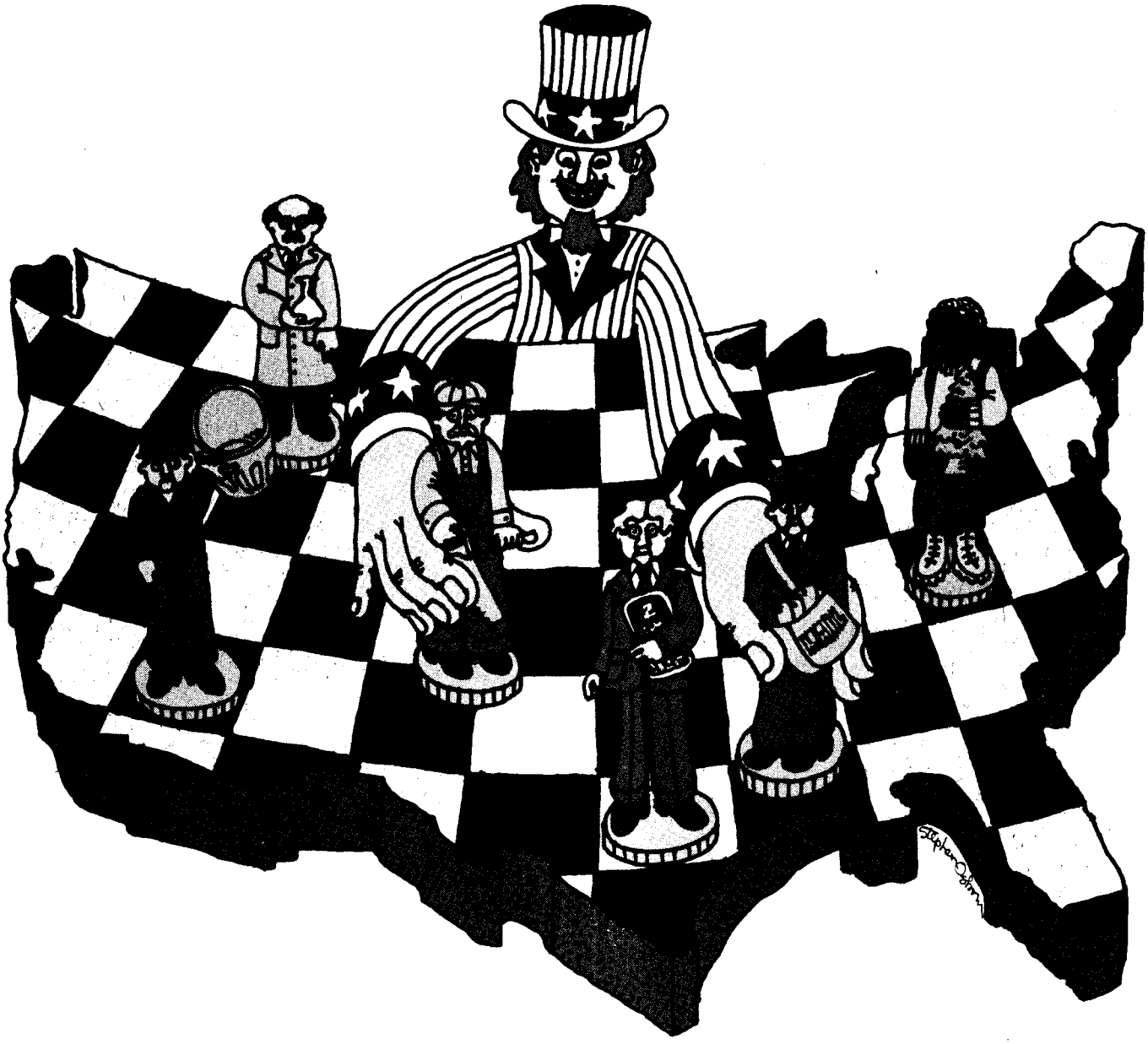

Edward K. Hamilton The Chinese tell us that this is the Year of the Ox. In Washington it is clear that they are right, at least to the extent that this is the year we will determine whose ox is gored in the most elemental clash of social philosophy since the late 1920s. For in 1973 it will become inescapably evident that the cumulative cost of what we Americans have asked our government to do on the domestic front is substantially greater than the resources the President is willing to make available to accomplish the job. Unlike the relatively inexpensive formative years of the Great Society, or the years from 1969 to 1971 when massive federal deficits made sense as stimulants to a stagnant economy, we now face a year of decisions that should provide a basic test of the priorities of a society full of fiendishly difficult problems.

Such a fundamental test presents great dangers to those in power. A President

"There is no substitute," writes Edward Hamilton, "for a massive federal investment of money and manpower."

who forces the people to choose among their security (as defined by a defense community ravenous for long-delayed weapons programs), their tax rates (invariably defined as too high), and their domestic well-being (as redefined in the 180 new federal domestic programs enacted in the middle Sixties) had better have a considerable reserve of popular goodwill—and a firm hold on his stomach lining besides. If presented with such a choice, the natural instinct of most politicians is to find some way, *any* way, to persuade the public—and perhaps themselves—that the issues are basically matters of how best to achieve all good ends, not whether to subordinate some to others.

Presented with this challenge, President Nixon has stayed well within the usual rules of the game. Along with lectures on the value of thrift, he has offered us variations on the grand old American public-private hustle. In his Second Inaugural Address, he asserted that "a new era of progress at home requires turning away from old policies that have failed . . . [and] for individuals . . . to do more for themselves." In his recent budget message, heralding a financial plan which would increase defense spending, hold taxes firm, and decimate domestic social programs, he suggested that "as government takes more from people, people can do less for themselves." In short, said the President, the choice is not among weaponry, taxes, and domestic improvement—all of which he duly promised in abundance—but between doing all

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these things through public or private instruments. In effect, the President and his advisers seem to have decided that, rather than address the hard questions posed by very genuine shortcomings in both public and private services, they would prefer for us to view our problems as the inevitable consequence of a reckless abandonment of free enterprise.

Of course, every savvy politician is aware that this argument builds on hallowed ground. The traditional American suspicion of the public sector has less the character of economics than theology. The private sector is usually depicted as efficient, sophisticated, professional, resourceful, honest, brave, reverent, and clean. The public sector is presented as wasteful, inept, insensitive, devious, slothful, and corrupt. These are among the cultural biases handed down from generation to generation. Warren G. Harding has never been accused of creativity. As a purveyor of conventional wisdom, he was comfortably in the mainstream in proclaiming the sanctity of the God-fearing profit-seeker. It was integral to his "return to normalcy" that the nation had to erase from memory the innovations which such radicals as the young Herbert Hoover had helped to fashion and operate during the economic emergency caused by World War I.

As the national commitment to activist government and corporate responsibility gained strength in the following 50 years, the traditional public-private distinction lapsed into deserved oblivion, with occasional revivals when the less discriminating members of our political elite were strapped for speech material. However, in a time of deep self-doubt and general malaise it has been resuscitated, sometimes with the seductive addition of what might be termed a right-wing revisionist theory of history. Conservative revisionists argue that the nation strayed from Harding's sage counsel under the shock of the Depression, that it placed its faith in the false gods of governmental activism and swelled the public share of the national product out of all proportion, that it compounded the error during the mid-Sixties with a national commitment to attack the causes of poverty, and finally that it must now root out the festering bureaucracies this philosophy has spawned and harness the efficient engines of private enterprise to whatever modest social tasks are within the scope of man's legitimate aspiration.

This morality play has sold quantities of books and newspapers, and apparently furthered the fortunes of several prominent and successful politicians. But these dubious achievements must be weighed against the serious damage that can result from diverting the attention of a frustrated public greatly dissatisfied with the return on its tax investment. In these circumstances few tactics are more dangerous than equipping the citizen only with the capacity to ask irrelevant questions. Relevance in these matters requires recognition of a few basic truths, which one might have hoped were self-evident. They can be put very simply: 1) in modern "mixed" economies the distinction between public and private sectors is meaningless; 2) our present problems in delivering social services arise from the sheer difficulty of the task rather than the question of who should tackle it; and 3) there is no substitute for massive federal funds as a solution to our domestic ills, and the knee-jerk arguments about public vs. private enterprise are major distractions from the very real dilemmas we face. What follows will provide some of the necessary flesh on these basic theses.

The Hybrid Economy

Fifty years of lively innovation have produced an economy so integrated and replete with public/private hybrids, government-sponsored corporations, and controlled markets that the old definitions of public and private organizations are no longer helpful in analyzing existing operations or planning new ones.

What actually occurred under the pressure of the Depression was the beginning of a blending of the public and private sectors that has now progressed to the point where even the bravest scholars have difficulty drawing a valid distinction. The Tennessee Valley Authority was the best-known symbol of early attempts to create self-contained, self-financing, efficiency-conscious, quasi-private entities to perform those public services that lent themselves to such treatment. The TVA and its successors combined the characteristics of a corporation—a separate board of directors; internal managerial coherence; special powers over budget, personnel, and administration; the right to set prices and spend revenues; and general insulation from political pressures—with the social mission and the abhorrence of profit of a public agency.

The blend was enriched over the years at the federal level by public corporations of many kinds—the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, the Export-Import Bank, the Commodity Credit Corporation, the Overseas Private Investment Corporation, and finally, long after dozens of favorable experiences had made the transformation a necessity obvious to everyone except to Congress, the Post Office. Even where fully public agencies were created, a preference developed, soundly based on experience, to operate primarily through contracts with private firms, limiting the number of direct federal employees to those required to administer the contracts. The contractual activities of the Defense Department have become legendary, and two of the newest giants among federal agencies—the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the Atomic Energy Commission—are really only super-staffs assembled to administer contracts with private firms, rather than direct administrative mechanisms. (This most recent development owed much to the widespread fear in government circles of the late Senator Harry F. Byrd, whose favorite hobby was to publish monthly federal employment figures. Contract employees did not appear in his summaries, whereas direct employees did.) It was this movement toward dependence on private instruments for public purposes that largely explained the fact that direct federal civilian employment rose by only 11 per cent between 1965 and 1972, while federal spending rose by 93 per cent.

This trend was not weakened but reinforced by the explosion of federal domestic activity in the mid-Sixties. Most of the social programs now under attack by critics of the public sector—the poverty program, model cities, housing subsidies, manpower training, and the rest—are carried out largely by private contractors. All of the methods of private management—program and performance budgeting, cost accounting, critical path analysis and planning, corporate accountability, etc.—are present and operating. There is not a scintilla of evidence that any private incentives or disciplines have been overlooked. Ways have been found to make the middle-level public manager at least as sensitive to budget considerations as his counterpart in private corporations—sometimes much more so because he must operate in the goldfish bowl of public scrutiny. Managing the public sector's work force continues to present efficiency problems, but they are not much different in degree or kind than those in the corporate executive suite, the Vega plant, or the average company typing pool.

The same pattern of "privatization" is increasingly true on the state and local level. In New York City, for example, many key services are administered by public corporations: the 19 municipal hospitals by the $800-million Hospital Corporation, the subways and buses by the huge corporate Metropolitan Transportation Authority, the harbor and the airports by the Port Authority, while much new housing is financed by a $700-million Housing Development Corpora-

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tion. Most recently a vibrant new public corporation has made the city's off-track horse betting system a financial success. Each of these bodies has the same business-type structure and operational style as the federal counterparts. The imagination applied to create such entities, with proper but not restrictive lines to elective authority, has been unbounded. No one who surveys the fantastic array of these quasi-public, quasi-private, corporate-style instruments, along with the pervasive use of contracts, can conclude that our service problems are the result of a failure to make use of the private sector.

Thus, the revisionists must look beyond the traditional antigovernment arguments to explain their distemper at the quality of service. The truth is that the nation has made a series of decisions over the past four decades that has increased the scope of public activities, but it has not done so through any slavish insistence upon classic civil service rules. The public instruments chosen to administer these activities have been increasingly private. It means precisely nothing, therefore, to prate about a return to "private" enterprise when the full spectrum of organizational forms and incentives is already available and in use. The question of form only becomes relevant when a choice must be made between the various gradations of private-type structure for a specific new or reorganized program. In almost all other cases, the argument is a diversionary tactic. If federal funds are forthcoming for domestic purposes, they will be spent through private or quasi-private mechanisms. If they are withheld, that decision cannot be validly based on any hope that the private sector will spontaneously solve our social ills, nor on the premise that the right mechanisms have not yet been devised.

The Difficulty Factor

The problems that do exist in all large enterprises, public and private, are generally a result of ignorance rather than ideology, and where public activities are demonstrably behind private ones in certain areas, the cause is often the greater order of difficulty of the public task.

We have only begun to learn how to manage a society in which technology is constantly changing the role of human labor. We have only recently begun to address the imbalances in the skilled labor force created by such changes. And the rigidities in our political and economic structure, which sometimes keep us from adjusting to new technologies and labor needs, are giving way slowly and with great friction.

All of us, when locked in combat with some conglomerate's computer over an incorrect credit billing, tend to forget what we are asking the big new automatic service systems to do and how rapidly our expectations have multiplied. The computer systems that rent cars and make airline reservations are technological marvels of very recent vintage, just as Super-Sleuth, the computer that processes two million parking tickets a year in New York City, has the same relation to the gaggle of criminal court clerks it replaced as the Saturn rocket has to the Model T. It is only very recently that any of our complicated social processes have been subjected to the kind of rigorous analysis that treats them as interdependent phenomena and seeks to develop sensitive, effective systems to deal with them. In the financial world only the most advanced banks have moved from straight lending to the full range of services—project initiation, management counseling, macro-economic analysis, etc.—necessary to ensure the viability of the mammoth projects they are financing. In government the long-established links between criminal habits and inadequate food, shelter, and education are only beginning to be matched by glimmerings of understanding of equally interdisciplinary solutions. The necessary computer hardware is available, but the knowledge of how to use it lags behind.

This is not to say that all the world should be run by computers and systems analysts. Mankind preceded them, and it could survive without them. However, we must understand the importance of developing greater expertise in this area: inadequacies in public services are not so much a result of poor organization as of our ignorance of basic solutions to brutally complex problems and of the means to carry out the solutions we do have.

It should not be surprising that the tasks assigned to the public sector are the hardest to accomplish. It is simply a difficulty of a lesser order to develop a system to dispense gasoline credit than to develop one that balances all the considerations and meshes all the steps required to move from a dilapidated inner-city tenement through urban renewal financing, tenant relocation, demolition, and construction to fully occupied new apartment housing for tenants who have been selected in an equitable order of preference. In New York City we can manage the physical process of preparing and transmitting welfare checks to more than 1¼ million recipients at least as efficiently as a private pension plan can handle its payments, but we find it vastly more difficult to orchestrate job training, counseling, day care availability, and other services that can make welfare payments unnecessary. The plain truth is that the welfare cycle is composed of a whole series of problems of exquisite complexity which, experience has demonstrated, will never be addressed by fully private organizations in the normal course of profit-seeking.

The Need for Greater Investment

There is no substitute for a national investment of money and manpower on a scale commensurate with the difficulty of our domestic problems—a level of investment that has not yet been approached.

The United States spends less than 30 per cent of its Gross National Product directly for public purposes. By way of comparison, Sweden spends 43 per cent, Great Britain 36.6 per cent, France 36.3 per cent, and almost all other industrialized countries exceed the United States. Moreover, none of these countries has a defense budget approaching the proportion of the national product that defense consumes here. Despite the myth—which some politicians find oddly comforting—that our approach to domestic problems has been to "throw money at them," we have actually invested much less in them than we have for decades in the formidable but still much simpler problems of defense. It has been proved that a steady investment averaging $5 billion per year for a decade can put a man on the moon and return him safely. Yet we seem surprised that it has been demonstrated just as conclusively that an average outlay of slightly over $4 billion per year for seven years cannot, particularly during an inflationary recession, eliminate the causes of poverty throughout the nation. Our surprise is absurd—nearly as absurd as the premise, widely accepted in this country, that the United States can meet its defense obligations and at the same time launch a major attack on domestic problems while making so relatively modest an investment of its national product in public purposes.

This is doubtless the truth from which the public/private claptrap is designed to divert attention. As a recent Brookings analysis shows, there is no way to balance the federal budget and finance even the uncontrollable increases in the costs of existing governmental programs for the fiscal year ending in June 1974. If tax rates stay constant, the President must cut back sharply on expenditures. He has pledged not to raise taxes. He has also made it clear that he will not make substantial cuts in defense. In short, he must either cut domestic programs on

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Drucker: "Americans show a deep disenchantment with the 'liberal' rhetoric of government activism."

the scale that his 1974 budget proposes or risk another bout of runaway inflation. His political conundrum is how to accomplish the cuts with maximum protection from the slings and arrows certain to be aimed at him by a Congress that has consistently defied him on the full range of domestic issues.

The President is correct to be concerned about popular and congressional reaction, for, despite the conservative tone of the last election, there is absolutely no sign of any slackening of the public's desire for active government. That desire, fueled by the hopes and guilts aroused by such works as *The Other America* and *The Affluent Society*, produced an upward revaluation of the public sector in the 1960s, which accounted for the flood of new federal programs, a 12–15 per cent annual increase in state and local government expenditures, a tax hike in 40 states at the deepest point in the 1969–71 recession, and an upward spiraling in government salaries that has now spread to universities, foundations, and the whole of the nonprofit community. The evidence is quite strong that, whatever their views of political personalities, foreign policy, and even taxes, the American people simply do not wish to give up the social goals they set out so recently and so boldly to achieve.

In the end, of course, more money is necessary if we are to have better domestic social programs, but it is not the whole answer. When the public-private hustle is exposed, perhaps the better minds among our leadership will move on to the more substantive questions that really do bedevil the creation of effective incentives to promote the general welfare. These problems break into two main categories: what to do about this year's budgetary dilemma, and what to do about the critical management problems afflicting public services.

The best response to this year's budget squeeze must, in my view, lie in a major cut in the defense allocation (painful, but possible), some trimming in lower priority domestic programs such as farm price supports, and a greater willingness to risk the effects of a substantial federal deficit in a year of general economic recovery. These will not be easy steps. Their justification flows in large part from the horrors inherent in the only acceptable alternative—a substantial increase in federal taxes. The economics of a tax increase so early in the recovery cycle are dubious at best. The politics are simply impossible—as the President's sensitive political nose rightly informs him. Given these restraints, the only hope for tolerable domestic programs is to provide our home-front effort with a somewhat larger slice of a somewhat larger pie.

Assuming that we are equal to this choice and, more doubtfully, that we set in motion a new pattern of long-term national investment necessary to any substantial attack upon our major ills, we must still cope with the basic intellectual and systematic difficulties that have become apparent in the past few years of activist government. The fact that they have nothing to do with the public/private charade does not make them any simpler. I have already alluded to the remaining mysteries in basic and applied research. But even where we have an essentially workable mousetrap, we must develop effective means to manage it and to relate its performance to the will and understanding of the electorate. We have a long way to go in both respects. In most of the "judgmental" social services (health, education, police protection, manpower training, etc.) we have no reliable definition of what we should expect from government nor any sure test to gauge whether we are getting it.

We are only beginning to define what productivity means in public operations. Nor have we found really effective means of building the hidden costs of "free" resources—clean air and water, for example—into the scale of raw-material prices that determines industrial decisions concerning plant expansion and antipollution technology. And we have yet to come to grips with the basic contradiction between energy demand and the growing public distaste for energy-producing facilities.

These are, on the surface, less glamorous riddles than the chimerical issues addressed in the public-private debate. It is hard to work up a heavy sweat about a productivity report. However, I submit that these kinds of questions, no less thorny for being mundane, will largely determine the capacity of government, working through any combination of public and private instruments, to accomplish the ambitious tasks we have set for it. Alexis de Tocqueville long ago observed that the most difficult challenge to democracies is "to persevere in a fixed design." The steadfastness of our commitment to a high level of national investment in domestic social programs and to coping with the hard operational questions created by an affirmative response will largely determine whether we meet his test. The public-private hustle should not distract us from dealing with these genuine issues. □

Having been given an opportunity to read each other's essays, Peter Drucker and Edward Hamilton respond below.

Peter F. Drucker Mr. Hamilton's article appears to me to have two themes that have only the loosest connection with one another; in fact they are barely compatible.

First, Mr. Hamilton seems to me to say: The American taxpayer isn't going to accept higher taxes. With federal expenditures skyrocketing, there is thus no alternative to cutting back. But the taxpayer's appetite for services continues unabated. Hence politicians try to hide the reality of cuts in services behind a smoke screen of "reprivatization" rhetoric.

My only question about this argument is that I see no evidence of such rhetoric anywhere. President Nixon in the statement quoted by Mr. Hamilton did not say "a new era of progress at home" will require *businesses* to do more. He said that it will require "*individuals* to do more for themselves," which is something quite different, whether sound or not.

Likewise, Governor Reagan, in his recent proposal to amend the California State Constitution by setting a ceiling on state expenditures, did not say one word about "free enterprise" or about "turning tasks over to business." But then Mr. Hamilton knows more politicians than I do, and, for all I know, there is some "free-enterprise" rhetoric around—but I haven't heard any lately. But even if there were some around, though, it would not change the painful reality that Mr. Hamilton describes.

His second theme is quite different. In this he argues that taxpayers could easily pay more taxes. He compares the tax burden of the American taxpayer to those shouldered in other countries. The disenchantment of the taxpayer with social programs he then explains as the result of our not having spent enough. "We seem surprised," he says, "that spending $4 billion per year for seven

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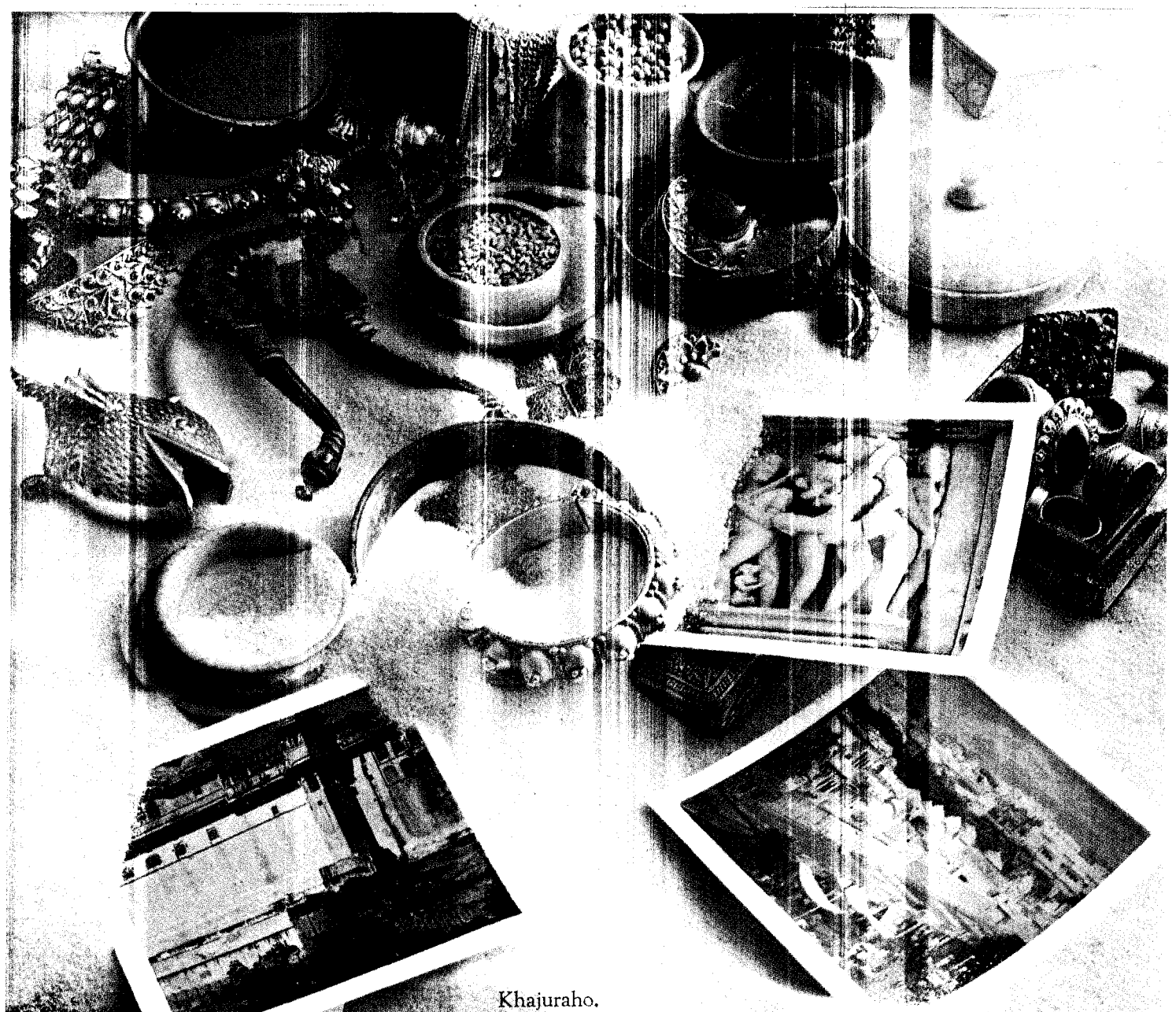

Khajuraho-Oct. 30

Embracing figures everywhere. Lost in a timeless love.

I feel as if I have stumbled on an orgy.

I remember the gentle, modest women I have met.

How different these demanding bodies that twine and twist in every conceivable attitude of love.

Khajuraho.

The very word is like an incantation transporting me back into the 9th century.

Yet only an hour's plane trip away from modern, lovely Delhi.

Jaipur-Nov. 5

Jaipur is like a city that blushes.

All pink.

I find it a very pretty town, set like an oasis in the arid Rajasthan Desert.

Took an elephant "taxi" up to the Amber Palace. A fortress set high on a hill.

And it is not made of amber.

Beautiful tie and dyes, enamelled jewelry.

Everywhere in India, I am waited on hand and foot.

In some places, unexpected luxury.

In others, spartan fare. But all so worthwhile.

So much to see.

See India. It's another world.

For information please contact The Government of India Tourist Office, N.Y., 19 E. 49th St.; Chicago, 201 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 685 Market St. Also Canada; Mexico.

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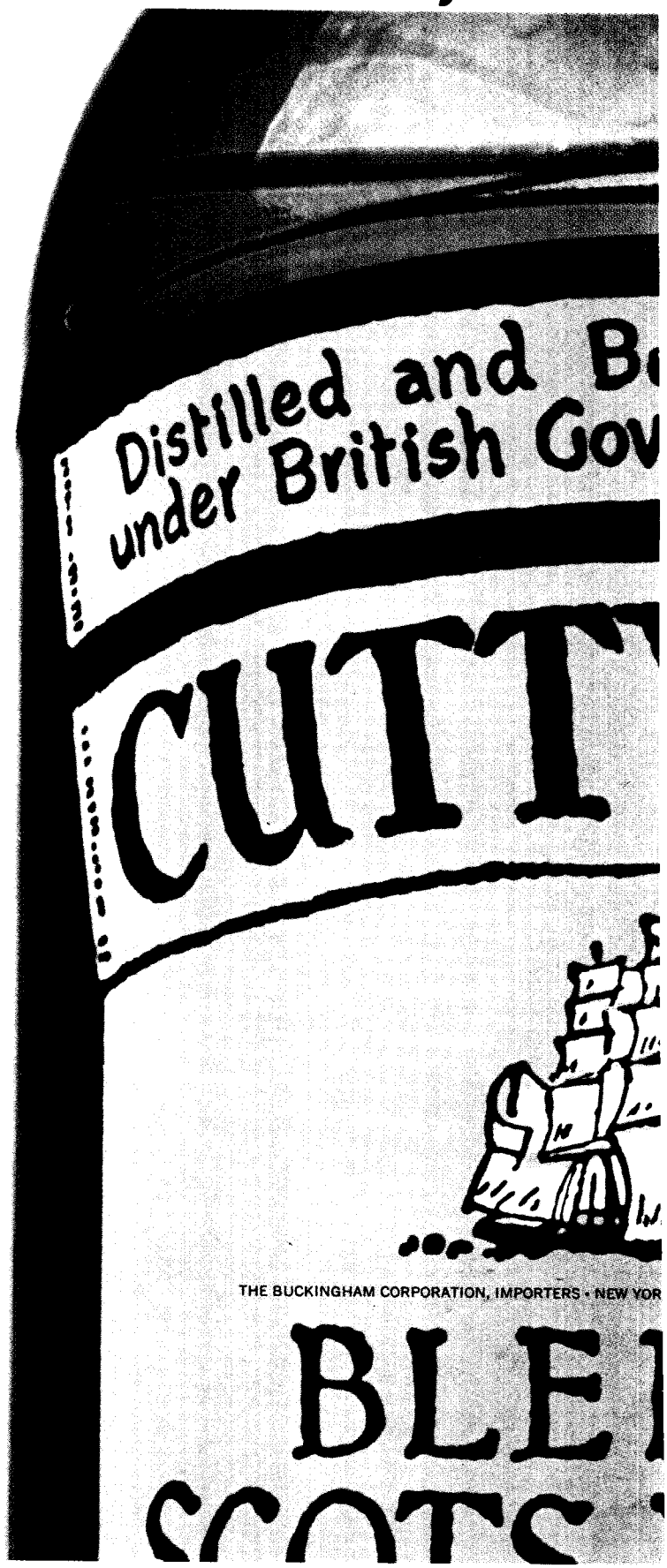
Five words from your wi



"Don't giv

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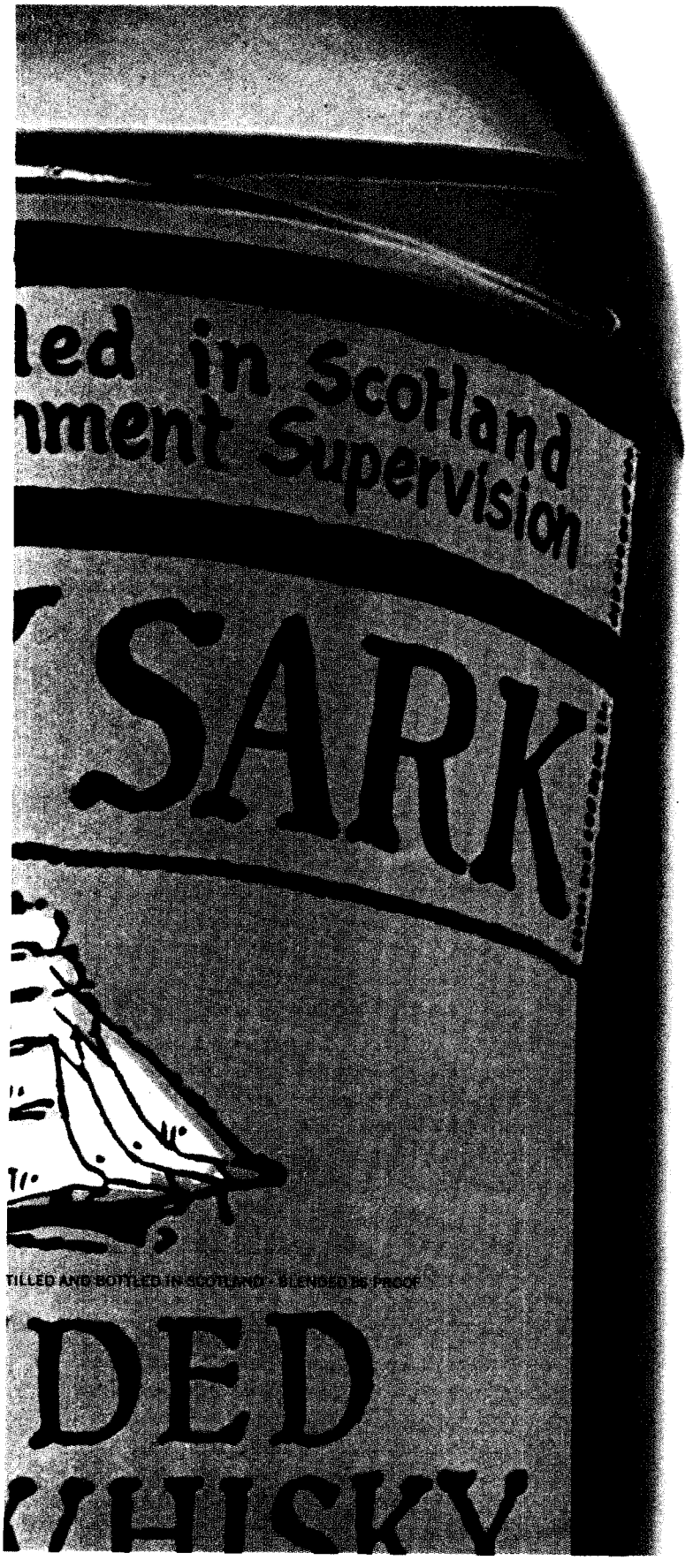
hat can save the worst day:



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For all the objectives.
The only thing that matters in Scotch is taste.
Buy one bottle.

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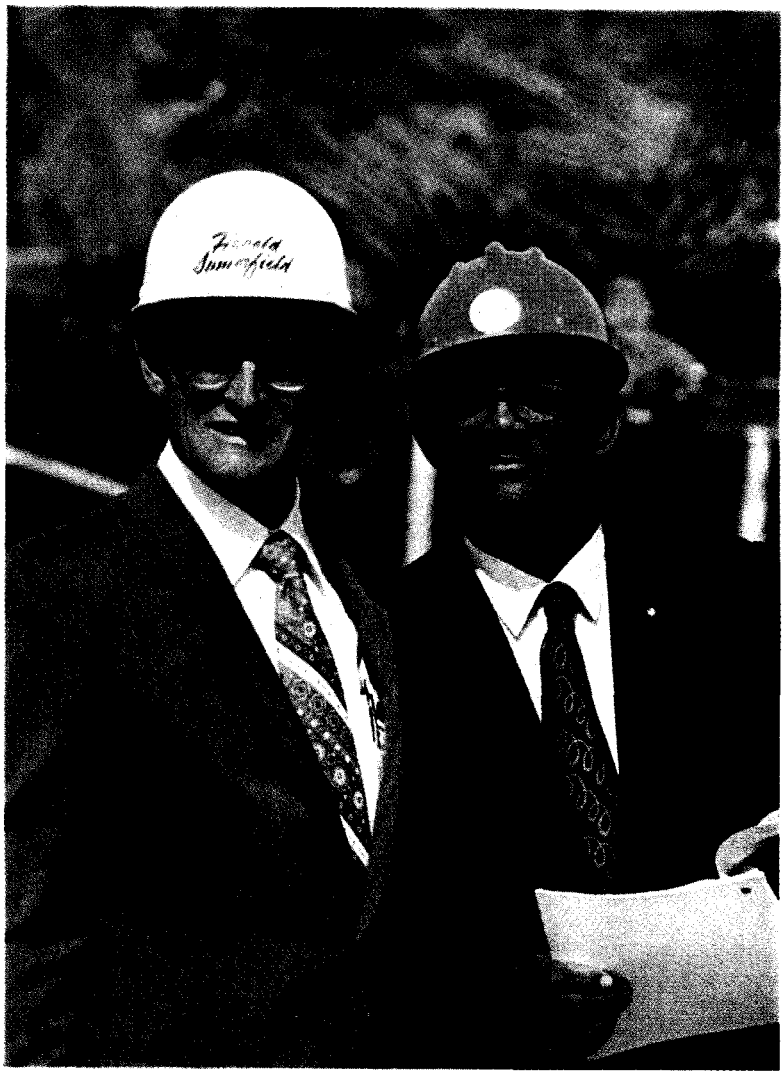
Harold Sumerfield helps truckers get started in business



Harold Sumerfield, Bethlehem's district transportation manager in San Francisco, with Robert J. Lee, President of Lee's Express. Back in 1969 this black-owned trucking firm started hauling steel reinforcing bars to customers served by our South San Francisco fabricating shop.

Over the years Sumerfield has met with new trucking firms and helped them get started. He has assisted in securing carrier permits and bonding, made suggestions regarding operating equipment and methods, pointed out tariff problems and, not least of all, signed contracts to haul our steel and other freight.

In the words of Robert J. Lee, President of Lee's Express, one of the companies Harold has assisted, "Private industry holds the key to the ghettos. When industry invests, they show faith in our self-help program. By so doing, industry gets more people in the ghetto working and off welfare."

Bethlehem Steel's efforts are not limited to trucking firms. We have had contracts with other minority business firms—a pallet maker, a joist manufacturer, a painting contractor, a concrete construction contractor, and janitorial firms. The list is not large, but as Harold Sumerfield points out, "while there is a long way for all of us to go, we have made a start." As for the minority-group businessmen, all most of them ask is a chance to show that they can perform.

BETHLEHEM STEEL

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Hamilton: "The American people simply do not wish to give up the social goals they set out so recently to achieve."

years did not eliminate the causes of poverty throughout the nation." If only we had spent much more, Mr. Hamilton implies, these programs would have had the promised results.

The argument that the American tax burden is comparatively low is, I am afraid, pure red herring. In the first place, I very much doubt whether statistics that purport to show that the American tax burden is low compared with that in Sweden or France are likely to make much impression on the taxpayer's resistance to higher taxes, which Mr. Hamilton himself cites as the central problem. But the statistics are also misleading. The tax figures for European countries include substantial expenditures that are not part of our tax load but are nevertheless "public-sector expenditures" and considered as such by the taxpayer—primarily the still substantial costs of non-tax-supported schools (private schools and colleges) and the two-thirds of the health-care bill that is borne not by governments but by various nongovernmental health-insurance schemes—a total of 7 to 9 per cent of gross personal income in the country. If, for example, as a good many economists would recommend, the cost of private pension plans—more prevalent in this country than in most nations of Europe—were included, that is, if we compared "disposable income after taxes and deductions" as a percentage of gross income, this country might turn out to withhold a larger share of income than any in Western Europe (and more than twice as much as Japan, by the way).

But the real problem is not determining whether spending more money on welfare or on the schools would have results—something no one could prove. The problem is that the money we have spent seems to so many taxpayers—and especially to middle-income employed workers—to have so little result that they do not believe anyone who says, in effect, "because you have gotten so little for your money, you ought to spend more." I tend to agree with Mr. Hamilton's point that the results have not been nearly as dismal as the disenchanted public believes (I say so in my article). But we were not promised moderate results. Beginning with the Alliance for Progress, we have been promised again and again that a fairly modest program would "solve" a mammoth problem and in no time at all. The result of this has been that virtually every program immediately "escalated" in costs well beyond even the most excessive "defense overrun" and that even real, though modest, results look so picayune next to the promises that the program appears a total failure. The result may well be that we will abandon efforts just when they are beginning to show results (though that is hard to argue for low-income public housing, which has been around a long time, or for the present welfare system for families with dependent children). But the only protection I know against this danger is to start programs small and modestly, to test them before expanding them, to concentrate efforts on well-defined goals and priorities, and to postpone making promises until results are in—I first argued this point in connection with the Alliance for Progress all of 13 years ago! For what Mr. Hamilton is fighting is not "free-enterprise" rhetoric; it is deep disenchantment with the "liberal" rhetoric of government activism. I am just as appalled by the danger inherent in this as he is, but more "liberal" rhetoric is not going to avert it.□

Edward K. Hamilton Essentially, Mr. Drucker argues that 1) people are demanding more and better public services; 2) they believe that "massive governmental programs" have failed to provide such services; 3) this widespread belief ignores the "great achievements, unique in modern annals," which were the result of the social programs of the 1960s; 4) nevertheless, public disillusionment with government is so great that the equally great demand for more services must be met through "reprivatization." Some of Mr. Drucker's figures, particularly those concerned with the proportion of national income devoted to public purposes, will come as a considerable shock to the United Nations and other authoritative keepers of such data. However, such technical quarrels aside, we can agree on propositions 1, 2, and 3—with the caveat that those "massive governmental programs" which people are so disillusioned with are in fact largely carried out through contracts with private firms.

Our disagreement with respect to "reprivatization" is not a doctrinal difference; I suspect that I am as favorable as he is to the use of private instruments for a great many public purposes. We part company at the point where he suggests that accelerating the 40-year-old trend toward greater use of private structures and incentives will somehow make possible that mind-boggling plan to freeze expenditures at all levels of government.

So far as I am aware, Mr. Drucker is alone among management analysts in making this suggestion. To those of us charged with increasing the rigor of public management, the proposition is absurd because the maximum savings achievable through managerial improvement are dwarfed by the uncontrollable factors that drive costs upward. The best that governments can hope to do, through introduction of private-type techniques at every possible juncture, as well as a host of other efficiency-increasing measures, is to shave off the peaks of spending patterns. To promise more is to mislead the public in exactly the way the President seeks.

The President's own 1974 budget, which even the conservatives in Congress are now finding too painful to swallow, calls for an 8 per cent increase in expenditure, or about $19 billion over last year. Similarly, we in New York City have been able to keep annual increases in expenditures in the 8 to 9 per cent range for the past two years only by surviving the loss of nearly 15,000 city employees, including 4,000 teachers, 2,000 policemen, 700 firemen, 1,000 parks maintainers, and similar numbers in every other vital city service. We have offset these losses as much as possible through productivity improvements of unprecedented scale, but there is no question here, as in the federal and state systems, that at least a 10 per cent annual increase in expenditures is necessary simply to stand still with respect to services. Thus the average for all states and localities across the country is a 12 per cent increase per year—and few if any of them feel they are keeping up with public demand.

The major factors behind these cost increases are 1) inflation; 2) high interest rates; 3) the need for rapid replacement of physical structures and equipment that were almost totally neglected in the years 1940–1960; 4) skyrocketing demands for services, particularly in large cities where the influx of problem-prone families is pronounced; 5) a sea change in the public attitude toward receipt of public assistance; 6) a revolution in public salaries, which began a decade ago with congressional acceptance of the principle that public salaries should be comparable to private salaries for jobs of comparable responsibility; and 7) the fringe-benefit costs, particularly for pensions, associated with the salary increases.

I am in substantial sympathy with some of Mr. Drucker's specific examples of areas where private incentives can be useful—e.g., fines for polluted effluence—while others—e.g., mobile homes as a solution to the housing crisis (which largely occurs in land-poor cities)—demonstrate the intellectual distance between problems and sensible solutions. In summary, his article is an object lesson in the discrepancy between image and reality in these matters. As he remarks, "No one wants to pay. But everybody wants results." The next move is up to Congress. □

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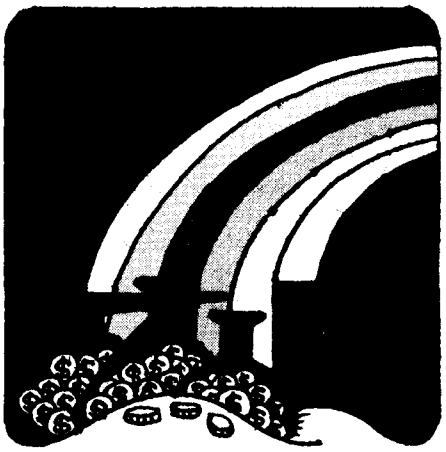
What Makes a Businessman a Public Servant?

Several years ago, while discussing ways to meet the public needs of the United States, President Nixon urged that "we take a new road, one that taps the energies of the greatest engine of productivity the world has ever known—the engine of American industry and private enterprise." The President's statement is often quoted today.

Few would disagree that the American businessman has enormous power for social good, but precisely how are his energies to be tapped? What are the forces, the incentives, and the natural tendencies that will lead him to help meet the public needs of the country? The following articles examine four specific instances in which businessmen have helped in the accomplishment of important social tasks.

THERE'S GOLD IN THEM THAR LAB TESTS

By P. J. Pythias



"Back in 1964 we were just one of the countless little military electronics firms strung out along Boston's main scientific artery, Route 128. Our defense business was modest, but thriving. Yet it was a nervous kind of market. We were out on the technological frontier where any competitor who came along and did the job better or cheaper could put us out of business overnight. So I decided way back then that we had to diversify."

The speaker is David Kosowsky, the 43-year-old president of Damon Corp., whose diversification of his company did in fact save it from the doldrums that have now settled over Route 128. His decision also transformed the small $1-million electronics firm into a $93-million business that now earns 80 per cent of its income from helping to meet one of the nation's most urgent social demands: that for more and better health care. Damon's annual report this year stresses the social import of the company's work. But officials make no secret of the fact that Damon first ventured into the field out of the oldest of all business motivations—the simple search for profit. It is an instructive illustration of how the lure of the marketplace draws businessmen into areas of social need.

What Damon has done is create the world's largest network of pathologist-directed medical testing laboratories—a mouthful of medical jargon that means that Damon's laboratories run chemical tests on bodily fluids, mostly blood. The test results help doctors diagnose conditions as simple as pregnancy and anemia, and others as complex as malfunction of the heart and liver. With 27 regional labs from coast to coast, Damon serves 10,000 private doctors, 850 hospitals, and 770 other institutions such as nursing homes and corporations that offer their employees routine medical checkups. Using high-speed, high-volume automated equipment that only a well-heeled corporation could afford, the labs which Damon has bought over the past five years have the capacity to process 7.8 million medical tests a year. Without the mass-scale diagnostic capability a company like Damon is building, it is doubtful that talk of national health insurance for 200 million Americans would be more than a political fantasy.

Kosowsky, an electrical engineer with a Ph.D. from MIT, readily admits that Damon has been riding the crest of favorable social and economic waves in order to achieve such profits as $12.7 million before taxes last year: "We have had a lot of help from trends, which we foresaw [in the mid-Sixties] but which were really beyond our control."

The most important of these signs of future growth in medical services was the passage of Medicare-Medicaid in 1965. The programs promised care for a large, new universe of patients—the aged and the indigent—and, consequently, a huge infusion of government funds into health services, including medical testing. Recent emphasis on the value of preventive medicine has also translated into a mounting demand for routine testing, and a marked move toward clinical and group medical practices has caused doctors who have infrequent and impersonal contact with patients to rely more and more on testing (rather than consultation) in making diagnoses. The impact of what promises to be the most significant boon of all for Damon—the creation of national health insurance—has, of course, yet to be felt.

What clinched Kosowsky's decision to move Damon into the medical field, however, was his strictly business-oriented consideration of the marketplace. "In military electronics," he explains, "we had fewer than half a dozen customers, and we enjoyed no brand loyalty. In health care, we knew that our customers—individual physicians, clinics, hospitals—would number in the thousands, and they would never act in unison. Once we established our reputation, we could count on a precious asset—the fierce brand loyalty of the medical profession."

But how does a company establish a reputation among doctors when it is an obscure electronics manufacturer that has never had any link whatever to medicine? Damon did it through the acquisition of International Equipment Company, a 67-year-old medical instrument company that produces centrifuges—machines that spin body fluids at high speeds to break them down into chemical components for medical analysis. "Luckily for us, IEC was just down the road, and we knew each other well," says Kosowsky. "What's more, thousands of physicians knew IEC, as the maker of the best centrifuges in America. We bought IEC in 1967 and gained the medical profession's immediate confidence."

From that base Damon moved into the medical lab business, which Kosowsky describes as "the nation's last cottage industry"—a shorthand reference to the fact that most of the nation's 4,500 private medical labs are still small-scale operations run by their own-

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ers with the help of a few technicians. Most lack the capital to buy automated equipment for blood analysis—machines that cost close to $100,000. Their physician owners are also constrained by the ethics of the medical profession, which prevent them from advertising to bring in the volume of testing necessary to make such automation profitable. Moreover, as businesses, labs are often marginal, suffering from the fact that the expertise and interest of their owners is chemistry, not bookkeeping.

Damon's prescription for the lab business has been a good dose of sound corporate management techniques. When Damon buys an ongoing lab for its chain, the company relieves the pathologist in charge of all the claims made on his time save one: the medical direction of the testing. Kosowsky's team promptly moves in a business manager, comptroller, and a marketing expert. The result is a working partnership between an individualistic physician with conservative professional standards and a venturesome, but cost-conscious, corporate team—one that can and does advertise vigorously to expand business.

With the rise of testing volume, new labs in the Damon family can make the most of their automated equipment. This, in turn, drops the cost per test dramatically. While a "profile" of 12 common diagnostic tests normally runs anywhere from $10 to $20 in an independent laboratory, Damon can do the profile for $5. Labs in the corporate group also have the advantages of low-cost centralized purchasing, national marketing campaigns, and access to regional computer facilities for billing. All these economies of scale ultimately show up on the bottom line as profits.

Looking back at Damon's steady rise in revenues and earnings over the past five years, Kosowsky says, "We look like heroes today because Damon has been a success story. But in view of all the risks we took, without a lot of luck we would have fallen flat on our faces."

The most serious of those risks was the overall potential for blunders by Damon's staff and management as they ventured into a field totally foreign to them. This risk has been steadily allayed by Damon's caution in acquisitions. The company buys no laboratory that does not already boast both high-quality work and good profitability. Moreover, by relying heavily on its pathologist-partners to oversee day-to-day medical operations, Damon has been able to concentrate its corporate people in the areas they know best—administration and marketing. The company's refusal to buy any lab on impulse has also prevented it from buying more labs than it can manage, a pitfall that has stymied the growth of many of Damon's competitors. Smith, Kline & French and Dow Chemical are among the weighty rivals that Wall Street analyst Walter Channing, of Channing, Weinberg & Company, says "have never gotten their lab networks off the ground."

With the prospect of an ever-increasing demand for medical services in the future, Damon has an important competitive edge in the market. "Health care today is a $70-billion market," says Kosowsky. "And even though we are the biggest in our particular segment of that market, we still control only a tiny corner. It makes no sense for any newcomer to compete with us. They can do better by going after some part of the market that is not now served at all."

But Damon intends to do more than just hold its share of a growing market. There are many opportunities for business to improve health care by developing and selling new technologies—by supplying console blood analyzers for doctors' offices; by providing rural doctors with telephone connections for the transmission and reading of electrocardiograms; by developing techniques and equipment to diagnose a patient's vulnerability to, say, heart disease years before the first symptoms appear.

Damon believes that its daily contact with nearly 10,000 doctors and, indirectly, with two million patients a year puts it in a unique position for branching out into any number of other health care services. Kosowsky will not say what field Damon plans to head into next. But he does say, "There has got to be a way to provide more and better health services to the huge public that needs them. And no one is in a better position to do that than we are."□

THE GREENING OF THE BANK OF AMERICA

By Milton Moskowitz

Do social protests directed against corporations accomplish anything? Do companies really listen or respond or change their policies as a result of such pressure? The Bank of America is one of the best sources for the answers to these questions. With assets exceeding $40 billion, it's the largest commercial bank in the nation—and it has been the target of protests for nine years now.

In 1964 the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) charged the bank with being a discriminatory employer. On February 25, 1970, a small B. of A. branch at Isla Vista was burned to the ground coincident with a student demonstration at the nearby University of California campus at Santa Barbara. (The Isla Vista branch was not accused of ripping off students. It simply served as a convenient scapegoat for protesters against the Vietnam War and the various social ills besetting the nation. The Isla Vista incineration was followed by attacks on 39 other Bank of America branches in the state.) In 1971 the Los Angeles–based Center for New Corporate Priorities (CNCP) began tilting with the B. of A. in a campaign that continues today. B. of A.'s alleged support of agribusiness is a typical target of the center's wrath.

Has B. of A. changed since CORE attacked it as being discriminatory? In its employment makeup it has changed radically, as these statistics attest: in 1964 minorities—primarily blacks, Orientals, and Chicanos—represented 12.85 per cent of the bank's staff. Today they represent 23.3 per cent of the staff. These were also years of rapid growth for the Bank of America. Deposits more than doubled, and employment increased by 50 per cent. However, the number of minority-group members working for the B. of A. tripled.

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More impressive has been the upgrading of the jobs held by blacks, Orientals and Chicanos. Back in 1964 members of minority groups held 2 per cent of positions classified as "officers and managers." Today they occupy 8 per cent of those posts.

Seventy-three per cent of persons working for the Bank of America are women, and they too have been filtering into higher positions in recent years. In 1970, 20 per cent of the bank's officers and managers were women; today the figure is 27.8 per cent. And of the 1,000 branches maintained by the B. of A. in the state of California, more than 100 are managed by women today.

Do such changes indicate a profound concern for the groups involved? Not necessarily. The B. of A. had a great many openings because of expansion, and it filled them with women and minorities. The drive for equal employment opportunity meshed neatly with the bank's need for additional personnel.

How did the Bank of America respond to the specific charge made by the CNCP that, at a time when small farmers are being driven off the land, the B. of A. was lending its support to the huge mechanized farms run by corporations? Spokesmen for the bank pointed out that the B. of A. loaned money to cooperatives organized to market the produce of small farmers. But as for further help for the vanishing small farmer, the spokesmen put it this way: "We don't think the answer is to extend loans that we know cannot be repaid. Nor do we think it makes sense to reduce the size of large farm operations—unless as consumers we wish to see food prices rise dramatically." Here, obviously, protest got nowhere. The B. of A. was not about to use its financial leverage to slow down the nationwide trend toward agribusiness.

How did the Bank of America react to the burning of its Isla Vista branch and the attacks on other branches in California? It could have ignored them. Many corporations have done just that. It could have denounced the protesters. That's a typical response. It could have issued homilies about the need to increase the public's understanding of business. The Bank of America, to its credit, chose none of these alternatives. Speaking four months after the Isla Vista attack, Louis B. Lundborg, then chairman of B. of A.'s board, accepted the incident as a sign of "a new value system emerging in America." He cautioned against ascribing these new ideas to a small group of extremists. A substantial majority of the students at the Santa Barbara campus shared the frustrations that led to the violence, he emphasized. And he warned his colleagues: "The violence must be rejected, but the dissent and protest must not be."

That set the tone for the Bank of America's response. The Isla Vista branch would be rebuilt, but the causes activating the protesters would be taken as serious and legitimate.

What to do about it, though? It's easy to deliver speeches and produce annual reports that read like the Declaration of Independence. It's tougher to crank social concerns into day-to-day operations. The B. of A., in its bureaucratic fashion, has been putting some weight against this problem—to wit:

- The board of directors has created a seven-member public policy committee chaired by Walter A. Haas, Jr., the chief executive officer of the socially progressive jeans maker Levi Strauss & Company.
- On the next level eight senior officers make up a social policy committee.
- In January 1972 the bank appointed G. Robert Truex, Jr., executive vice-president in charge of social policy with full-time responsibilities in this area. No other corporation in the nation has such a high-ranking officer assigned full-time to social responsibility.
- The B. of A. is one of a handful of companies that have undertaken audits of their operations to measure social contributions and to identify costs.
- As of June 1972 the bank had outstanding 152,000 student loans totaling $134 million. It is, by far, the largest maker of student loans in the country.
- The bank has loaned $23 million to some 600 minority-group entrepreneurs.
- A $100-million loan fund has been established to provide financing for low- and moderate-income housing.
- A prodigious consumer of paper, the bank has converted many of its forms to recycled stock. Since 1970 the annual report has been printed on recycled paper.

This "do-good" laundry list draws sneers from such B. of A. critics as the Center for New Corporate Priorities and the newly established Western Corporate Alliance, a San Francisco–based amalgamation of corporate reform movements. These critics point out, with some justification, that the student loans and the low-income housing loans are all guaranteed by the federal government; so the bank is taking no risks. They also point out that the loans to minority businessmen are a pittance, considering the bank's resources, and that the B. of A.'s performance in support of minority enterprise compares unfavorably with the record of other banks, notably its principal San Francisco rival, Wells Fargo. They note, too, that as of February 1973 the Bank of America still hadn't named a minority person to its board of directors, a relatively easy move already taken by more than 60 large corporations, including the B. of A.'s big eastern competitors, First National City Bank of New York and Chase Manhattan.

The crucial complaint, though, is that the B. of A.'s social policy program constitutes public relations window-dressing and is not reflected in its bread-and-butter operations as a bank. Neil Gendel, a San Franciscan who ran this year for a seat on B. of A.'s board as a consumer representative, presented a long list of demands, among them the following: disclose clearly the costs of all personal loans and the rates charged corporate borrowers; stop penalizing borrowers for early payment of loans; cease assessing points on mortgage loans; provide customers with service account executives; make more loan funds available to disadvantaged areas; discontinue lending funds to large corporations merely for the purpose of acquiring other companies.

These demands get close to the jugular. They could cost the bank money, with benefits not immediately ascertainable. This is not a route profit-seeking institutions ordinarily travel. For example, the B. of A. is the lead bank in a $33-million loan to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which plans to build the biggest hotel in Las Vegas. That's considered a fairly safe loan—and profitable: it carries interest 1 per cent above the prime rate. Even the top officers of the Bank of America might concede that a new hotel in Las Vegas does not have a high social priority. But what bank is going to turn down this kind of business?

Bob Truex, the man in charge of implementing the B. of A.'s social policy, is painfully aware of this dilemma. On the case for a year now, he has not spent his time breast-beating about the grand social accomplishments of the Bank of America. A banker all his working life, he is acutely aware of the practical problems of implementing a social responsibility program. He was

Business Books

Reviews of special interest to business readers will be found in the Books section.

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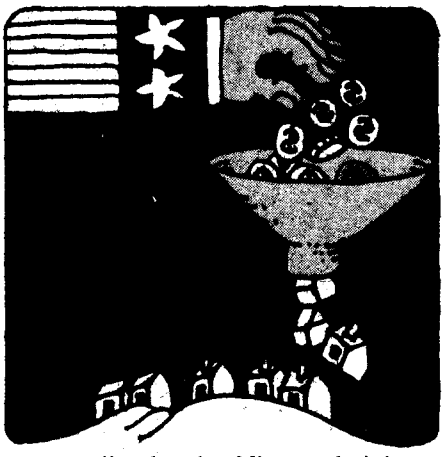
the bank's head loan officer in Southern California when the $100-million program for low-income housing was announced in July 1968. It was widely publicized, both inside and outside the bank, but Truex cautiously sat back and waited for results. After all the hullabaloo the allocated funds were not being touched; so Truex called a few loan officers in branch banks and quickly discovered the reason: they didn't believe the bank was really serious about lending that money. They figured it was just another public relations ploy until Truex straightened them out. Still, even with his prodding, the funds were not used up until 1971. So Bob Truex knows that his main job in his new post is to get the bank's own people to act on this social commitment—and that they won't do so unless some muscle is applied.

Perhaps the major result of the corporate reform movement is the opening of lines of communication. There is a Truex now at the Bank of America who watches social movements instead of interest rates. The bank itself has become much more open about its operations. The clearest example is the 1972 annual report, published in February. In 1964, when the B. of A. was first challenged, CORE demanded the disclosure of personnel records to show the extent of minority employment. The bank refused, stating that it would never release this information to a nongovernmental agency. In 1973 the Bank of America not only released this information, it published it in detail in its annual report, covering both minority and female personnel. It was the fullest disclosure of its kind ever made in a corporate annual report. In addition, the 1972 annual report broke new ground by publishing a list of the 50 largest holdings in the bank's trust department. That was the first time this information has appeared in such detail in a bank's annual report. These actions did little to mollify the protesters of 1973. They would have been revelations to the protesters of 1964. □

LESSONS FROM THE NATIONAL HOUSING ACT

By Art Detman Jr.



A dearth of good housing, especially for the unaffluent, has been a chronic social problem in the United States. And because Americans tend to think that safe and sound shelter is a basic birthright, the government has long been involved in trying to allay this shortage. Government agencies have built, owned, and managed thousands of public housing projects themselves. But government's major influence on the supply of housing has been through the encouragement of home building by private enterprise. Income tax laws have been shaped to motivate families to buy their own houses, and, ever since New Deal days, the federal government has spurred the construction of millions of houses by guaranteeing loans to homebuilders.

Nevertheless, a housing shortage has persisted, due to a swelling population and to soaring construction costs. Accordingly, five years ago, in the waning days of the Great Society, Congress passed and Lyndon Johnson signed a major new bill, the National Housing Act, aimed at stimulating the private sector to build no fewer than six million housing units for people with low and moderate incomes—housing that might not be built otherwise.

As an example of government efforts to motivate business to tackle social problems—and the National Housing Act may well be the largest single example in our history—the act was highly ambitious, and its results so far have been highly equivocal. Today, after only four years in operation, the program is in deep trouble. It has been tarnished by scandals, and early in January the whole program was shelved, at least temporarily, by the Nixon administration, which declared an 18-month moratorium on housing subsidies. Nonetheless, the act has already provided housing for nearly one million people, so it has worked to some extent. And among those who have responded to its incentives, there are some who still feel that, should the program come to life again, it could prove to be a major answer to the nation's continuing housing shortage. One such believer is Elliott Maltzman, a Los Angeles developer who is head of one of the country's major companies in the business of building government-subsidized housing under the housing act.

Maltzman in fact has been in this line of business for a quarter of a century. Since 1946 he has been involved in building houses under Federal Housing Administration and Veterans Administration loan programs. So, understandably enough, when the National Housing Act was passed in 1968, Maltzman was especially alert to its incentives. Looking around at the large and growing shortage of low- and middle-income housing in Southern California, Maltzman moved swiftly to take advantage of the act. But not all of it. He shied away from the act's subsidies for single family dwellings—Section 235. Government guidance of private enterprise is at best a roughly charted region, and as far as Maltzman was concerned, 235 was an example of how government and private enterprise should *not* work together. "The 235s have limitations as to maximum price," Maltzman explained the other day. "In California, it's $24,000 for a family of five; $21,000 for a smaller family. And for those prices, what with today's land costs and the costs of quality materials, you could produce nothing but instant slums. Congress was totally unrealistic in setting the limits for 235." The result, as he and a number of other observers see it, has been wide-scale cutting of corners under 235 —"cheating," Maltzman calls it.

Maltzman did see, however, an opportunity under the act to provide sound housing and to make an ample profit by building multiple-unit structures—apartment buildings. In 1969 Maltzman's first project began going up: the Siejay Apartments, a $1-million, 72-unit building near downtown Los Angeles. "It's still in fantastic shape," he says. "There's a waiting list for apartments."

The Siejay Apartments and five projects that followed were built under Section 221(d)3 of the housing act, but the government eventually shifted toward a more complex but far more generous

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provision, Section 236. This part of the act cuts the interest rate on construction borrowing from the normal market level of around 7 per cent down to 1 per cent. The government makes up the difference and requires in return that this subsidy be passed on to the tenants. Rents in 236 housing run at least one-third under normal rental rates; tenants whose incomes are low enough to qualify pay half or less than they would in comparable, purely private housing.

Maltzman responded to the lure of 236 after joining a highly successful Beverly Hills–based homebuilder, Nathan Shapell, a founder and president of Shapell Industries. Most of the houses that Shapell had been building were in the middle- and upper-price brackets. But Shapell saw in the National Housing Act an incentive to expand into lower price ranges. For his part Maltzman realized that as an independent builder his volume was sharply limited. And so, in March of 1970, Shapell Government Housing was born—a wholly owned subsidiary of Shapell Industries with Elliott Maltzman as president.

Shapell Government Housing has since become one of the largest builders of government-subsidized housing in the West, with all of its projects financed under Section 236. To date, the company has built 24 projects involving some $21 million.

But the course of business-government togetherness in attacking social problems has, in Shapell's experience, been anything but serene. From the start Maltzman found government red tape frustrating and, for that matter, self-defeating. The time lag between the initial submission of a piece of property and the final approval of a project ranged from six months to three years. And during this lag costs kept rising. "If HUD [Department of Housing and Urban Development] acted more quickly," says Maltzman, "people would pay less rent, and the government would pay less in subsidies."

Ironically, Maltzman believes that the housing program suffered and was slowed down in part because it worked so well in attracting private enterprises. Inexperienced and, in Maltzman's eyes, incompetent builders were enticed into the field of government-subsidized housing by the housing act incentives. And as financial and physical shortcomings inevitably appeared, HUD became more and more suspicious and, therefore, more deliberate in its processing, to the detriment of experienced, reputable builders like Shapell.

Then, too, Maltzman ran into problems finding suitable locations for his multi-unit projects. HUD didn't want them put up in decaying urban areas. Middle-class communities resisted the erection of the large projects in their backyards. "You mention 236," says Maltzman, "and they throw up their hands in horror."

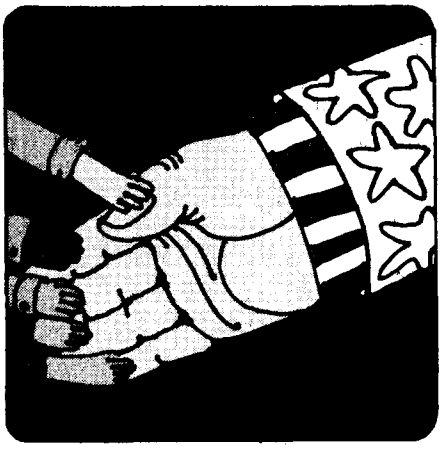
Despite the problems, Maltzman felt he was making progress. Last year, after 18 months of negotiations with HUD, Maltzman got final approval for Shapell's largest project to date, a 198-unit complex in Huntington Beach, a middle- and upper-middle-class community just south of Los Angeles. The Huntington Beach town fathers were initially skeptical, and Maltzman barely escaped a ban on apartment construction—he had to rush in construction crews to pour some foundations in order to beat the deadline. But today, says Maltzman, the Huntington Beach councilmen feel quite kindly toward the finished project.

Indeed, Maltzman sees no reason why 236, with some reforms, cannot and should not work as a major instrument for enlisting business to solve the country's housing shortage. "It can be done," Maltzman says. "With proper safeguards and efficient administration, this program will work."

Perhaps so. But many in the housing industry expect the administration's moratorium on housing subsidies to become permanent. There is speculation that a system of housing allowances, direct grants to tenants or homeowners, will replace subsidies to builders. There is talk also of programs in which the government itself will rent apartments and sublet them to qualified tenants at reduced rents. In the meantime, the brief encouragement of business by government, of which Elliott Maltzman and Shapell Government Housing were principal subjects, remains an inconclusive experiment, and perhaps it will never prove to be more than that. □

A WAY TO MAKE THE GHETTO BLOOM

By Arthur Blaustein



Six years ago Congress passed a little-known piece of legislation called "Special Impact," or Title 1-D of the Economic Opportunity Act, originally known as the Kennedy-Javits Amendment. The idea was to inject seed money into carefully selected ghettos, barrios, and poor rural communities around the country to stimulate their entrepreneurial potential and thereby test the possibility of helping such communities to revitalize themselves economically. It marked the federal government's first significant entry into the field of community economic development and thus represented its first departure from the nickel-and-dime, hand-holding approach to poverty. What makes these programs unique is that they require from government only a very special partnership—a commitment of venture capital. Local private enterprise does the rest.

Today there are approximately 75 such community development corporation (CDCs) in operation in the United States. The number is small, and yet at a time when other programs designed to eradicate poverty have fallen by the wayside, the CDC programs appear to hold out the best hope for the future.

A community development corporation is set up when members of a community—black, Chicano, Indian, or white; urban or rural—get together to form a corporation, usually nonprofit. The corporation then raises money by pursuing venture capital, short- and long-term loans, and other investments and seed money from banks, foundations, and, of course, federal sources. In addition, technical assistance is sought in order to help develop the economic, human, and physical resources of the community. The next step is for the

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fully capitalized corporation to either invest in or make loans to a variety of subsidiary, profit-oriented corporations or cooperatives, each one of which is expected to benefit the community by providing ownership and employment, by developing skills, or by simply bringing income to the community.

A good example of a successful CDC is the Hough Area Development Corporation (HDC), located in Cleveland's black ghetto of Hough. Last November construction was completed on the Martin Luther King, Jr., Plaza in Hough, the first shopping center of its size in a ghetto community. This spring work will be completed on 19 enterprises located in the plaza, including a supermarket, a bank, and a drugstore. The majority of the tenants will be black-owned businesses. Although the individual stores and shops will be owned privately, the shopping center itself is owned by the Hough community as a public utility. In addition, 26 units of middle-income housing were constructed atop the mall area of the shopping center in elevated townhouses.

The project was born in the spring of 1967 when more than 40 community leaders active in politics, the civil rights movement, and antipoverty programs formed HDC. The organization's board of directors consisted of local businessmen, professional people, leaders of neighborhood organizations, and low-income residents. Seed money was obtained from the Office of Economic Opportunity, via Title 1-D of the Economic Opportunity Act. In addition to the shopping center, several other ventures have been initiated and developed by HDC. One is Community Products, Inc., a company that manufactures rubber molding. The company employs a high percentage of former welfare mothers and hard-core "unemployables," and its sales now approach half a million dollars per year. Another venture is Ghetto East Enterprises, which has acquired two McDonald's franchises and now employs 100 people, with sales exceeding a million dollars annually. HDC also was instrumental in creating the Hough Federal Credit Union, which has 601 members.

The executive director of HDC, Frank Anderson, a graduate of Harvard Business School, said recently: "Our task is far from completed. The goal we set for ourselves was to rebuild a community that reflects the soul of its people. We have survived a public attack from the largest newspaper in Cleveland. We have undergone a series of five audits and have clearly demonstrated, to three separate federal agencies, fiscal responsibility and management capability.

"While we have arrested the outflow of our solid core of homeowners, we have not yet begun to attract a sufficient number of those persons who had left the community prior to 1968. We feel that adequate facilities for delivering goods and services—such as the Martin Luther King, Jr., Plaza—will play a key role in reversing the out-migration trend. We feel that this task will take five more years and $30 million. What we call a complete economic development plan means total resurrection of a 'lost community.'"

Among other CDCs in operation around the United States are woodwork and toymaking ventures in Eastern Kentucky, owned by Appalachian whites; cattle feed-lot co-ops in northern New Mexico, owned by Chicanos; housing and contracting projects in the ghetto of Bedford-Stuyvesant; a furniture factory in Fresno, California; a modular housing factory in Durham, North Carolina; and a salmon and oyster co-op on the Lummi Indian Reservation in Bellingham, Washington.

Despite the success of these and other CDCs, the future of federal support for this concept of community-based and community-controlled programs of economic development is not altogether promising. President Nixon and his advisers and appointees in federal agencies still seem wedded to the "mom and pop store" small-business approach, which means that government money goes to the President's Office of Minority Business Enterprise and the Small Business Administration, not to CDCs. This is true despite the fact that the mortality rate for such small businesses—the dry-cleaning shops, neighborhood grocery stores, and so forth—is strikingly high. For minority individuals and groups it is certainly too high a price to pay in their attempt to achieve parity, or "a piece of the action," as the President has called it.

Thus, the limited federal support given to CDCs has been appropriated on a project-by-project basis. Moreover, since 1970 very little money has been made available for any substantial economic development programs, particulary for those in conflict with deliberate policy decisions by the Nixon administration to discourage the expansion of neighborhood-controlled projects.

Still there are some encouraging developments. The Twentieth Century Fund, a nonprofit and nonpartisan research foundation, recently commissioned an independent study of the developmental/entrepreneurship process. After exhaustive studies of various federal agencies and programs, the fund's analysts recommended that "the federal government take immediate steps to create a national system of support for community development corporations," and that during the time it takes to implement such a system "the Executive Branch immediately expand its efforts to assist and support community development corporations."

Even more important to the future of CDCs, especially in light of the President's apparent unwillingness to act on such recommendations, is an internal report prepared by the Ford Foundation, which not only supports the CDC concept but pledges to provide $75 million to community economic development over the next five years. This decision by the largest foundation in the country was reached after researchers at the foundation spent six years carefully analyzing and evaluating all aspects of the field of business and community development, as well as experimenting with various mechanisms to determine the kinds of institutional programs that would provide direct economic benefits to low-income/minority communities.

It would seem that the necessity for social change through a coherent and viable economic development policy is by now self-evident. There is no doubt that minority and low-income groups have become more politically aware of the economic development issue and all its ramifications. For many it represents a last chance for "the system." On the other hand, the quality of interest exhibited by politicians, policy-makers, businessmen, and other "leaders" of the majority community, so far, has been limited largely to rhetoric. It would be foolish to predict the future of economic development efforts—both those sponsored by the government and those of the private sector—other than to say that a vigorous economic development strategy on behalf of low-income citizens is crucial to the future of this nation. A reasonable estimate is that it is going to become increasingly more difficult to contain the forces unleashed by desperation if the symbolic hope for economic security does not become a reality soon.

The threat is palpable, but so is the promise. It is an understated promise—the record of quiet achievement in out-of-the-way places—but it has proved it can work. Its message is one of trust in the victims of the generational cycles of poverty and in the goodwill, resources, and technical expertise of the majority community. It has proved that partnership is possible and that the potential of such partnership is enormous.□

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Some Noteworthy Examples of Corporate Responsibility

One of the major public demands faced by corporations in recent years is that they broaden the representation of their traditionally all-male, all-white boards of directors. No company has satisfied these demands so fully as **First Pennsylvania,** operator of the largest commercial bank in Philadelphia. First Pennsylvania elected to its board two blacks, Henry G. Parks, Jr., the Baltimore sausage manufacturer, and William T. Coleman, Jr., a prominent Philadelphia attorney; a woman, Joan Ganz Cooney, the creator of *Sesame Street*; and—in a move unduplicated in the corporate world—a student, Harry Gangloff. A graduate student at Drexel University, Mr. Gangloff will hold this "youth" seat until he graduates or reaches the age of 30, when he will be succeeded by another student or youth representative.

The country's largest greeting cards manufacturer, **Hallmark Cards**, is the sponsor of one of the major urban redevelopments in the nation, called Crown Center. This $200-million project is an attempt to reclaim blighted land in downtown Kansas City. A 100-acre sore spot is being transformed into an attractive business and residential community. When it's completed in 1983, Crown Center will have one million square feet of office space, 2,200 apartments, a 730-room hotel, and an entertainment complex of restaurants, theaters, a skating rink, and a planetarium. This "city within a city" is being financed entirely by private capital. The idea came from Joyce C. Hall, the 80-year-old founder and chairman of Hallmark, a family-owned business that has also made its mark as a sponsor for 20 years of outstanding dramatic shows on television.

A social service leave program was initiated last year by **Xerox**. The photocopier manufacturer paid salaries of 19 employees who volunteered to work for one year on a social project of their own choosing, plus the salaries of two other employees during six-month projects. Xerox's rationale for the program: "We want to put something back into society."

For two consecutive years now **IBM** has detached a group of its top professionals who have volunteered to teach in colleges with predominantly minority enrollments. IBM pays the full salaries of these people while they are on leave. During the 1971/72 academic year, 18 IBMers were placed in 18 different black colleges. During the current year, 25 IBMers are teaching in 25 colleges, the list having been expanded to schools serving American Indians, Mexican-Americans, and residents of Appalachia.

In the opinion of many observers, **Levi Strauss**, the jeans manufacturer, ranks as the most socially progressive company in the nation. Its longtime social commitment is reflected in the fact that minorities make up one-third of its U.S. employee force and—even more impressive—10 per cent of its officials and managers and 15 per cent of its professionals. Levi's board of directors includes both a black and a woman. When Alabama's impoverished Greene County elected an all-black slate of officeholders, Levi looked at the county's economic needs and opened a plant there.

Last year, when Senator Frank E. Moss (D.—Utah) asked the top 300 companies on the *Fortune* 500 list to provide him with information on their consumer protection programs, he heard from **Maytag**, even though this appliance maker does not rank in that group. This was a typical response from a company that has pioneered in consumer service. Maytag broke with industry practice by not introducing new appliance models every year. It changes a model only when real improvements are possible. Its advertising has emphasized quality performance for more than ten years. Every Maytag product on a dealer floor has a comprehensive information tag. Warranties were rewritten in 1969 to make them easier to understand. In every major U.S. city the company has a "Red Carpet Service," under which a dealer is required to provide service within 24 hours after a customer calls.

McGraw-Hill bought four television stations from Time Inc. last year. In so doing, the publishing company signed an unprecedented agreement with civil rights groups that called for the recruitment and upgrading of minority personnel at each of the stations and for the presentation on each of the stations of a large block of prime time programing dealing with black and Chicano interests. The agreement is being monitored by a council of five blacks and five Chicanos, who will meet yearly with the president of McGraw-Hill. The stations are: KERO-TV, Bakersfield, California; KOGO-TV, San Diego; KLZ-TV, Denver; and WFBM-TV, Indianapolis.

Organized in 1965, the **Mutual Real Estate Investment Trust** functions along the lines of other real estate trusts, which have become favorite tax-shelter devices. However, M-REIT has never wavered from an uncommon policy: it buys apartment developments that are all-white—and then integrates them. That's its *raison d'être*, and it has worked, both financially and socially. M-REIT's portfolio now carries 15 properties in eight states. The book value of its properties has more than doubled in the past five years to surpass $25 million. Of the $10.5 million that has been invested by shareholders, $1.5 million has been returned to them in cash distributions.

On May 1 of this year **Quaker Oats** will introduce a learning program for young children on its Life cereal boxes. The back and side panels of 12 million packages will be used to print a series of six lessons designed to increase the learning power of children. The company also has pressed for high-quality programing on television. In addition, a few years ago, when confronted with a decision on where to place a new plant, Quaker settled on Danville, Illinois, but refused to give the final okay on the site until the city passed a fair housing ordinance.

Southern Pacific won the E. H. Harriman Gold Medal last year for the best safety record among all major railroads. It has won praise from such groups as the Sierra Club for its conservation efforts. For example, it prohibits clear-cutting on the 500,000 acres of forest land it owns in Northern California. Also, one out of every five persons who works for SP is a member of a minority group.

Standard Oil of Indiana used its muscle to accomplish what the federal government could not—integration in the ranks of the Chicago construction trades. In putting up its new skyscraper headquarters building on the city's lakefront, Indiana Standard insisted that minority employment goals be used in the selection of the construction work force. This resulted in construction crews with a minority representation of about one-third.

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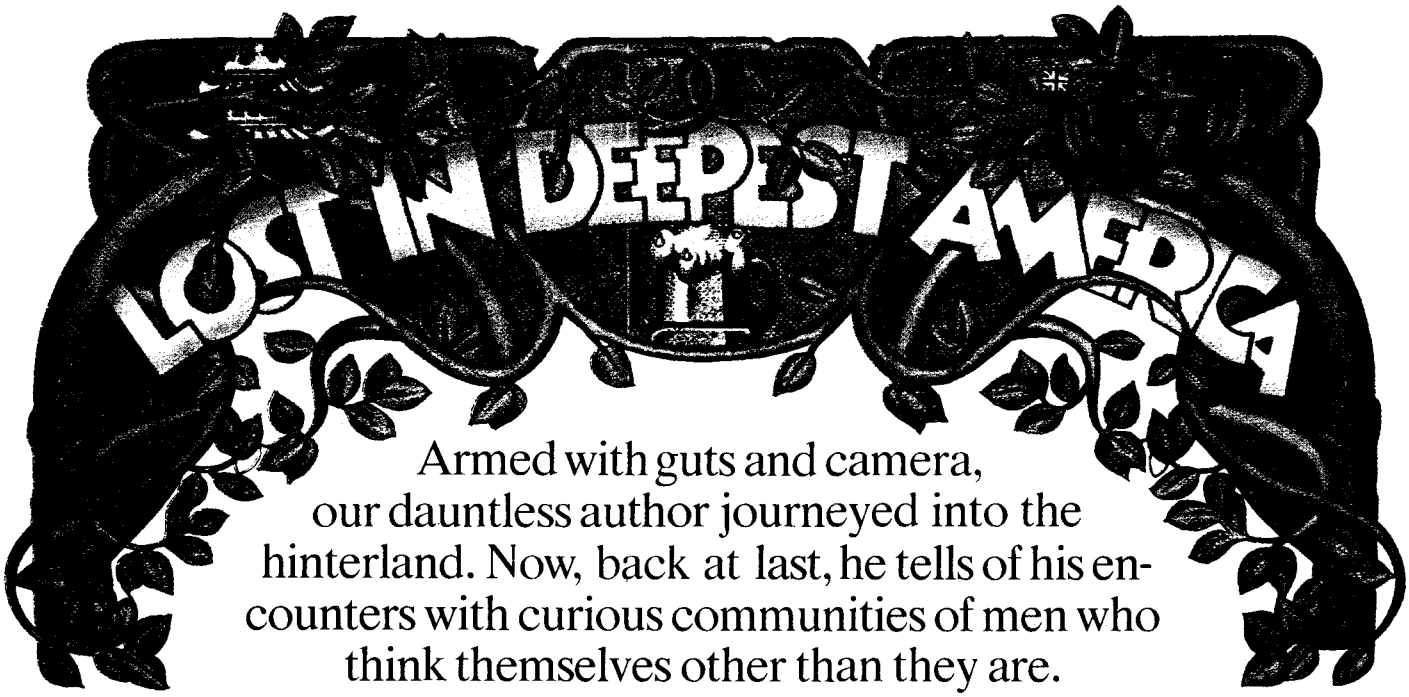

Armed with guts and camera, our dauntless author journeyed into the hinterland. Now, back at last, he tells of his encounters with curious communities of men who think themselves other than they are.

Forty miles west of Toledo, Ohio, lies the town of Archbold. The site of the La Choy Food Products plant, which claims to be the world's largest producer of Chinese food, Archbold calls itself "Chinatown U. S. A." I grew up in Ohio and never met any Chinese there. How many Chinese, I wondered, lived in this midwestern Chinatown? And what the devil, I wondered, had led them to settle down in Archbold?

Traveling through northern Ohio recently, I drove into Archbold, a neat, flat town of 3,000, with cornfields all around and several cattle-auction barns on the outskirts. I eyed the townspeople for telltale Oriental features, but the faces I saw were, without exception, Ohio-ruddy. Of course, I thought, the local Chinese are all at work! Pulling up in a parking lot before a vast, properly inscrutable brick facade, carrying the inscription La Choy Food Products, I pictured to myself the dimly lighted, incense-laden atmosphere of the rooms within—silken dragon tapestries, brass lions reflecting a blue glow, and a Buddha-like High Personage eying me with mingled suspicion and a tentative welcome in his dim inner sanctum. I pushed open a tall glass door and entered the land of La Choy. A girl with bright blue eyes popped her head out of a receptionist's window and called, "Hi!" I told her my mission. "Okay," she said. "Just a minute."

I looked around me. The yellow carpet was covered with runners of transparent—and transparently Occidental—plastic. A glassed-in cupboard held shelves of canned food. I inspected a plaque on the wall, which read:

> La Choy Hall of Fame
> Award Plaque
> In recognition and appreciative tribute for superior sales excellence and dynamic merchandising service, perpetual membership in the La Choy Hall of Fame is hereby awarded to the inscribed.

I was studying the attached metal name plates in search of a Chinese name when a door opened and a tanned, springy man in an electric blue suit and matching tie bounded out. "Hi! I'm J. J.! I'm the general manager around here! C'mon inside!"

I followed J. J. into a bright corner office, where, after offering me a chair, he sat down behind a desk adorned with a promotional piggy bank and a promotional plastic, red hard hat. J. J. told me that his name was John J. McRobbie, that he came from Texas, and that La Choy was "taking the mystery out of Chinese food!" He went on to explain: "We're youth-oriented now. We want to swing with young people. Well, so does everybody—a lot of marketing is designed around young people. People between 25 and 35 are our target, but it takes us five years to get them. So we have to start in on them when they're only 20 to 30. All right, but what happens when you talk to them about Chinese food? You just ask them, 'Have you ever prepared Chinese food?' and it *scares* 'em. 'No!' they say. This is our biggest problem, that it scares 'em. Now you take pizza—that's nothing. Nothing! We want to show them that Chinese food is nothing. Absolutely nothing!"

How clever of the Chinese, I thought, to hire a super-American front man to sell their delicacies in the cutthroat world of American sales promotion. Lurking somewhere within the great factory the wily Chinese must be quietly concocting their inimitable masterpieces. I vowed to have an audience with them before the sun should set that day. First, however, I would tactfully hear out J. J. "If we made food taste as blah as some Chinese food, Americans wouldn't like it," he was saying. "A problem we had back in the Forties was we were *too authentic*. So we put more spice and zip to it. You know, American pizza isn't authentic Italian-style pizza either. We're making Chinese-*American* food. We

Roy Bongartz recently drove across the country and back to his home in Rhode Island, stopping off to study small towns all along the way.

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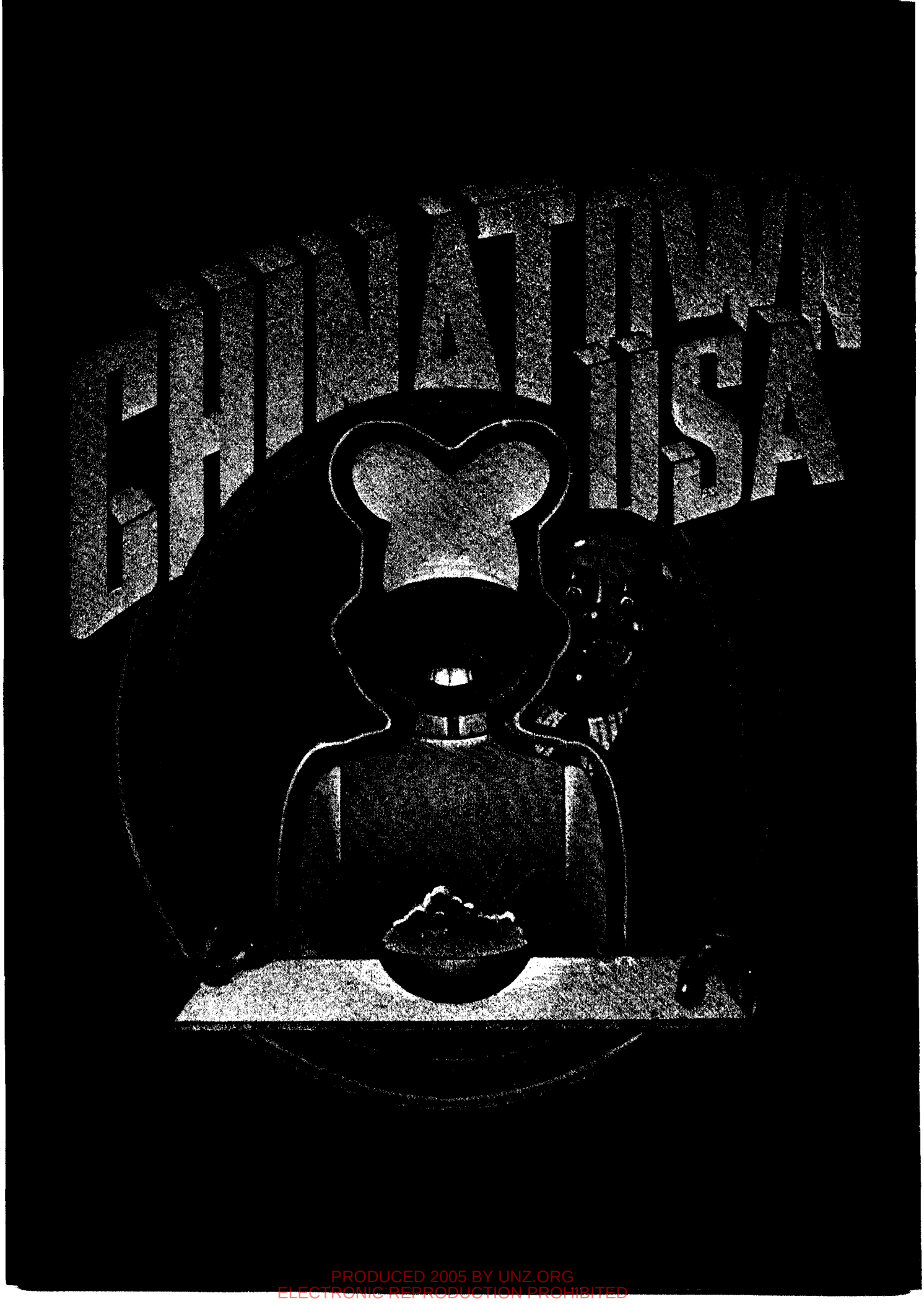

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"What's so special about the sprouts?" I asked J. J. "Nobody can grow sprouts but us," said J. J. "Everybody's tried, but they can't get it right. It all came to us from Ilhan New. New knew how to grow them. New knew and now we know."

had to come up with something the consumer would *eat*." J. J. leaned back in his sprung-leather desk chair, clasped his hands behind his head, and peered at the ceiling through his plastic-framed glasses. "If we tried to sell some real Chinese dish, the consumer wouldn't know what we were talking about. As it is, we're still so far behind Italian food it isn't even funny."

I sensed a touch of delirium in J. J.'s exaggerations and longed to confront the subtle Eastern minds at work out back. But first I wanted to clear up a point about Archbold, which I presumed lay in the center of an area marvelously well suited to the growing of the rare ingredients of the plant's products. "We get nothing from around here, *nothing whatsoever, except water*," J. J. said. (In fact, La Choy uses so much water—some 366 million gallons a year—that it has practically dried up the town's reservoir.) How about beef? I asked, recalling the cattle-auction barns I'd seen on my way into Archbold. "No," J. J. said, "La Choy gets its beef, all neatly boned and diced, from Argentine packers." The nearest source for any ingredient is southern Michigan, which provides most of the 9.6 million pounds of celery used yearly.

J. J. told me that he buys onions from California, pineapples from Hawaii, lobsters from Nova Scotia, shrimp from South America, and peppers from wherever he can get them. "Do you know where I can get some red peppers?" he cried. "Tell me if you do!" He used to take over a million pounds of mushrooms every year out of Butler, Pennsylvania, a town that specializes in growing them. Since the price went up in 1970, however, mushroom consumption at the La Choy plant has gone down by half; cheaper water chestnuts and bamboo shoots are used in more abundance instead. "They show up better, anyhow," said J. J. "We saved money and upgraded the product." He buys 750,000 pounds of chicken, mostly from Georgia, and Canada, every year and imports bamboo shoots, water chestnuts, and mung beans from Thailand, Taiwan, and Korea.

The thought that nothing but water came from Ohio troubled me. How had those early Archbold Chinese managed? J. J. tried to set my mind at rest by explaining that La Choy had been founded not in Archbold but in Detroit, back in 1920. A couple of University of Michigan classmates, an American named Wallace Smith and a Korean named Ilhan New, had gone into the bean sprout business after they graduated, and soon the firm was also selling a lot of soy sauce and canned foods. But New eventually dropped out, and then, in 1937, Smith was struck by lightning and killed. His wife, an Archbold native, moved the business back home to Ohio, where it has remained ever since. In 1947, J. J. summed up, La Choy was bought by Beatrice Foods, a conglomerate.

There was still something missing, a nagging lacuna, but before I could phrase my anxieties J. J. had already raised another question for me, which he then went on to answer: "A lot of people want to know if Nixon's visit to China has helped our sales. Well, theoretically, we're having good sales all the time anyway. We felt no great surge here. Nobody called up to order a couple of truckloads of our stuff. So Nixon's trip didn't really do anything for us. What it helped was the fashion industry. That's a whole new ball game."

I thanked J. J. for his time and stood up, determined to go and find my concealed Chinese. Would he permit me to look around the factory? I asked. "Of course!" said J. J., and he promptly called in Joe Staudt, a former concrete-mixing expert from the nearby town of Bryan, to serve as my guide. Staudt appraised me with soft, kind eyes; then he asked J. J.: "Shall I show him everything? Even the sprouts?" J. J. shot me a glance, then nodded. "Sure, the sprouts, too."

Aha! I thought, sensing the tension in the air. So that's where they keep their Chinese, in the sprout room. "What's so special about the sprouts?" I asked J. J.

"Nobody can grow sprouts but us," said J. J. "Everybody's tried, but they can't get it right. Even General Foods tried and gave up on it. It all came to us from Ilhan New. New knew how to grow them. New knew, and now we know." Staudt and I donned white coats and hairnets and went into the loudly clattering factory. We passed a noodle line sending out 216 cans a minute, an oven from which cascaded 1,300 egg rolls a minute, and a warehouse chock full of neat stacks of twinkling empty tin cans, some of a total of 100 million filled annually with one or another of 30 different food products. We then entered a long, resonant gallery where Staudt opened and closed big steel doors on mung-bean bins 5 feet wide, 5 feet deep, and 70 feet long. The mung beans—olive-colored balls the size of beebees—lie here for six days under various pressures of water spray and degrees of temperature. Every day their mass gets bigger and bigger until, on the sixth day, they *sprout*! They are transformed from mean little mung beans into glorious yellowish-white, fresh, long sprouts, ready to join their little colleagues—chunks of celery, bits of mushroom, slices of water chestnut—in all kinds of combinations inside those shiny cans. Strange Jeep-like electric vehicles equipped with projecting forks stood parked in front of the bins. Suddenly, as we proceeded down the long gallery, a swarthy individual leaped aboard one such vehicle and drove into a bin, using the tops of the bin's walls as a road. Letting his fork down, the driver shoved the sprouts out the far end of the bin into a room from which they would later be hauled away. Heading back toward the gallery, he called out to a fellow worker in a strange tongue—Mandarin, perhaps? But the reply was unmistakably "*Bueno, pues!*" Spanish! My fears mounted. "Where are the Chinese?" I shouted to Staudt over the noise of the machinery. Uncomprehending, he shook his head and picked up from where he had left off: "This is the world's largest hydroponic garden! We harvest 700,000 pounds of sprouts a week, 40 tons a day! One of our salesmen says, if we laid the sprouts end to end, they'd reach to the moon and back seven times!"

When I left the factory, my mind was reeling with the thought of all those sprouts and my ears were ringing with the din of the ceaseless thousands of cans and freezing containers barreling along their twisting paths from filler to cooker to labeler to packer, but my heart was heavy with a sense of loss. I walked down the street to the Carriage House, a bar next door to the plant, and ordered a Martini straight up. The motherly barmaid put in a huge olive instead of a twist, but I was too rattled to protest. Finally, I worked up the courage to ask: "They call this town Chinatown U.S.A.—right?"

"Yup, sure do," she replied.

"Well, ah, then where . . . ?" I began, but I faltered. I couldn't go on because by now I knew what the answer would be. But she was looking at me helpfully. So I asked, "You serve any Chinese food in here?"

"Nope," she said. "Got a nice steak, though. Real nice."

I nodded, trying to smile, then drank up, paid, walked out, and left Chinatown U.S.A. □

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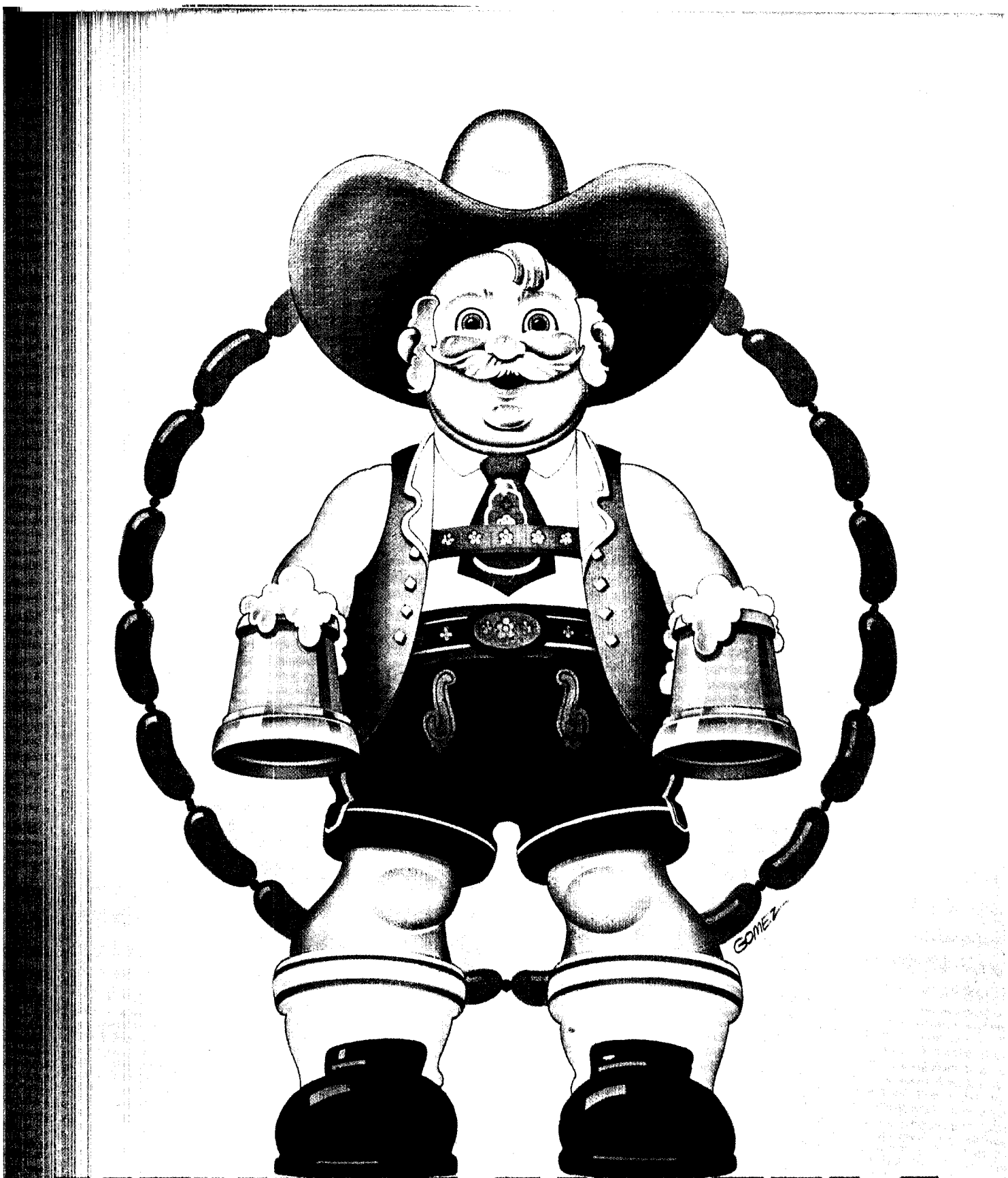

NEW BRAUNFELS

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Twenty thousand bobbing, polkaing, beer-drinking, singing, and shouting men (in lederhosen) and women (in dirndls) are packed into this great, 400-foot-long hall, and above the ceaseless oompah-ing of the band there rises a veritable Munich Hofbräuhaus human rumbling that echoes on all sides. The prevailing atmosphere is *echt Deutsch*, but the hall is an old cottonseed warehouse, and the people are all Texans who have temporarily taken leave of their senses.

What's going on here? This is the ten-day-long annual Wurstfest in New Braunfels, a town that comes by its Germanness, not to mention its wurst, honestly enough, even though you need a sharp ear to pick out the rare German accent amid the predominant Texas drawl. New Braunfels was founded in 1845 by Prince Karl de Solms-Braunfels, who led 6,000 immigrants to this spot 30 miles north of San Antonio "as a magnetic wedge for bringing West Texas into a civilized economy." (Besides sausage, the town now makes concrete forms, flour, feed, and textiles.) For years New Braunfels had a clannish, walled-in atmosphere that got pretty thick during the two world wars, when Germans were not popular. But in 1961 a meat inspector named Ed Grist broke through this old crust by suggesting that the town's 19 sausage manufacturers get together for a day to promote their wares at a Wurstfest. Every year since, the Fest has been gathering momentum, until last fall's extravaganza drew a colossal 135,000 visitors, who ate 40 tons of sausage and drank 40,000 gallons of beer. It is very easy to take part in the Wurstfest, even if you are not German. Besides a facultative talent for waltz or polka, all you need is a big appetite and a hard thirst.

Among the events in and around the Wursthalle are concerts by a *Kinderchor*, a Wurst band, and accordionist Myron Floren (of the Lawrence Welk Orchestra); the showing of silent movies of New Braunfels in the old days; folk dancing; bowling tournaments; an auto rally; dog hurdle races; and bicycle races. One can visit a sausage museum, a German immigrant museum, a cavern, and the restored 1852 home of Ferdinand Lindheimer, a New Braunfelser famed as the Father of Texas Botany. And one can attend the crowning of Miss Loverwurst and a nightly showing of a fairly comical melodrama entitled *Wilhelm Wonka and the Sausage Factory, or, Do Your Wurst, Evil Sydney!* put on by the local repertory company. But the main attraction is clearly *all that beer* (you have to be at least 21 years old to drink it, of course) *and sausage*, served under what is no doubt the world's biggest lean-to—a 60-foot-wide roof that extends along the entire length of the huge warehouse and that serves as a shelter for 30 steaming food counters.

Run exclusively by local service organizations—no outsiders are permitted to sell anything at the Wurstfest—these counters make enough profit to keep the sponsoring groups going all the rest of the year. You stand in line, fortified by a pint-sized container of beer picked up at one of four vast beer bars, to sample wurstburgers, sausageburgers, leberwurst, bratwurst, blutwurst, mettwurst, jerky, wurstkebobs, potato pancakes, sauerkraut, apple strudel, cakes, cookies, pretzels, and such cultural flipouts as wurst nachos, wurst tacos, and sausage-and-bean tacos. (The local Republican Women's Club has even widened the scene to include shrimp on a stick, sausage balls, and catfish.) Here, too, you can buy a Wurstfest hat and have your picture taken through a hole in a cardboard mockup of a "comic *Opa* or *Oma*"—a German grandfather or grandmother.

"*Opa*" is also the honorable title of the 100 shareholders in the Wurstfest Association. Last year the *grosse Opa*—or official greeter—was Herb Skoog, the voluble, heavyset manager of the local radio station, who is neither of German descent nor a birthright Texan; he comes from Illinois. "Our civic clubs used to be content with making maybe $1,500 from dinners they'd give all year—and that money they'd be making from each other. Now a group will make $8,000 in just ten days here, and all of it will come in from the outside." Skoog credits the success of the New Braunfels Fest to its unsophistication—"It's got the real *Gemütlichkeit*," he says. Now some other German-settled towns nearby—Fredericksburg and Boerne—are putting on German festivals too, though on a much smaller scale, and another Texas place—Castroville, which was settled by Alsatians—has its own one-day sausage celebration. But none can touch the New Braunfels bash, which last year grossed nearly $500,000 from ticket sales and food and beer concessions. The association spends its profit on such projects as high school band uniforms or a sound system for the civic center; currently a new playground is going into a city park, courtesy of the Wurstfest. Meanwhile, the Rotary Club has built a new baseball diamond, and other clubs have provided radio equipment for the police, a youth program for the sheriff's posse, and a day camp for local children.

"We've really got a tiger by the tail with this thing," says Skoog of the yearly increases in attendance. Skoog admits that it is much easier for a small town like New Braunfels, with a population of 18,000, to put on such a show than it would be for a bigger city. "But it sure doesn't hurt to have some big cities, and especially some colleges, nearby." As for the drawing power of big names, the only celebrity ever booked has been the accordionist Floren, who dances with the ladies between his own sets and is thought such boffo box office around the Wursthalle that the organizing *Opas* don't dare schedule him on weekends for fear of bringing in such hordes as even the vast reaches of the Halle could not withstand.

Another non-German *Opa*, Tom Purdum, who also manages the local Chamber of Commerce office, says that a few Germans still immigrate here, usually via other American cities and towns—it takes a while for even newcomer Germans to hear about New Braunfels—and that about a third of the local children take German language courses in school. "The Wurstfest has mushroomed so fast that it brought the problem of what to do with it," says Purdum. "Generally, we want to spread it out more so that there's more to do in the daytime."

This exploiting of New Braunfels's Germanness has now gone beyond the annual Fest into a permanent Germanizing plan for this town "where a turn for the wurst is a turn for the best." Along the Comal River—at three miles, the world's second shortest—and all within the city limits, a Bavarian village is to be built, with shops, beer gardens, cafés, *Gasthäuser*, and a bucolic greensward. Fortuitously, the land along one side of the river belongs to the city; private land on the other bank will be brought into the project "by persuasion," says Purdum. Since everybody involved is likely to make money out of the new village, there are few, if any, objections to it. The fact is that the wurst makers who originally started the Fest are fast dropping off because of stringent government regulations on sausage-making equipment that many of the plant owners claim they cannot afford to abide by. Only two major wurst firms still operate here. So—as it seems to New Braunfelsers—an imitation Bavarian hamlet is just what's needed to fill the gap. "It gives us a direction to go in," Purdum says.

The direction taken would probably bemuse the town's founder: the German city of Braunfels is in Hesse, not Bavaria. But, then, in Texas who could care less? □

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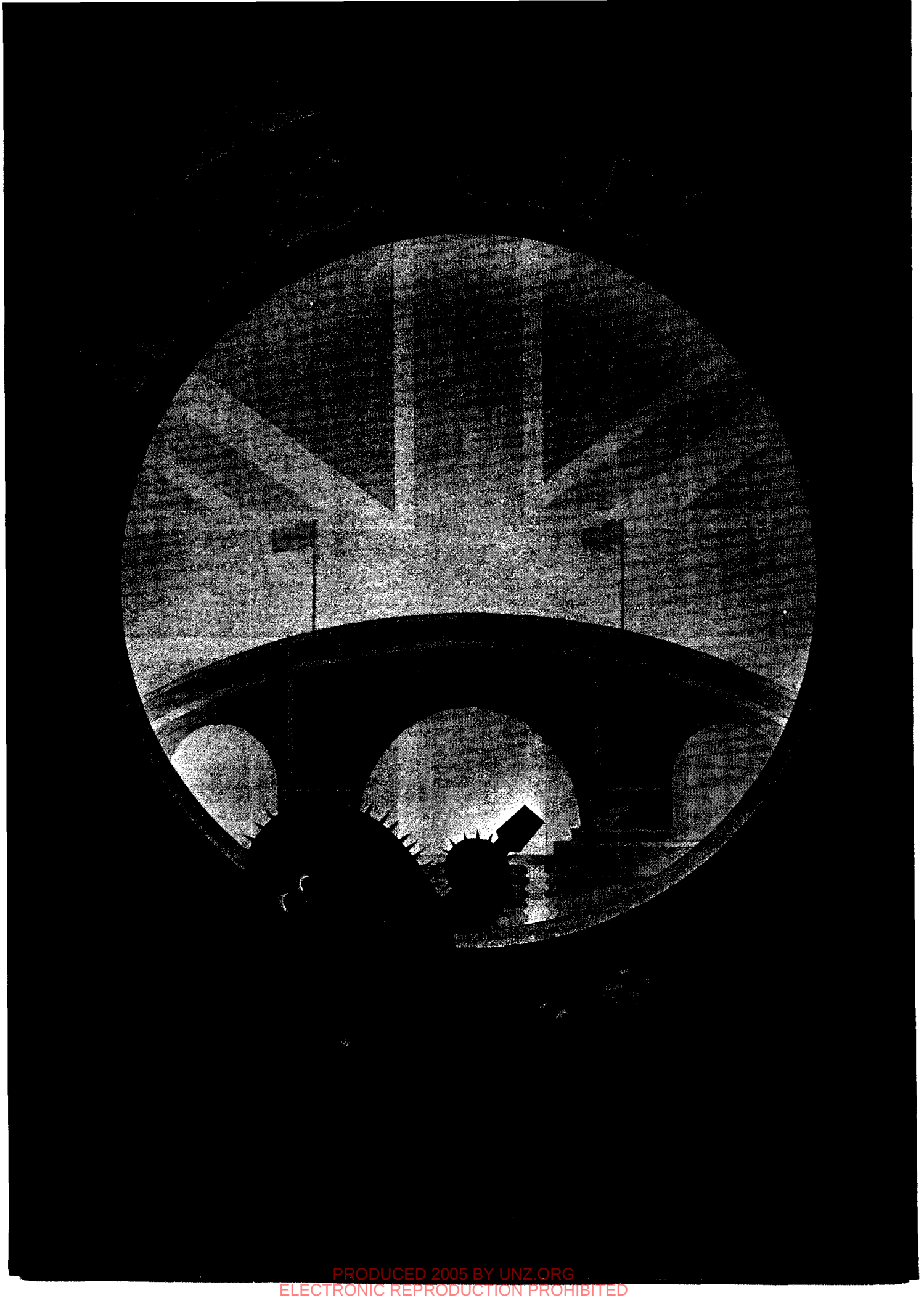

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As you drive south on Arizona 95, a highway that twists through the gray-brown slopes and flats of the Chemehuevi Valley as it follows the course of the Colorado River a few miles to the west, the barren peaks of the Mojave Mountains seem to move along with the car, giving you the sensation of not really moving, of being suspended out in the desert like a bug that's been picked up but still keeps its legs running in midair. At last you actually catch up with and pass a cluster of glinting mobile homes, and a few miles farther on you make out a number of those wide, low Western houses that blend into the surrounding sand. Then, suddenly, your eyes and mind are assaulted by a vast apparition lying at the far edge of a bleak stretch of stony ground. My God, you wail at your wife, *that's London Bridge*!

The immediate reaction is simply to deny it—it's impossible. Even after you perceive out of the corner of your eye a London street scene complete with double-decker bus, a fish-and-chips shop, and a pub on the terraced embankment below the bridge, you still don't believe the scene is anything but a prodigious mirage. It takes a long, hard look at the surrounding tableland of sagebrush and gopher holes to reassure you that your eyes and mind are in working order. As you scan the land, you become aware that there is a kind of town sprouting up in all directions.

Called Lake Havasu City, it started out in 1964 as a 26-square-mile tract of empty land bordering a lake formed by a government dam built across the Colorado 15 miles downriver in 1938. (The lake was named after the Havasupai Indians, who were living at the bottom of the Grand Canyon when the Spaniards first rode up from Mexico. An unrestless people, the Havasupai still live there.) Robert McCulloch, the chain-saw manufacturer, bought the site for a planned town he'd had in mind to build as a location for his factories. McCulloch also made boats in those days (he stopped in 1968), and the 45-mile-long lake struck him as a fine place for trying them out.

Of his newly acquired patch of Arizona sand (July mean high temperature is 108 degrees, annual rainfall five inches), McCulloch said: "This beautiful land is the best place to live and work I have ever seen." He and C. V. Wood, Jr., the man who designed Disneyland, drew up a Master Area Utilization Plan in which the lakefront would become a state park and house lots would checker their way up the gradually rising land so that everyone would have an unobstructed view of the water. With the help of free flights to "see before you buy" via McCulloch International Airlines, the plots of land sold like hotcakes.

By 1968 the town was booming, building up as planned, without any central core, around half a dozen shopping centers—yet something seemed lacking. Sure, a few palms had been planted down at the beach, and there were golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, and even the world's largest outboard motorboat races, but the sprawling development could clearly use a bit of flash, a touch of the unexpected. The solution came to McCulloch and Wood when they heard a TV newscaster announce that London Bridge was sinking on its foundations so rapidly that the London authorities said it would have to be dismantled and either junked or sold. (It was sinking only an eighth of an inch a year, but it had already settled a foot and a half into the Thames.) Bids were asked, and in good old-fashioned Diamond Jim Brady style, McCulloch decided to offer a cool million pounds sterling for the bridge—$2,400,000. Then, since his birthday was coming up, he grandly added an extra thousand dollars for each of his 60 years, bringing the total up to $2,460,000. There were a dozen other bids from entrepreneurs around the world who wanted merely to crack up the bridge in order to sell pieces as souvenirs, but McCulloch got the nod.

Taking the grand old bridge down, bringing it over to its new address, and putting it up cost McCulloch another $5,600,000. London Bridge, the original work of designer John Rennie, replaced a predecessor that had been in use for 625 years, and it took 800 men seven and a half years to complete it, in 1831. In Arizona, using modern machines, 40 men put it up in just under two years—1969–1971. (The dedication, in October 1971, was quite an event. Sir Peter Studd, lord mayor of London, was guest of honor at a banquet for 8,000 people held in a great striped circus tent on the bridge. A huge balloon decorated with Union Jack stripes rose from the bridge to signal its opening, and then 40,000 spectators saw skydivers fly out of the sky, skywriting airplanes spell out the good news, 30,000 little balloons rise into the air, and 3,000 pigeons take off. Rockets exploded, a local choir of 250 voices sang "These Things Shall Be," Indians placed a time capsule containing "tribal tokens" into an abutment of the bridge, and the taped bonging of Big Ben began to peal out the hours, as it still does.)

Today the bridge is clearly paying off. Besides a booming population now past 10,000, most of whom have settled here since the bridge was contracted for, the town had a million visitors last year, thousands of them every day taking the free McCulloch boat ride-*cum*-spiel on the lake, jamming the few motels (more are being built), and thinking about buying a lot here. Millard Draudt, executive vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, says that new industry is coming in fast—boatbuilders, a machine tool firm, a furniture manufacturer, besides more of McCulloch's shops, which are being moved here from California. Draudt points out that Arizona has no inventory tax, an advantage to industry, and also that workers are so happy living here that, in one factory at least, production increased 39 per cent merely by moving the staff in from Los Angeles. The fact that there is not a whole lot going on in a cultural way does not seem to bother the Havasu people, who can be down at the boat dock or the beach within 15 minutes of quitting time. For serious shopping needs—a chic dress for the wife, say—they make for Las Vegas, 150 miles to the north.

Half of the newcomers are from California, and the rest mostly from the Midwest and Canada. Like earlier immigrants, the early birds bring in friends from back home, so that Havasu now boasts two sizable colonies made up entirely of natives of Rockford, Illinois, and Casper, Wyoming.

Although Lake Havasu City has no black residents, Draudt says that the community tolerates no racial discrimination—"It's all regulated by economics," he insists. A low-priced lot here goes for between $4,000 and $9,000, and the cheapest house costs $22,000. The town so far has no parking meters or traffic lights, and its growth will be stopped at around 70,000 people. At the moment a map of the streets "makes an interesting masterpiece," says Roger Johnson, a McCulloch p.r. man, because paving goes only up to the latest construction. "There's a sense of suspense about where our streets may be going next; it keeps our speeds down." The three-acre English Village on the embankment, Johnson went on to say, will be expanded to include a series of imitation British colonies, featuring such mementos of Empire as the Raffles Hotel, a Hong Kong bazaar, and a Singapore street of shops.

And so, thanks to an American developer's longing to give his new town in the desert a distinctive identity, the sun will not set on mementos of the British Empire for a long time to come. □

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POLITICS & GOVERNMENT

Getting Together With the Neighbors

Most residents of 90th Street on Manhattan's West Side were all too familiar with the scene, if not totally inured to it. An old man was walking home alone after dark when suddenly a large boy burst out of a doorway, knocked him down, and began wrestling for his wallet. The victim's screams brought a number of faces to the windows of the brownstones that line the block, and when one or two burly men ran down into the street, the attacker fled.

The old man was badly shaken but uninjured. The mugging had a more lasting impact on the block itself, however. For, rather than tuck the incident away in their minds to use later on as one more reason to flee the city, the block's 1,200 families—about 80 per cent of them white—decided to make a stand.

Within a week they had formed together into a block association and pleaded with the local police precinct commander to do something. When he answered that he did not have the manpower to prevent muggings, the residents decided to hire a guard of their own. For $3.25 an hour, the 90th Street rent-a-cop patrolled the block during high-crime hours, escorting women to their doors and tagging along after suspicious-looking people until they cleared the corner. The results were electric: mugging stopped abruptly, as did most car break-ins, and the general level of rowdiness diminished. And something else happened, too. The residents found that being organized gave them a heady sense of their own power and the feeling they could accomplish things together that they would never dream of doing alone.

After making their turf secure, for instance, they went out and bought 36 sophora trees and a bunch of window planters to give the street a splash of color. Then they purchased and distributed some 50,000 plastic garbage bags, which significantly dampened the tin can serenade performed by the men of the Sanitation Department every morning at four o'clock. More substantively, the block association formed a volunteer emergency service, which is on call 24 hours a day. The group organized a flying squad of consumerists, who did comparison shopping at the local supermarkets, published the results in the block's newsletter, and threatened to boycott any establishment that countenanced shoddy service.

The residents have also become involved with other West Side blocks in setting up a recycling center, which starts operating this month and expects to bring in, among other things, eight to ten tons of aluminum cans each week. Through it all, the block formed such a close relationship with City Hall and various departments that government service is virtually only a phone call away—a prodigious feat in any city, and more so in megalopolitan New York. "Most people think they can't get anything done in this city because of the red tape," says Edward Schwarzer, an insurance executive who helped get the block association going. "Well, that's a lot of baloney. You can accomplish anything if you just get organized."

Getting neighborhoods organized is a movement that seems to be spreading throughout the country, in cities and suburbs alike. Whether the residents call themselves homeowner groups, improvement associations, or community councils, these do-it-yourself quasi-governments are providing an antidote of sorts to governmental and corporate bigness. In the cities the movement blossomed in the 1960s, paralleling the demise of old political clubhouses whose "Irish socialism" had once provided local neighborhoods with the illusion at least that they were being cared for. "People don't want a shovelful of coal anymore," says Sandy Turner, who looks after New York City's 6,000 to 8,000 block associations for the city's Office of Neighborhood Government. "But they do want things like police service and garbage pickups and an abandoned car taken away. The block associations are a way of combating their sense of powerlessness. They're a way of saying 'we're here.'"

Meeting a payroll for a guard can keep a neighborhood organization together.

A similar phenomenon started about the same time in the suburbs as hundreds of thousands of urbanites moved into subdivision houses and came to feel the same need to get together over common complaints. The tenor of some of their concerns may strike city residents as a mite fastidious. On Long Island, for instance, the Brookfield Civic Association has taken to dropping "polite letters" to neighbors whose lawn grass rises above the accepted level of trimness. But if suburbanites concern themselves more with such issues as property values than with street violence and the like—chief bugaboos in the slurbs are new gas stations and apartment houses and higher real estate taxes—they bring to bear the same desire as their city cousins to have some effect on their communities. "The value of these groups," says Gerald Gelazela, a leader in an antitax group outside of Baltimore called Stop Taxes on Property (STOP), "is that they get people off their dead butts and get them to find out how things really work."

Whether in the city or suburbs, the process of starting up a neighborhood group and, more importantly, making it work is just about the same:

Oppose: Rule No. 1 is to find an enemy. Almost any enemy will do, regardless of race, creed, or color, provided that nearly everyone in the neigh-

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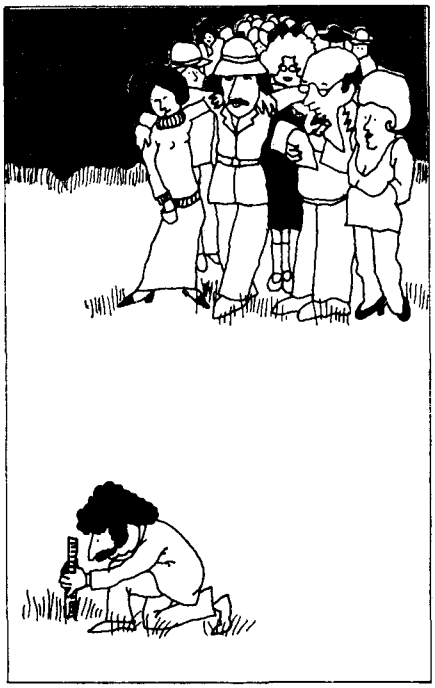

One suburban association is concerned that lawns be acceptably trim.

borhood shares the animosity. An enemy is necessary to neutralize the biggest problem for community groups, which is apathy. Granted, a sense of hostility is much harder to generate out in the fastness of suburbia than in the inner city, where block associations have a whole panoply of potential threateners to choose from. For many suburban homeowners, though, the subdivision developers themselves sometimes provide good enemies in that they frequently do things to build and sell houses that later on make it hard to live in them. One homeowners association in Queens has spent years fretting (and suing) over great cracks that now and then appear in residence walls. The cracks are caused by the settling of the houses into the filled-in swamp the houses are built on and about which the developers neglected to tell the residents when they signed their mortgages. The lawn-conscious Brookfield Civic Association was itself formed when residents there became concerned about a 45-degree slope at the rear of their property. The slope rolled right down onto the Long Island Expressway and, until graded by the developer, was a danger for any child playing in his backyard.

City Hall is always a ready opponent; it *can* be fought, and there are generally two ways of doing it: with a stick or with a carrot. An effective stick was used by an East Harlem block group called the Bachelors when the Sanitation Department refused for months to come and get rid of abandoned cars that cluttered the streets. Early one morning the Bachelors towed an abandoned car out onto a major thoroughfare and turned it over on its side in the middle of the street. Within a couple of days the block's abandoned cars had vanished. In the Park Slope section of Brooklyn, one block association that was disgruntled with garbage services gave a carrot to the Sanitation Department in the form of a tequila party for the men who arrived for a bulk pickup one Saturday. Needless to say, the area no longer has a garbage problem. It is something else again to take on corporate giants in matters that involve zoning. Tax-fighter Gelazela, for instance, who used to be president of the Baltimore Council of Civic Associations, estimates that trying to prevent the construction of a gas station could run a group as much as $40,000 or $50,000 for lawyers, experts, and miscellaneous expenses. The group, of course, would be fighting not merely a gas station owner but the likes of Standard Oil itself. "Even after spending that kind of money," he says, "it's generally a losing battle." This is not to say that some neighborhoods haven't fought and won. Some have.

Accomplish: Regardless of what outrage or urgency they use to stimulate togetherness, neighborhood organizers must then concern themselves with accomplishing something. "You've got to prove to people that you can do something about what bothers them," says Ed Schwarzer, who has moved on from organizing Manhattan's west 90th Street to building an umbrella organization for all the block associations on the West Side. "You've got to show people that, when they do come out, it will make a difference in their lives." This is especially important the first time around since all the other battles depend on winning the first one. Therefore, stay away from issues that are too big and cumbersome and that take a lot of time without producing measurable results. For instance, urban groups should probably avoid, at least for their opening effort, getting involved in rehabilitating an abandoned building, which is a hard, long, and expensive undertaking that has broken many a good organization in the process. For suburbs a similarly miring parallel might be to try to raise money to construct or to run a community center. Before chewing on this one, it might be better to cut your teeth on, say, subverting a garden apartment that has been proposed for your community.

One way to keep a group going, of course, is to commit it to a project that is without end. In Gables Estates, an expensive suburb of Miami, the members of the local homeowners association have been made so nervous about intruders that they have hired a man with a gun, a dog, a car, and a two-way radio to patrol round the clock, seven days a week. This service costs $3,500 a month. "What a guard tends to do," says one neighborhood organizer, "is to keep the block association together. Meeting a payroll kind of keeps your organization alive."

Democratize: Neighborhood groups should meet fairly regularly and should be careful how they run their meetings. Plenty of notice must be given in advance. Everyone in the neighborhood should be invited. Everyone, repeat everyone, should be allowed to talk, even the little old lady in the back who wants to warn her neighbors about the communist-oriented microbes. Dues should be imposed, even if they are only $1 a year ("Paying out money," says one organizer, "gives people a feeling of having a stake in the group"), and a constitution or set of bylaws should be drawn up, especially if you plan to take in and dispense money. Elect leaders who want to serve; beware of those who are too weak to admit they haven't the time or the talent to do so. And above all, while the neighborhood association is basically a political organization, it should avoid traditional politics like the plague. Experience shows that nothing tends to shatter a community group more quickly than when it finds itself a) being used by a local councilman to push his pet schemes or b) endorsing candidates for public office. Either the group dies from internal bickering or it finds itself out in the cold down at City Hall because the wrong man got elected. BRUCE PORTER

SOURCES AND RESOURCES

For further information and assistance in setting up and running a neighborhood organization, consult the following:

The Office of Neighborhood Government, Operation Better Block, 51 Chamber Street, New York, N.Y. 10007 (Tel: 212 566-3600); puts out "A Projects Catalogue" on organizing neighborhood projects, buying co-ops, playlots, etc.

Citizens Planning and Housing Association, 330 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md. 21201 (Tel: 301 539-1369); has brochures on how to form a neighborhood association, sample bylaws; provides speakers on organizing neighborhoods. CPHA also has a suburban office more concerned with suburban than urban neighborhood matters: 600 East Joppa Road, Towson, Md. 21204 (Tel: 301 821-1920).

United Block Association Inc., 68 East 131st Street, New York, N.Y. 11037 (Tel: 212 281-6000); provides an "organizing kit."

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BUSINESS & ECONOMICS

Used Stuff

You bought that second house in the mountains or near the lake to relax in, so why turn it into a new source of headaches by spending a fortune to furnish it? Why not recycle some cast-off affluence and buy your major appliances and furniture secondhand?

If the idea of buying used stuff makes you uneasy, remember that every van Gogh in Norton Simon's collection was owned by someone else before Mr. Simon got hold of it. And don't forget that every time you stay in a hotel, you sleep in a bed that belongs to strangers. If, however, logic won't persuade you, how about greed?

A brand-new refrigerator, even without a separate freezer and a built-in cocktail shaker, is going to cost you $150 to $200. A used refrigerator, on the other hand, may cost as little as $10 to $25. You can spend $300 for a clothes washer that looks as though it has an instrument panel straight out of Apollo 17, but if you're willing to forgo the shiny chrome and buttons, $15 to $50 will buy a used machine that will slosh your clothes just as clean. Five hundred dollars will get you a "cooking center" with two ovens, four burners, six dials, three lights, and a clock. For $25 to $60, however, you can pick up a stove that will cook as well as you can.

Chances are, too, that the older model will outlast the newer one. In case you haven't noticed, the manufacturers really *aren't* making appliances like they used to. An old Hoover vacuum cleaner can be cleaned up, fitted with a few new parts, and sent out for a few more decades of dusting. But some newer vacuum cleaners have a disconcerting tendency to burn out their motors when the bag is overfilled.

The "for sale" classified ads in your local newspaper are a good place to begin checking out locally prevailing prices on the items you want. You may even find the very refrigerator you wind up buying through these ads. In many metropolitan areas there are classified newspapers that exist almost exclusively to connect would-be buyers and sellers of used goods: *Buy Lines* in the New York metropolitan area; *Valley News and Green Sheet* in Los Angeles; the *San Francisco Advertiser* in California's Bay Area. Don't overlook the local weekly paper in the quiet village or county where your home away from home is located. Country people have been busy buying, selling, and swapping used goods a lot longer than city people have been "recycling."

Also watch the papers for auctions. Estate auctions. Farm auctions. Post office auctions. And police auctions.

The police confiscate hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of stolen property in the United States each year. Once or more each year the police in Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, St. Louis, and most other major cities clear their warehouses of unclaimed goods by auctioning everything off—bicycles, televisions, stereos, blenders, some furniture, and occasionally some big appliances. Sales are scheduled irregularly—whenever the warehouses are full. But you can get the approximate date of the next one in your vicinity by calling the property clerk of your local police department.

Don't forget that auctions are like marriages: you act on impulse; you rarely know what you're getting; there are no guarantees and few returns. If you are buying large appliances, there are better ways to do it.

Drag out the Yellow Pages and do some armchair research. Look under the name of the appliance you want—"Stoves," "Washing Machines," etc.—for repair shops that rebuild and resell these items. Also look under "Furniture Dealers—Used" and "Moving & Storage Services." Used-furniture dealers buy entire estates and the inventories of bankrupt stores. They usually rebuild major appliances before putting them on sale and frequently give guarantees. Ditto for the major household moving companies that operate sales outlets for goods abandoned in their warehouses.

Listed in the Yellow Pages under "Building Wreckers" or "Salvage Companies" you will find the names of junk yards that carry an incredible variety of used goods from restaurant freezers to church pews. When an old building is demolished with furniture still in it, the salvage company inherits all—stoves, bedsteads, and bathtubs.

Cleveland Wrecking Co. is the largest salvage company in the United States, with yards in many major cities, including Chicago, Los Angeles, and Washington, D.C. United Housewrecking Company in Stamford, Connecticut, is well-known to junk-and-funk buffs in the New York City area, and in Boston Duane Company is the best-known wrecker. Generally, the people who run the salvage yards are honest about the condition of the appliances they are selling. If you actually go to a building in the process of demolition, offer to buy what you want on the spot, and express your willingness to cart it away, the prices are likely to be ludicrous.

If the repair shop, furniture storage outlet, or salvage yard will give you a merchandise guarantee, be sure to get it in writing. If you cannot test an appliance on the seller's premises, insist on a written promise that you can return the appliance if you get it home and find out it doesn't work. Be sure to include in writing the fact that, if you return the goods, you will want your money back, not an exchange or credit.

ALEXANDER AUERBACH

STOVES

Judging the condition of a second-hand gas stove is relatively easy. Either the burners and oven light up when you turn them on, or they don't. You can also tell with relative ease what is wrong with any parts of the stove that are not working. If a pilot won't light, this is probably because the safety shut-off switch, which cuts off the flow of gas into the stove when a burner goes off accidentally, has worn out and locked itself in the shut-off position.

The switch is usually a red button attached to the gas lines along the back of the stove, and a replacement switch can be bought for about $20. If a single burner emits some gas, but fails to flame, either the pilot needs to be turned up (this is done by adjusting a screw at the base of the pilot) or the tube running from the pilot to the burner is clogged. The tube can be unscrewed and cleaned out simply enough. If the oven temperature control needs to be replaced, the part will cost about $20, and if a repairman is required to install the control or the new safety switch, each operation will cost approximately another $20 in labor. □

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WASHING MACHINES

Have some respect for a washing machine. What with sloshing the agitator one way, the drum the other, letting water in and out at the right temperature, and not flooding the cellar, it's a pretty busy gadget. And washing machine repairmen are pretty busy people.

But a lot of the things that go wrong with washing machines are relatively cheap and easy to fix. A new pump for sucking the water out of the tub costs about $13 to $16. A new V-belt to drive the agitator costs $3 to $5. And if Sears doesn't have the part you need, hustle over to a Whirlpool place. Many washing machine parts are interchangeable from one brand to the next.

The timer is the gadget you turn to set the cycle—soak, wash, spin-dry—and it can cost $20 or so to replace, less if you can find one that has been rebuilt at a jobber that sells them to repairmen. The timer has lots of wires leading into it. But if you are careful and handy, and keep in mind that putting the new timer in is exactly the reverse of taking the old one out, you can wire the replacement yourself. The regional office of the company that makes the machine will usually sell you the shop manual used by its servicemen for $2.50 or so if you want it.

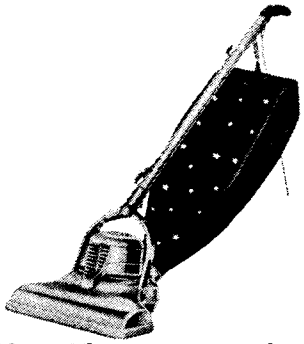
The causes of water leaks can be minor—a clogged lint filter that leads to overflow, or a split in the hoses that supply or drain the wash water. If the hose is split near one end, you can just unfasten it, cut it above the split, and clamp it back on. But if you can't readily see the source of the leak, go look for another machine. Ditto if strange noises and vibrations are coming from the tangle of wheels, levers, and gears under the tub that are known as the transmission. Check to be sure the machine stops reasonably quickly when you open the lid. There is a safety switch that triggers this breaking action when the machine is opened in midcycle. If you have kids, be sure both of these work.

A last word of advice. Get a top loader. They are cheaper, less complicated, and less likely to leak. □

VACUUM CLEANERS

The sad part about buying an old vacuum cleaner is that it may cost you almost as much as a brand-new machine if you buy it from a repair shop that has rebuilt the engine and provides a guarantee. But you may be able to find a cheap old vacuum elsewhere. If so, check out the motor. A vacuum motor works if it creates strong suction without overheating. If the vacuum was originally built with a fine cloth filter in the air passage leading to the motor, check to be sure it is still there. A missing or damaged filter means that the motor has been sucking in dirt and will probably never work right.

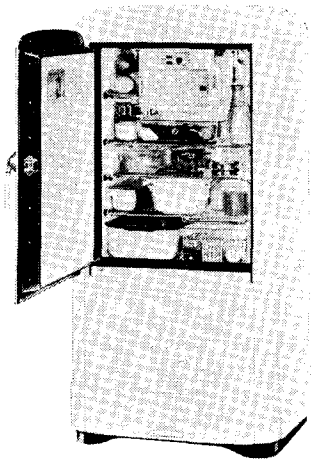
If it is just a motor belt or one of the rubber gaskets connecting parts of the machine that is shot, it's a minor



problem. These parts can be bought for less than a dollar. Replacing kinked hose attachments for a canister-model vacuum will run you about $3 to $7, and if nozzles and brush attachments are missing, you can pick them up for almost nothing in thrift shops. □

REFRIGERATORS

Except for looks, refrigerators really haven't changed much since they first replaced the icebox. The basic mechanical process in the machine involves the pumping of a chemical compound, usually Freon, through a system of pipes inside and outside the refrigerator. The Freon turns from a cold liquid into a slightly warmer gas as it absorbs the warm air inside the refrigerator. The warm gas then dissipates its heat as it passes through some external cooling coils and is compressed into a liquid by the compressor unit—a motorized affair tucked under the machine. Then the cycle is repeated.



As a result, when you buy a refrigerator, all you need is a box with shelves that has the following: a compressor that does its job; a functioning temperature control that triggers the cooling cycle whenever the temperature in the refrigerator begins to rise; and a door gasket that effectively keeps out warm air. The more additional gadgets you have—the ice cube maker, the automatic cocktail shaker, etc.—the more there is to break down.

To check out a used refrigerator, peel back the door gasket—the rubber that runs around the rim of the door—to see if it has become brittle or cracked. If you have to replace the gasket, it will cost you $6.50 or more for a refrigerator model that has a door which closes with a mechanical latch. If the gasket has a magnet inside it that holds the door shut, figure on spending $18 to $25.

Don't be too impressed just because the inside of the refrigerator you are inspecting seems to be cold. Since warm air rises, even a weak compressor may be able to keep the bottom section cool. But it will not be able to keep the freezing unit down around zero, which is necessary to preserve ice cream. (Note: Older refrigerators without a separate door for the freezer can rarely be cooled to zero in any event.) If you have doubts about the cooling efficiency, take a thermometer, put it in the freezer, and, starting from room temperature, let the machine run for an hour and then check the thermometer. Replacing the compressor could cost $150, so beware. Also listen for strange noises. A knocking sound could just be a cooling tube rattling from the compressor's vibrations—an easy fix. But it could also mean internal compressor problems. The machine could drop dead tomorrow or run forever with the rattle. You'll never know and shouldn't spend the money to find out. □

DRYERS

There's not much that can go wrong with an electric clothes dryer. The belt that drives the drum and the switch that stops the spinning action when you open the lid can break down, but they can be replaced for only a few dollars and are easy to attach. The electric heating coil either works or doesn't, no in-betweens. Heat is maintained by a thermostatic control, and you should explicitly ask the seller if it works. If it is shot, or if the motor or the bearings on which the drum rotates make noise, forget the dryer. Electric dryers run on 240-volt current. If your house doesn't have that capacity, getting it installed is going to cost a lot more than the dryer.

Vintage gas dryers—anything more than five years old—are a special breed. "They were built to outlast any three washers made," says one repairman. About all that can go wrong with the heating unit is the thermostatic control ($3 to $5 for a replacement part), or the safety valve—the red button near the pilot that shuts off the gas if the pilot goes out. A replacement costs $15 to $30 and is easy to install. □

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LIFESTYLES

Ah, Wilderness! [And How to Camp Out in It]

Until a couple of decades ago the only people who went camping were Boy Scouts, nature buffs, prospectors, archaeologists, and other odd-balls. This year tens of millions of Americans will seek the far vista without benefit of lodge or motel. In the old days one went off to the woods on shanks' mare or by pack horse. Nowadays a camping vehicle may be a 30-foot luxury house trailer or a bulging backpack. Or a motor home, or van camper, converted truck or school bus, pickup truck with camper body, tent-trailer, four-wheel drive or conventional station wagon, family sedan, horse, outboard motorboat, canoe, john boat, trail bike, bicycle, or sneakered feet.

And who mans this broad assortment of things? The types are as varied as the equipment. They go in groups and singly. Wilderness club members are eager, vigorous, and friendly. Backpackers are mostly young and usually responsible. Motor-home and house-trailer people tend to be middle-aged. They like home comfort and all the attendant gadgetry. They stick to the highways, and each day's objective is the sewer hookup at the next trailer camp. You may not think of this as camping, yet at camping shows the trailer and motor-home displays predominate.

Family campers head for the state and national park campgrounds. They go to fish, go on trail rides, hike, or swim and tear up the lake on water skis. They join guided nature walks. They go because "it's good for the kids." As a rule they rise early so as to arrive at the next campground by mid-afternoon before all the spaces are filled. The greater the congestion, the earlier they set off. They put up with the hassle because campgrounds are usually near areas of interest, and because lodges and restaurants cost too much.

Rumor to the contrary, there's still a lot of wilderness and beauty left in America. And the best and cheapest way to experience it is to camp.

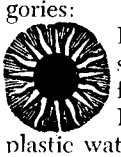
The first step is to start reading—to get a feel for what's out there and to get an idea of the wide variety of ways to go camping. There is no really first-rate camping magazine, but there are plenty of helpful books. (See list.) Then try to estimate your own inclinations, keeping in mind that you develop as you gain experience. If you are a comfort-loving type with lots of money, then by all means get a big trailer or motor home and join the AAA.

But if you want to try real camping, the only thing to do is sort of creep up on it, absorbing one stage at a time. If you know someone who camps, ask to go along on a short trip as a starter. Or rent the basic equipment (see the Yellow Pages) and try a weekend at a state park.

Remember, camping is not extended picnicking. Camping is rudimentary housekeeping, with an eye toward living well in a primitive setting. For this you need portable shelter, suitable clothes, a good bed or sleeping bag, cooking and serving equipment, and some basic tools. The whole works should fit in a car, and the essentials into a canoe.

My personal inclination is toward flexibility. I had a small, secondhand van camper for a while, but I found that the beds and sinks and closets and drawers left too little room for people. And it required a fairly good road. Now I am happy with a four-wheel-drive Jeep station wagon (also second-hand: $1,700). If I want to go on the beach, up a logging road, or into the canyons of Utah, I go. I built a plywood platform 14 inches high in the back, with a partition over the axle. For quicky camping we sleep on the platform and cook on the tailgate, and on long-distance trips one person drives and the other stretches out to sleep.

Camping gear falls into three categories:



Loose items such as bow saw, shovel, tools, camp stove, folding chairs, nesting pots, Dutch oven, five 3-gallon plastic water jugs, tarp and tent go below, mostly packed in sacks.

Virtually everything else goes into a 12 x 12 x 24-inch, hinged-top box made of thin, waterproof plywood. It has a sliding tray and taped-in partitions. Somebody once named it the Magic Box because if you dig deep enough you can pull out anything you may want: lantern, sewing kit, utensils, clothes line, nails, First Aid kit, stove gas, can opener, compass, plates and cups, Martinis, Baggies, bug dope, matches, whistle (to round up the troops), and lots, lots more. There is a similar pantry box for food.

A good aluminum frame backpack with plenty of pockets holds personal items, plastic water bottles, sweater, ski parka, poncho, ground cloth, moleskin, and other hiker's gear. When I want to hike out overnight, I strap on the sleeping bag, throw in whatever else I may need, and take off. (For complete advice and list of necessaries, read *The Complete Walker.*)

Note: Buy a good sleeping bag. Goose down is the best filling, but sleeping bags filled with it are expensive—about $80. Next best is resin-treated polyester fiber (read the label), but don't sink any lower than that. And get a *tufted* air mattress. Cots are not satisfactory—unless you like listening to night noises until the sun comes up.

PAUL JENSEN

STARTER READING LIST

Adventure Trip Guide—Adventure Guides, Inc., New York. Filled with addresses, advice, and information on how to get everywhere off the beaten track, and by all means.

America's Camping Book, Paul Cardwell, Jr.—Scribner's, New York. Big, comprehensive. Very good and complete reference section.

Camping in Comfort, Norman and Sil Strung—Lippincott, New York. Purists may snort at some of this, but purism is a bore.

The Complete Walker, Colin Fletcher—Knopf, New York. The joys and techniques of hiking and backpacking. Terrific.

Rand McNally Campground Guide—Rand McNally, Chicago. An annual with good maps and tables showing campground features.

Wilderness Cookery, Bradford Angier—Stackpole, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Wilderness Canoeing, John W. Malo—Collier Books, New York.

The Quiet Crisis, Stewart Udall—Holt, Rinehart & Winston, New York (hardback); Avon (paperback). The case for conservation as an essential in a modern nation.

Our Natural World, Hal Borland—Lippincott, New York. Eighty-five pieces about wild America, from the beginning up to now.

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THE LAW

How to Handle the "Fender Bender"

Unless you drive a prized old car, the "fender bender" accident—a common collision resulting in $300 to $400 damage—seems at first just a minor annoyance. Most drivers simply exchange names, addresses, and insurance information with the driver of the other car and then press on—if they can. But later, if they cannot collect from their own insurance companies, or from that of the "other driver," or if their insurance premiums take a sharp jump, drivers involved in such minor accidents realize there are some important do's and don'ts to be observed at the scene of the accident.

If, for example, you think the accident may have been your fault, you should know that although you are financially liable for the damages you've caused, you are under no obligation to divulge the name of your insurance company to the other driver. In fact, you probably ought not to until you have had a chance to consider whether or not you want the accident on your record with your insurance company.

If, on the other hand, the accident was not your fault, from now until and unless no-fault insurance becomes a reality in your state, it behooves you to be able to prove it was not. So you should start to gather legal proof of "fault" on the spot.

If the other driver says that he is sorry he hit you, or that he was going a bit fast, or anything else that indicates he acted wrongly, write down his exact words. Such a statement will be useful if you later wind up in court.

Get the names, addresses, and phone numbers of anyone who witnessed the accident—shopkeepers, passersby, or even passengers in the other driver's car. If there are no apparent witnesses to the actual collision, you might look for a gas station attendant down the block who may have seen the other car speeding as it headed for the intersection where it hit you. This statement is valid circumstantial evidence.

If the accident was not your fault, it is also in your best interests to call the police to ask for an officer to come to the scene and fill out an accident report, even if it is not required by the law in your state. In addition to interviewing both you and the other driver, the officer will measure skid marks left by the cars in order to gauge their speeds prior to the accident, and he will determine the positions of the cars in the street when they hit. If the policeman gives the other driver a ticket you should note this in your report to your insurance company.

Next you should go home and get out your camera. Take photographs of the damage done to your car from several angles. This will not only help your insurance company verify the damage done, but will also help their investigators re-create the circumstances of the accident should there be a dispute over fault. You should get a witness—preferably an impartial neighbor rather than a member of your family—to watch you take the photographs.

Return to the scene of the accident with your neighbor-witness before the weather changes. Photograph the scene from several angles. Be sure to take shots of any skid marks, of any traffic signals or signs relevant to the accident—a stop sign overgrown with ivy, for example—and of any road hazards such as an oil slick. These will also help your insurance company verify the way in which the accident occurred.

Finally, if for some reason the police were not called to the scene of the accident to make a report, take a tape measure along to the scene and measure the length of the skid marks left by either car. With a chart from the highway patrol or state troopers (see illustration), you will then be able to calculate the speed of the cars prior to the collision. When you do this, be sure to subtract the length of the car—about 15 feet for a standard American sedan—from the total length of the skid mark.

The next day contact your insurance agent. Give him all the materials you have collected. He will ask you to get two or sometimes three estimates from local garages on the cost of repairing your car. You should keep in mind that the insurance company will pay the lowest of the estimates you turn in. This means it is worth your while to make the rounds of half a dozen garages, and preselect the estimate of a garage you know will do reliable work as the lowest estimate you turn in to the insurance company.

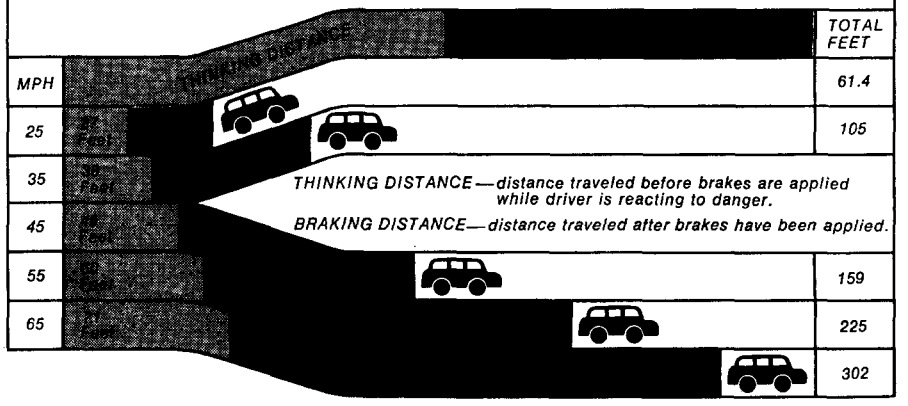
EDWARD RUCKER

IN CASE OF PERSONAL INJURY

When someone has been hurt in a minor accident, your insurance company will determine whether or not a lawyer is needed, and if so, will provide one. But it may be weeks before it is apparent that the injuries are serious or costly enough to warrant a lawyer's involvement. Consequently, here are a few tips on how to behave until the lawyer comes:

- Offer to take to the hospital anyone who might be hurt. Presumably, you would do so anyway, but in most states this is also your legal obligation.
- Be sure that the policeman filing a report on the accident interviews anyone with cuts, bruises, or whiplash in order to ascertain precisely how the injury occurred.
- Be sure to get the name and address of anyone injured and report that information to your insurance company.
- Don't dry-clean or throw away any clothing that has signs of injury—a rip or a bloodstain.
- Take photographs of minor injuries when they are most visible—immediately in the case of a cut, several days after the accident in the case of a bruise. □

STOPPING DISTANCE CHART *Information from California Highway Patrol*



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COMMUNICATIONS

Joining the Mail-Order Intelligentsia

In the nineteenth century a burgeoning American market for consumer goods was frustrated because industrialization was centered in only a few areas, which made for poor distribution and hence an inadequate variety of items in many stores, especially those serving rural America.

Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward found the cure in mail-order business, via their dictionary-sized catalogs. American mass merchandising has since made obsolete the dependence of less populated areas on catalogs and buying by mail. Today wherever you shop you're likely to find the same molded-plastic widget. But what about the widget you might prefer, the one hewn from cured oak by a gnarled little woodcarver outside Stuttgart?

Mail-order shopping once again has come to the rescue. The mail-order business, in fact, is thriving as never before, but this time because it provides access to the unique, the specialized, and the extra-high-quality—and because it is an economical medium, for buyer and seller alike. Even better, the catalog communicates—as it did in the early days of Sears and Montgomery Ward—a sense of culture and a species of entertainment hard to find elsewhere. Used as a business tool or not, it's a unique source of information.

And the business is booming. During the last decade the number of mail-order catalogs more than doubled; they now total more than 7,000 and do a business of over $4.3 billion a year.

In the face of such a bewilderingly vast industry, what follows is a survey of some of the more successful, interesting, and representative of present-day catalogs. If problems arise in their use, there's a place to go for help. The Direct Mail Advertising Association is anxious to quash any fly-by-nighters that might smudge its industry and, to that end, operates a sort of mail-order Better Business Bureau. The association will send a pamphlet on the mail-order business and hear any complaints if you write to them at 230 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

ROBERT EMBRY

FOR BEGINNERS

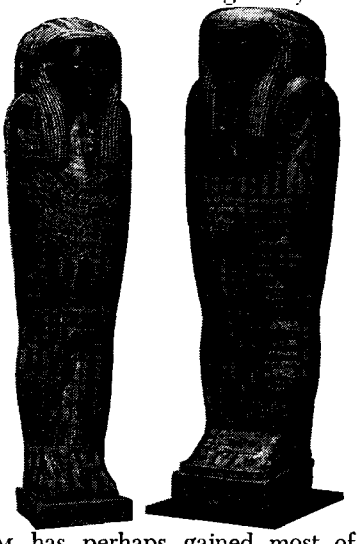
A catalog of catalogs, as it were, and logical starting place for the beginner is *The Armchair Shopper's Guide* by Delphine C. Lyons. The 218-page paperback is divided into 17 chapters, each on a special area of interest: clothing, hobbies, food, and so forth. Shops that sell those types of items are described and compared in hip, straightforward language. Much of what is listed is not readily available in local retail stores: original sculpture, special accessories for the elderly or invalid, stationery with the picture of your favorite breed of dog printed on it, furniture in kit form, and LPs on which an entire orchestra holds forth with every instrument except the one you want to play yourself. Most of the firms listed offer catalogs free or at nominal cost. The guide includes seven pages of general mail-shopping tips, including the point that state sales tax is avoided if the item is purchased in another state. (Send $1.50 to Simon & Schuster, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020.) □

FOR FOREIGN GOODS

Maria De La Iglesia's *Catalogue of Catalogues* is not quite what its title says. It is, rather, a catalog of *foreign* catalogs, listing the firms that publish them and their specialty items, plus a compendium of useful facts to assist the buyer through the intricacies of overseas vs. U.S. pricing, language and currency differences, shipping costs and delays, tariffs, and other reminders of the failure of the One World concept. Although the wheels of the U.S. Customs Service grind exceedingly fine, savings of 40 or 50 per cent are not uncommon, with 25 per cent a conservative average—and that includes shipping costs and duty. De La Iglesia, a European by birth and a New Yorker by marriage, has visited many of the nearly 500 overseas shops she illuminates, and her judgments help solve the uncertainties of sending one's money to a company on the other side of one or another ocean. She speaks of two benefits of foreign mail-order shopping. One is that quality consumer items can be had cheaply and fairly easily by do-it-yourself importation; the other is that overseas firms can furnish goods not readily available in U.S. retail stores. So, when the Joneses swagger back from their vacation in Europe, you can invite them to sit on your Hans Olsen rosewood-and-leather sofa (Copenhagen), serve them 1955 Château Latour from Sotheby's (London) in genuine Bohemian crystal (Prague), suggest they show their films on the projector you bought from Hong Kong at $40 below the U.S. price, and then, if they seem ready to take you up on all of that, you can stare pointedly at your $65 Omega watch (Geneva). (Published by Random House, $4.95 at bookstores.) □

FOR BIG SPENDERS

All is well if you refuse to pay $1 for the 48-page *Neiman-Marcus Christmas Book*. You obviously can't afford to read it. The *Christmas Book* is the solid gold, gem-encrusted tip of a very expensive five-store iceberg. Originally lubricated by the devil-may-care spending habits of Texas oil tycoons, N-M has not let its expansion dim the vision of its somber duty to supply the very affluent with the things they desire.



N-M has perhaps gained most of its notoriety from its "His-and-Her" offerings, which in the past have included such twin gifts as His-and-Her airplanes, submarines, Egyptian mummy cases, and, most recently, life-sized sculptures of the lucky couple, which can laugh mechanically but convincingly at the jokes of guests and say yes in the language of your choice. Other items range downward in price from a one-day Caribbean cruise for 600 of your closest friends, through a lapis lazuli cigarette lighter, to alluring nylon nightgowns. In between is a variety of elegant clothing, unique accessories, and general merchandise, much of it within the grasp of the financially modest, all superior in quality, and virtually untoppable as gift material. (Available for $1 from Neiman-Marcus at Box 2968, Dept. 630, Dallas, Texas 75221.) □

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FOR FUTURE SHOCK

At the other end of the price scale from the *Christmas Book*, but way up there in future shock, is the *Johnson Smith Catalog*, now a half-century old. It was widely advertised in comic books back in those halcyon years when the cigarettes clandestinely puffed in junior high school restrooms were made of tobacco. The old catalog, which offered gimcrack novelties, practical jokes, and magic tricks ("Surprise Your Friends!"), costume jewelry, and thousands of other goodies of fascination mainly to kids, was obviously dated even in the Fifties. The new catalog—a functional one from which you can actually order—is streamlined to about 1,600 items, almost half of recent inclusion. The crystal radios and plastic imitation vomit are still there, but sharing pages with stilettos, cattle prods, burglar alarms, shoulder holsters, and a raft of head-shop psychedelia: mod sew-on patches ("Peace With Honor"), black-light posters, and color organs ("TAKE A TRIP WITH THE LIGHT FANTASTIC . . . Produce soothing hypnotic effects or wild gyrating orgies."). The winds of change ruffle every tree. (Free from Johnson Smith Company, 35075 Automation Drive, Mount Clemens, Michigan 48043.) □

FOR NOSTALGIA

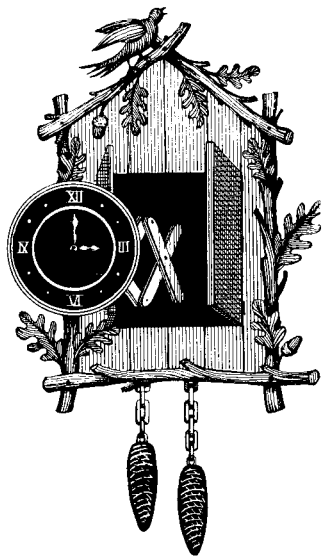
The "vintage catalogs," Sears and Montgomery Ward, are back in reprint form, riding high on a wave of nostalgia—turn-of-the-century gun catalogs, books full of archaic advertisements, posters, and other printed Americana—which can, it is hoped, wrench the benumbed intellect back to a time whose vital problems have been forgotten and therefore are presumed not to have existed. Needless to say, these catalogs are just for browsing, unlike most others dealt with here, which aim to tempt you to make a purchase. The Sears and Montgomery Ward books between 1898 and 1927 are being reprinted in six or seven editions and years, and by almost as many publishers. An 1898 catalog offers buggy whips and regrets that American buffalo robes are no longer available. The 1907 version has dropped buggy whips but offers accessories for Model T Fords. In 1927, Chevrolet accessories are coming on strong, and, at the peak of pre-Depression affluence, Sears is selling fur-collared coats and diamond rings to Middle America. Be warned that these catalogs average about a thousand pages each, and might come quickly to rest on the shelf next to *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, the Bible, and other books people promise to finish reading someday. (The reprints pop in and out of bookstores at $3 to $5 apiece.) □

FOR OUTDOORSMEN

What do the late Eleanor Roosevelt, U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, and John Wayne all have in common? You may be relieved to learn that their common denominator is the patronization of a small store in Maine, which was heretofore known only to locals and the mail-order intelligentsia. Although it remains open 24 hours a day, L. L. Bean, Inc., sells about 80 per cent of its goods by mail. Bean's specializes in things to keep you warm, dry, and otherwise happy in the Great Outdoors. Sporting goods, such as skis and fishing rods, are offered, but the emphasis is on outdoor and foul-weather clothing. Bean's Maine Hunting Shoe is reputed to be the best wet/cold boot around, and its other clothing is well designed, sturdy, and much of it is surprisingly stylish, even for city street wear. Prices are reasonable, and Bean's refund policy is a model: "Our products are guaranteed to be 100 per cent satisfactory. Return anything purchased from us that proves otherwise. We will replace it or refund your money, as you wish." In Maine even the guarantees are laconic. (The 120-page catalog is free from L. L. Bean, Inc., Freeport, Maine 04032.) □

FOR FUN

Jacques Carelman's *Catalog of Fantastic Things* offers items absolutely not available anywhere else. As a matter of fact, they are not available anywhere, period. They are 198 figments of artist Carelman's earthy French imagination. The book's only significant cross-cultural revelation is that, when they run out of toilet jokes in France, they start in on *bidet* jokes, opening whole new dimensions of earthiness. Both are covered in *Fantastic Things*. Most of the nonexistent items, though, are derived from more universal things. Tools, for instance. The Glass-Headed Hammer ensures that the clumsy do-it-yourselfer can't break anything but the hammer. The Politician's Paintbrush, with about 30 small brush heads mounted on one end, "smears a broad area with ease, and paints promises in glowing colors." And so on. It's strictly a gag book, not really a catalog. But it's fun. (Ballantine Books, $2.95 in bookstores.) □



THE UN-CUCKOO CLOCK. Every hour the doors swing open and the clock makes its appearance.

FOR ALTERNATIVES

Undoubtedly, the star of all catalogs and very possibly the most fantastic assemblage of information ever published is the four-year series of *Whole Earth Catalogs*, the first of which appeared in 1968, the last—literally the last—of which is now on the stands. Subtitled "Access to Tools," *WEC* is produced by, and directed mainly at, the more industrious members of the Alternative Society. The catalog is not only a listing of material offerings but a historical document chronicling a large and fascinating subculture.

Items listed in its 447 tabloid-sized pages run the entire gamut of useful objects from adzes to five-ton punch presses, complete lines of artsy-craftsy hand tools, camping and outdoor equipment, cottage-industry supplies, farming and construction equipment, musical instruments, and exotics like Kama Sutra Oil and psychotropic drug-analysis kits. It is the ultimate catalog of pragmatic and artistic goods.

One hundred seventy-nine pages are devoted to books, games, educational aids, studies: everything ever written by Buckminster Fuller, psychical and psychology pieces, tracts on ecology, mechanical and societal structure, the physical sciences from their fundamentals to their headiest philosophical spin-offs . . . description falters at the depth and variety of books, many obscure, most intriguing, all accompanied by lucid thumbnail reviews and liberal quotations. (Random House, $5 in bookstores, for the *Last WEC*.) □

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BOOKS

Private Lives

BY ELIZABETH JANEWAY

HOUR OF GOLD, HOUR OF LEAD: Diaries and Letters 1929–1932. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Illustrated. 340 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. $7.95.

Anne Morrow Lindbergh's second volume of memoirs, taken from her diary and letters, will probably be enormously popular—and deservedly so. In the first, fascinating, place there is the actual sequence of events. Her fairy-tale romance with Charles Lindbergh, described in *Bring Me a Unicorn* (1972), culminates in their marriage, a function that is not simply a celebration but also an ordeal, for the trolls and ugly fairies of avid publicity, uninvited, are bent on attending it. They pursue the happy pair, haunt the honeymoon, and bring to the expected days of living-happily-ever-after a constant, inquisitive harassment. Prince and Princess, in reaction, withdraw from the intrusive, worshiping mob. "Your people, sir, is a great beast," said Alexander Hamilton. The Lindberghs—she the product of sheltered, upper-class upbringing; he obsessively inner-directed and justified in so being by success—found their experience confirming this view. Then the beast turned on them, kidnapped and slaughtered their first-born son, and took over the stage to replace romance with obscene and tragic farce. How the Brothers Grimm would have nodded with sad relish at the working out of the tale.

But, of course, the Lindberghs were —are—people as well as characters in a story, people of a particular time and place. The America in which they grew up half a century ago was a unique cosmos. Whether or not her readers are conscious of it, Anne Lindbergh is providing the Grimm tale she tells with a background of social history. Memoirs of youth in the Twenties give us a great deal of information about the way things were in the last stable decade before the Depression years and the war set off the cataclysmic shifts in society and in ways of living that have translated us to today's confused landscape. It is in the records of perceptive and sensitive individuals (often, but not always, women) that one can feel best the changes in outlook and in significant values. Formal history, even social history, tells us what happened. Books like Mrs. Lindbergh's tell us what it felt like.

Elizabeth Janeway's most recent book is Man's World, Woman's Place: A Study in Social Mythology.

The Lindberghs in 1929, from Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead

One of the more noticeable differences in the life of those times was the de facto acceptance of class in American society, no matter what lip-service might be paid to democracy. There was a clear class difference between Anne Morrow and Charles Lindbergh: she was upper-class, he came out of Middle America. She married out of her class, and she knew it. In her prenuptial diaries and letters to her beloved sisters, as well as those to her fiancé, one finds her facing the task of reconciling their different approaches to life. He offered the unimaginable, thrilling chance of effective, authentic action, contact with the world of real events. On the other hand, he did not and could not understand the special moral values and language of the cultivated, Henry Jamesian East. She tried to teach him. Her letters are awash with quotations—from *Othello* and *Hamlet*, from Katherine Mansfield, from *Alice in Wonderland* and Santayana. The America in which culture was an exclusively female possession appears before our eyes. Tags of French and Greek show up. It is all very schoolmarmish, and one wonders what he thought (there is nothing here from him). And yet, irritating as it all seems, one sees that she is not simply asserting the superiority of her background but trying earnestly to enlarge his world. If culture had fallen into the hands of women and therefore was dismissed as a secondary distraction from the business of America—which was business—we are reminded that the loss of humane values was indeed an impoverishment. Certainly Lindbergh was, and is, no Babbitt. His own book on his transatlantic flight, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, is riveting, alive, aware. But he was a hero to the Babbitts, and part of his charisma was his male freedom from the old cultivated sensibility that Middle America, then as now, saw as weakness. Secondhand as Anne's girlish culture was, she was right in viewing such freedom as ignorance and loss.

When the clumsy, bruising tragedy of her son's kidnapping struck on March 1, 1932, it brought out her own strength and integrity—different qualities shown in different ways, but both very much virtues of her class. Her letters to her mother-in-law on the kidnapping of Charles, Jr., and on the details, as she knew them, of the police search for the kidnappers are models of courage, of grace under hideous pressure. They are clear, succinct, always aware of the feelings of the other woman and totally without self-pity or hysteria. In the brief introduction to this *grand guignol* section she quotes from one letter: "It is so terrifically unreal that I do not feel anything." But lack of feeling is not at all what the letters convey. Discipline and control, yes, but, far from grasping at unreality, she was listening for and responding to real emotion. "Time has not continued since that Tuesday night," she wrote her sister Elisabeth. "It is as if we just stepped off into one long night, or day. And I have a sustained feeling—like a high note on an organ that has got stuck—inside me. The time since then has been all in one mood or color. . . . It is just that night, elongated."

Then, when the baby's body was found and she learned that he had died almost immediately and that more than two months of long-drawn-out "negotiations" with the "kidnappers" had been a cruel hoax, she refused the simple refuge of bitterness, refused to want revenge. Instead, she bent her mind to re-creating the true life of the child she had loved in order to remember him as he had actually been, not a lost bit of herself but a gay, arrogant little boy who had been alive and was now dead; a person in himself whose very loss demanded that he be remembered truly. Her struggle and her success are very moving.

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Perhaps the deepest impression one carries away from this book is how American it is. The kidnapper, Bruno Hauptmann (he was not arrested and brought to trial until later and so does not figure at all in this volume), was an early entrant in the procession of victim-desperadoes seeking an identity through violent action. Lee Oswald, Sirhan Sirhan, Arthur Bremer are the names of his latest successors, aiming at the empyrean of headlines and newscasts by shedding the blood of the famous.

I liked this book better than I expected to. I do not, frankly, admire Mrs. Lindbergh's earlier work, in which she seems to retreat to that famous "inner space" wherein sensitive women are instructed by our social myth to look for refreshment and fulfillment. Nor am I sure that the Lindberghs' revulsion at the general interest in their affairs was either sensible or justified: having made an enormous reputation by a dramatic and highly publicized adventure, it appears to me that the hero could have put up a little more graciously with the hero-worship he received. But I finished *Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead* with admiration for the honesty and openness that its author brings to this chronicle of joy and tragedy and for her insistence on experiencing the reality of these events and emotions. □

Family Matters

MY LIFE IN THE MAFIA. By Vincent Teresa with Thomas C. Renner. 372 pages. Doubleday. $8.95.

BY GEOFFREY WOLFF

"The mob is a cancer on this land. Don't think for a moment it isn't. It's worming its way into every legitimate business you can imagine." Lord knows the mob has wormed its way into the fantasy business: what a gang of books and movies about button men and hits and dons and offers that can't be refused! But it's not the veracity of the pious warning that makes it interesting. It's the speaker's hypocrisy and authority.

Vincent (Fat Man) Teresa is a 325-pound New England mobster with a half-million-dollar price on his full head. Teresa has been blowing the whistle to federal grand juries and to the McClellan Subcommittee on Investigations on every mischief-maker he has known. And by his colorful account, taped by Thomas L. Renner, he has known most of those that matter. His bona fides, according to Renner, seem in order: "He has confessed to every kind of crime he participated in but one: murder. There Teresa has no immunity and he knows it." In return for his vivid yarns, the government protects him and his family—as it protected Valachi, a punk by comparison—from being snuffed out. So long as he testifies, he also receives $1,080 per month.

Small potatoes for a man who claims to have stolen more than $10 million for himself, and fifteen times that sum for his bosses. The money vaporized. Teresa played the nags, and he had a girl friend. "I guess I spent maybe a half million bucks on her in that time, and I think I'm shaving it so as not to look silly . . . . That's the trouble with playing around. You paint yourself into a corner. Mob guys never learn. Broads are their downfall every time . . . . We could have stolen the world if I hadn't got fouled up with Rosie. Jesus, when I think about it I just get sick."

Teresa should cheer up. It's the obligatory footnote to all sketches of high-rolling crooks that *if only he'd gone straight, he'd have made a million.* (Renner's version: "He possesses a warmth, a charm, and a brilliant mind. Despite the fact that he has only a ninth-grade education, had he turned his many talents to honest work he undoubtedly would have become a wealthy man legitimately.") Whether or not talking into a tape recorder qualifies as honest work, this book will bring Teresa a bundle, bet on it.

First, any insider's tale of mobsters and molls is as sure a thing as a fixed horse race. Deep thinkers read about organized crime to discover an analogue and caricature of American free enterprise, very free, very enterprising. Stay-at-homes appreciate the folksy quality of the Family. Vincent loves his kids, his wife Blanche, and the eternal verities. His life may have been exotic, but it was banal as well; there's something for everyone from this middling monster. Mostly these books sell like hot cars because Teresa is right: the reader, "like a lot of suckers I have dealt with, . . . always wanted to be a wiseguy himself. He liked to be with racketeers." Second, *My Life in the Mafia* is a good book. It's coherent and comprehensive and, in its odd way, honest. Renner has edited the tapes with skill, and they've been arranged to make a consecutive narrative.

Not only is Teresa a loving husband and father, he's a patriot, bless him: "Let me tell you something: I'm the proudest guy in the world to be an American . . . . I'd rather spend twenty years in the can in America than twenty

Geoffrey Wolff, a Guggenheim Fellow, teaches at Princeton University. His new novel, The Sightseer, *will be published this fall.*

SR RECOMMENDS

A rotating selection by the book review editors of ten particularly notable new and current books of general interest, arranged alphabetically by title.

DEEPER INTO MOVIES. By Pauline Kael (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $12.95)—This huge new collection of movie reviews (1969–1972), by a critic whose writing combines intelligence, enthusiasm, wit, and clarity, serves also as a record of current interaction between movies—our national theater—and our national life.

GRAVITY'S RAINBOW. By Thomas Pynchon (Viking, $15)—A mammoth new novel—in size, complexity, and theme—set toward the end of World War II and concerned in part with our relationship with technology.

HARRY BRIDGES: The Rise and Fall of Radical Labor in the United States. By Charles P. Larrowe (Lawrence Hill, $8.95; paperback, $3.95)—A detailed and largely sympathetic study of the vigorous, controversial career of one of America's most important labor leaders and of the powerful union he helped to organize—the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union.

HARRY S. TRUMAN. By Margaret Truman (Morrow, $10.95)—A frank and openly affectionate biography of the former President by his daughter.

HOME COMFORT. Edited by Richard Wizansky (Saturday Review Press, $8.95)—A handsomely published and completely beguiling collection of first-person accounts (with illustrations) of the joys, hassles, challenges, and accomplishments—practical and spiritual—of life on a communal New England farm.

HOUR OF GOLD, HOUR OF LEAD: Diaries and Letters 1929–1932. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $7.95)—Continuing from *Bring Me a Unicorn*, this second volume of memoirs covers the early years of marriage to Charles Lindbergh, the kidnapping (and murder) of their first son, the enormous publicity that intruded on their lives, and recounts it all with quiet emotion, courage, and grace.

MY LIFE IN THE MAFIA. By Vincent Teresa with Thomas C. Renner (Doubleday, $8.95)—A lively and compellingly readable account of the Mafia by a top-ranking insider who turned informer—his testimony helped indict more than 50 gangland figures—and whose story a gifted reporter has assembled (and checked) from taped interviews conducted in the limbo of Teresa's hideaways.

NOBODY EVER DIED OF OLD AGE. By Sharon R. Curtin (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6.95)—A powerful, personal, and affecting essay about how this country regards (and treats) its elderly, how they regard themselves, and what they might do about it.

OUR BODIES, OURSELVES. By the Boston Women's Health Book Collective (Simon & Schuster, $8.95; paperback, $2.95)—A complete medical guide for, about, and by women, and a breakthrough book of feminine consciousness.

THE POLITICS OF A GUARANTEED INCOME. By Daniel Patrick Moynihan (Random House, $15)—This well-written, detailed account of the fate of the most far-reaching social legislation proposed since the New Deal provides a rare inside view of the workings of government and the pressures of politics.

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BOOKS

years free in Italy . . . . The mob will not stand for anything against this country. They'll rob from government arsenals and rob government stock and sell it; but if they could discover that anyone's trying to overthrow the country or anything like that, they'll fight him."

Teresa went to the American can after he was convicted in 1971 of various stock swindles and thefts. Before that he had had a nice line of work in the loanshark business. And much of the money he made came from doctors, lawyers, and businessmen who wanted to invest money at a good rate of return (3 per cent a week) without paying taxes on it. Teresa clipped them. They'd give him multiples of $10,000 to put out on the street, and he'd keep it. Simple: "You're a sucker . . . you been taken. Now shut up." The money was gone, but the good citizen had had the thrill of hobnobbing with a mobster.

There's a world of inside dope here. Read about the framing of Sacco and Vanzetti. About the cops in Revere, Massachusetts. About the Plymouth Mail Robbery. About the contempt of the Boston mob for Frank Sinatra. About the guy who began a gang war in New England and wound up with a nice part in *The Godfather*. And if you don't read these details of the folkways America loves to fear, see them—there's bound to be a movie. *The Godfather* was very popular with the mob's wiseguys. But not with the old-timers. "It offends them, it makes them look bad, it makes their families look bad, it's like a sacrilege." That's the trouble with old-timers: no flash, no sense of fun. □

Union Made

HARRY BRIDGES: The Rise and Fall of Radical Labor in the United States. By Charles P. Larrowe. 404 pages. Lawrence Hill. $8.95; paperback, $3.95.
THE FALL AND RISE OF JIMMY HOFFA. By Walter Sheridan. 554 pages. Saturday Review Press. $10.95.

BY DICK MEISTER

Anyone who would understand the American labor movement—indeed, American society in general—must understand Harry Bridges and James Hoffa. To know Harry Bridges is to know how, and why, even the most "radical" of our leaders and movements have adjusted to this overpoweringly capitalistic society. To know James Hoffa is to know just how far—sometimes alarmingly far—those adjustments have gone.

They seem different: Bridges, associated with one of the world's most democratic unions, the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union; Hoffa, from one of the most authoritarian, the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Yet, however differently they may have gone about it, both have devoted their lives to getting as much as they can from their economic opposites, and both have been successful enough to win fierce support from their members and fierce opposition from outsiders, much of it waged through the machinery of government.

Charles Larrowe, a professor of economics at Michigan State University,

Robert Kennedy and James Hoffa at the Senate Rackets Committee investigation, 1959

shows a great understanding of these essentials of the American labor movement in his book on Harry Bridges. It is a rare look at a rare man who, despite his importance, has not been written about in such detail or with such accuracy in recent years.

Walter Sheridan's book on Hoffa, unfortunately, shows no such understanding. The approach of Sheridan, formerly a staff member of the Justice Department's "Hoffa Squad," under Robert Kennedy, is that of a policeman, rather than a scholar or writer. Sheridan piles detailed charges of criminal activity high, one after another, in his overlong account of the "determined and dedicated effort by Bob Kennedy, as chief counsel of the [McClellan] Committee and later as Attorney General of the United States, to cope with a uniquely talented man who used his almost limitless power and resources to perpetuate a racket-infested nationwide empire; to corrupt public officials and private citizens; and to arrogantly violate his own fiduciary trust and the laws of the land for the benefit of himself and his associates and to the detriment of his union members and the public good."

Sheridan tells us nothing new, however. For, as Kennedy's dedicated chief investigator, he seems incapable of telling this very complex story except in the terms in which it was told in the committee hearing rooms and courtrooms of the time: strictly in terms of the good guys on his side who do absolutely no wrong and the bad guys on Hoffa's side who do nothing but evil.

There's plenty of evidence of wrongdoing by Hoffa; many of those witnesses cited by Sheridan certainly were telling the truth. But, though Sheridan is highly skilled at amassing evidence of what has been done, he's very weak on motivation. Certainly Hoffa wanted money and power, but why did he seek it in that particular way? Was he not merely perfecting the methods of his employer opposites in what is commonly held to be one of the most corrupt of industries? This escapes Sheridan, as does another essential fact about Hoffa's rise to power: that he brought good financial returns to his members (which is what union leadership is mainly about in this society).

Sheridan is certain, at any rate, that the struggle is not over. For he means to say, in that curious title, that Hoffa is on the rise again and must once more be confronted by the forces of good, which put him in prison in 1967 (for defrauding a union pension fund and tampering with a jury that was trying him for allegedly taking payoffs from employers). Sheridan blames Hoffa's new "rise" on another old enemy, Richard Nixon, for freeing Hoffa in December of 1971 in exchange for "political favors." The President's order of commutation prohibits Hoffa from resuming office until 1980, but Sheridan thinks "corrupt efforts" will get him back the Teamsters Union presidency long before then, probably through a presidential pardon.

Harry Bridges also has been the subject of considerable attention by the federal government, which tried very hard to deport him to his native Australia, in one of the great civil liberties cases of our time. The extraordinary record of that case is laid out in clear, thorough, and fascinating detail as the centerpiece of Larrowe's book. You may question whether the government was waging a "vendetta" against Hoffa; but, after reading Larrowe, you should have no question about Bridges. The Justice Department attempted to deport him on the charge that he had not disclosed affiliation with the Communist Party. That the charge was not true did not keep the government from pursuing Bridges right up to the Supreme Court, which finally ruled, in 1953, that Bridges had not been affiliated and therefore could retain his citizenship.

Dick Meister is the labor reporter for Newsroom *on public television station* KQED *in San Francisco and a commentator for Pacifica Radio.*

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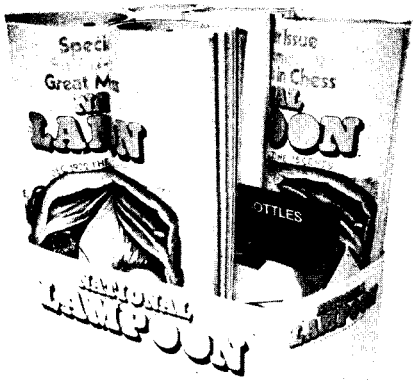

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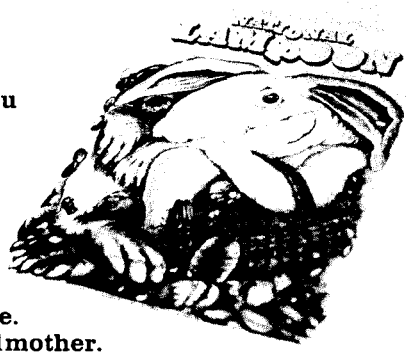

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BOOKS

Much was made of Bridges's "radicalism" at that time, and since. But, as Larrowe makes clear, Bridges only talks radical. He has never sought to take over the economic system; he has merely demanded that longshoremen get a larger share of the system. That's collective bargaining, and, as Bridges himself concedes in the book, "collective bargaining is class collaboration." (Larrowe says Bridges was briefly a member of the Industrial Workers of the World, which advocated radicalism, and decided quickly that the organization's approach was "hopelessly impractical.")

The fact that Bridges talks one game and plays another should not lessen appreciation for his great accomplishments. He was the leader in winning social and economic dignity for longshoremen, creating a widely copied hiring-hall system to guarantee work on an equal basis, to people of all races, on a pay scale that now reaches a minimum of $50 a day. This was done, moreover, through a union that longshoremen actually run, in a way never imagined by Hoffa's Teamsters. Bridges's union also has been one of the few to wring profit from automation.

All this, and much more, is in Larrowe's book, including his belief that it is doubtful that "any other one man's jousts with the government have done more . . . to broaden and to strengthen the Constitutional rights of immigrants, political dissenters and racial minorities." Yet Larrowe notes that Bridges, after reading the manuscript, described this book as "a series of distortions, half-truths, and . . . outright lies." Given the nature of the book (and Bridges's refusal to be specific), this reaction seems yet another illustration of the hostility Bridges often shows to even sympathetic outsiders, especially to those, like Larrowe, who are critical of his current attempts to merge his union into the Teamsters or some other large organization.

Such a merger would destroy the standing of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union as a fiercely independent, extremely democratic union, and there are ILWU members who believe, as Larrowe notes, that Bridges, 71 and nearing retirement, has decided that, when he goes, the union he built will go under with him. Bridges cites economic reasons, insisting that the relatively small union can no longer make it as a separate entity. But his members have voted down his merger proposals at every opportunity and are likely to continue to do so: they cherish the freedom and independence that Harry Bridges struggled so hard to bring them. □

How to Succeed

SILAS SNOBDEN'S OFFICE BOY. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Foreword by Ralph D. Gardner. Illustrated. 240 pages. Doubleday. $5.95.

Horatio Alger, Jr., was probably the most popular American storyteller who ever lived. Accurate sales figures are hard to come by since most of his original publishers are now out of business (through no fault of Alger's, N.B.), but 400 million copies have been claimed for him, and even the paltriest estimates hover around the 200-million mark. Now, just when everybody thought Alger's name had been firmly laid to rest in that American landscape of historical phenomena too large to be ignored but still best left forgotten—like Prohibition or Warren G. Harding—Ralph D. Gardner, an advertising man and Alger enthusiast, has uncovered *Silas Snobden's Office Boy*, the 119th Alger, never before published in book form. Written under the pseudonym Arthur Lee Putnam, the story appeared in *Argosy* magazine (November 1889 to February 1890), then disappeared when its contracted publisher went bankrupt. Its publication now is meant to be more a curiosity than a literary event, but since it's pretty much what you expected in the first place, even the curiosity value is limited.

Young Frank Manton, a $4-a-week office boy and sole support of his mother, is as stalwart a hero as anyone could hope for, but the course of good fortune never did run smooth, so he has to put up with office politics (he is fired after someone falsely accuses him of playing poker), a mugging on Seventh Avenue, and a stepfather fresh out of Sing Sing ("What on earth could have induced you to marry him?" Frank asks Mom, who cowers and sews). The plot thickens, as plots will, and soon Frank is companion to a rich man's son, rescues him from a pair of kidnappers, and eventually receives $10,000 from the grateful father. The book goes down as easily as homemade ice cream, complete with the last sentence cherry on top: "As for Frank, all goes smoothly with him. He is diligent in business and is likely to become a rich man."

"'Can this be little Rob?' asked Frank in amazement." Original illustration from Silas Snobden's Office Boy

Sociologists have made a good deal of fuss about the Alger stories, as if they were blueprints for avarice, but the volume at hand doesn't seem to suggest much more than that $5 a week is better than $4 if you've got a mother to support. This children's story is miles away from, say, the conspicuous consumption of the Hardy Boys, with all their roadsters and speedboats, and its underlying belief in virtue rewarded (and then some) is so bravely naïve and never-never that one wonders at anybody's being taken in. As in most children's stories, the hero is more on the spot than on the make—the message of Frank's story is that it pays to be lucky, and who would quibble with that? But why bring back this kind of book at all? It wasn't much good then, and it's certainly no better now—the plot is breezily mechanical, the writing on a par with easy crossword puzzles, and the nostalgia for the most part limited to how ghastly life could be in the 1880s. Still, if you like a story where the ending is a sure thing and $10,000 can fall into your lap like *that*, this is a book for you—and there are 118 others waiting patiently in the attic trunk. J. K.

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The Business of Reading About Business

For this special issue of SR of The Society, *the book review editors asked two experts to write about the books people in and concerned with business are currently reading.*

Marilyn Bender is a financial news reporter for the New York Times. *Jay W. Lorsch is professor of Organizational Behavior and chairman of the Organizational Behavior Area at the Harvard Business School.*

BY MARILYN BENDER

Any survey of what businessmen are reading runs smack into the open secret that most businessmen aren't. Reading books, that is. Shortly after he was named chairman of General Motors, Richard C. Gerstenberg divulged in an interview that he hadn't read more than one book during the previous year. One of the world's most powerful American bankers doesn't read books either because, if the contents are deemed important enough (as those of *Future Shock* were two years ago), the author is brought around to brief him and his colleagues over lunch. Just as the court flunky tasted the king's food to screen it for poison, so today the corporate sovereign has his literary fare digested and presented in capsule form or laced into his speeches by his ghost writer.

The reason why so many businessmen don't read books, of course, is that they are so busy reading trade publications, reports, memoranda, and other printed fallout from the executive suite and composing their rejoinders—which, after all, is the way one fights to survive in the corporate jungle. However, books specifically or tangentially on business subjects are being written, published, and sold in bookstores (or by other means) and sometimes in impressive numbers of copies. How many of the books bought are actually read was not revealed in this random poll conducted among publishers, bookstores—such as the Doubleday Book Shop and Stamm's in the Wall Street area, Brentano's on Fifth Avenue, the McGraw-Hill Book Store (a business and technical book source), the Kroch's & Brentano branches at Wabash and La Salle in Chicago, the Harvard Business School Coop—the executive program reading list of the Carnegie-Mellon Graduate School of Industrial Administration, and the Executive Reports Division of Prentice-Hall at Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, a mail-order business books supplier. Peers of the corporate realm who are known to be prodigious readers were also surveyed.

Nothing on the current, general interest best-seller list appears to have attained the prestige of *Future Shock*. In the fall of 1970 Foote, Cone, and Belding sent 200 autographed copies of Alvin Toffler's book to clients and prospects with a letter from president John O'Toole verifying that it conformed with his views. However, some companies have recently been ordering quantities of Richard Bach's *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* because, as one acerbic bookseller observed, "they think it's saying, 'I can do it, I can make it, I can sell.' "

The nonfiction best-seller that is being whisked out of attaché cases on commuter trains these days is David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest* (Random House, $10), which traces the involvement of the U.S. government management elite (including a former president of the Ford Motor Company) with the Vietnam War.

Also being read or leafed through is Adam Smith's *Supermoney* (Random House, $6.95), a disappointing sequel to his earlier *The Money Game* (Random House, $6.95). "Interesting, but after awhile I got lost. . . . I can read the *Times* and the *Wall Street Journal* for that kind of thing," said George Weissman, president of Philip Morris, Inc.

In the same category and doing well are *The Money Crowd* by Dana Thomas (Putnam, $7.95), which tells how the Krupps, the Rothschilds, and the offshore fund boys operate; *The Money Lords* (Weybright-Talley, $6.95) by Matthew Josephson, trying to repeat the success of his 1934 *The Robber Barons* (Harcourt Brace paperback, $2.85); *Ling* by Stanley Brown (Atheneum, $7.95), which attempts to explain the arch conglomerateur; and *The Big Foundations* by Waldemar A. Neilsen (Columbia, $10.95), a critical look by a former Ford Foundation officer at what philanthropy and the U.S. tax laws have wrought.

More in the do-it-yourself vein are *100 to 1 in the Stock Market* by Thomas Phelps (McGraw-Hill, $6.95); *Money Making Secrets of the Millionaires* by Hal Steward (Prentice-Hall, $7.95); *How to Invest in Gold Stocks and Avoid the Pitfalls* by Donald Hoppe (Arlington, $9.95); and *A Professional Guide to Commodity Speculation* by John Shaw (Parker, $19.95).

The fashionably perplexing topic of corporate social responsibility is sending some executives to heavier homework: Philip Blumberg's *Corporate Responsibility in a Changing Society* (Boston University School of Law, $4.50) and Eli Goldston's *The Quantification of Concern: Some Aspects of Social Accounting* (Columbia, $4.50). "They both produce solid thinking about a problem that is still a mystery," said David Finn of Ruder & Finn, a public relations firm. As for Mr. Goldston, who is president of Eastern Fuel & Gas Associates as well as one of the business world's leading intellectuals, his social reading menu includes *Social Measurement*, a collection of essays by sociologists, businessmen, and government officials (American Institute of Certified Public Accountants, $5) and Daniel P. Moynihan's *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income* (Random House, $10), the story of the Nixon administration's effort to enact a family assistance plan. Martin E. Segal, a partner in Wertheim & Co. and treasurer of City Center, Inc. (the New York theater company), recommends *Nonprofit Organizations, Financial and Accounting Guide* by Malvern J. Gross, Jr., a partner in Price, Waterhouse & Co. (Ronald, $13.50).

Getting down to profit-making business are these recently popular volumes: *Budgeting: Key to Planning and Control* by Reginald Jones and H. George Trentin (American Management Association, $24.50); *Turnaround Management* by Joseph Eisenberg (McGraw-Hill, $12.50); *The Strategy of Takeovers* by Anthony Vice, analyzing take-over deals in the United States and the United Kingdom (McGraw-Hill, $11); *The Numbers Game* by Robert Reichard (McGraw-Hill, $11.50), which explains how to use statistical data to make dollars-and-cents decisions; *Inside the Yield Book* by Wesley Lindow of Irving Trust Company (Random House, $15), which does a similar job on a larger scale, including Federal Reserve policy; and *Handbook of Modern Personnel Administration* by Joseph Famularo (McGraw-Hill, $27.50), which wraps up everything in that field, including recent civil rights legislation.

Prices of $25 to $35 have not slowed healthy mail-order sales for these guides published by Executive Reports Division: John Wright's *Q.V.T.: Three Steps to Stock Market Profits* ($29.95), preaching the message of quality, value and timing; *Top Executive Success: How to Achieve It—How to Hold It—Today* ($35) by H. William Koch, Jr., a Princeton, New Jersey, management consultant; *Thirty Days to Big Money Selling* ($24.50) by William Edwards, who gives solid ideas for overcoming sales slumps.

Not just for this season but recurring as classics are: Philip Kotler's *Marketing Management* (Prentice-Hall, $12.95); Peter Drucker's *Managing for*

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BOOKS

Results (Harper & Row, $6.50); and Robert Semenow's *Questions and Answers on Real Estate* (Prentice-Hall, $9.95).

The mental fatigue that these books might induce can be relieved by two best sellers reported in the Wall Street book stores: *Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution* (McKay, $7.95) and *Backgammon Book* by John Crawford and Oswald Jacoby (Viking, $10). □

BY JAY W. LORSCH

To attack the question of what books managers should read poses a delicate issue for an academic like me because an important part of my activity is to write such books. Either out of scholarly objectivity (let's get some data on the question) or out of cowardice (there is safety in numbers), I decided to ask a non-random sample of my colleagues at the Harvard Business School to share their views with me. I asked them to limit themselves to two or three books dealing with the internal administration of the firm and to consider only books published in the last five years so that the reader would have a reasonable chance of finding the books in print.

This strategy for solving my problem backfired at the outset because my colleagues overwhelmingly chose to include on their lists a book of which I am coauthor, with Paul R. Lawrence and Richard D. Irwin: *Organization and Enviornment* (Harvard Business School, $6.50). Whether this selection was made on the merits of that book or on the basis of an academic norm of reciprocity, I shall leave to the judgment of the informed reader. It is worth noting, however, that three other books by members of the Harvard Business School faculty were also included: Joseph Bower's *Managing the Resource Allocation Process* (Harvard Business School, $8); Alfred Chandler's *Strategy and Structure* (MIT, $15; paperback, $2.95); and Abraham Zaleznik's *Human Dilemmas of Leadership* (Harper & Row, $6.95).

Other than the revelation that my colleagues respect one another's work, what other generalizations about books that managers should read can be gained from this survey? An obvious one is that a manager's reading should cover a diverse range—from Robert Townsend's *Up the Organization!* (Knopf, $5.95; Fawcett paperback, $1.25) for its "courage" and its "dashing of icons" to Rollo May's *Power and Innocence* (Norton, $7.95) for its rationale about the use of power by individuals. Few if any of the books on the list are simply descriptive of the latest "best" management practices. Rather, the theme that seems to connect most of these books is that they provide the managerial reader with a conceptual perspective on the complex issues he faces in the various facets of his work and career. They offer a map that describes the complex administrative and personal territory with which the managerial reader is coping daily.

Perhaps the clearest example of this approach is Graham Allison's *Essence of Decision* (Little, Brown, $8.95; paperback, $4.50). Allison uses three different conceptual models: the classical model, viewing decision makers as rational actors; an organizational process model; and a governmental politics model (based on the events surrounding the Cuban missile crisis). His analysis illustrates that the conceptual pair of glasses through which an administrator views events in his own organization, as well as those of his competitors, can affect the decisions he reaches. While a reader familiar with the literature in administrative science and organization theory may find Allison's selection and treatment of conceptual models simplistic, the uninitiated will find his book a good beginning because it so clearly illustrates the theme of developing better frames of reference for understanding administrative issues. The fascinating topic of high-level governmental decision making at the height of a major international crisis also provides plenty of incentive for sticking with the conceptual discussion.

While most of the other books mentioned here provide a conceptual perspective for understanding administrative issues, they are divergent in the conceptual paradigms they see as useful and in the evidence they use to argue for their view of the world of the business administrator. The books by my colleagues, mentioned above, are all based on fairly extensive and systematic collection of data. For example, Chandler's study of several American firms is the work of a skilled and recognized historian, and Bower's book is based on extensive interviewing and observation in one company. On the other hand, several books mentioned are by skilled executives who draw on their own experience. The classical example of such a book is Chester Barnard's *Functions of the Executive* (Harvard, $7.50; paperback, $2.75)—as essential reading today as it was when it was published in 1968. More recent examples, less scholarly but more readable than Barnard, are Alfred Sloan's *My Years With General Motors* (Doubleday, $10; Anchor paperback, $2.95) and Anthony Jay's *Management and Machiavelli* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95; paperback, $3.40) and *Corporation Man* (Random House, $7.95). Of these, Sloan's is more purely descriptive. Jay's books do provide something of a conceptual perspective for thinking about behavior in organizational settings. If his analogies between the modern corporation and the princely state or the primitive tribe are somewhat far-fetched (and a bit tongue-in-cheek), they have the advantage of causing even the skeptical reader to question his own assumptions about how and why people act as they do inside business firms—a critically useful exercise for all managers to undertake occasionally.

Often the criticism is made that books like Sloan's are based on experience in only one firm. While this concern is valid, the relevant questions are whether the writer has been relatively objective and whether the reader finds the perspective confirmed by his own experience. The latter question is particularly crucial because at the present stage of our knowledge about management there are so many competing theories and conceptual schemes that two of the best criteria by which to judge them are their validity and utility from the perspective of one who is actively involved in management. The reader who began by hoping that he would find clear-cut answers to his problems in the books the "experts" at Harvard considered important may be disappointed by this conclusion, but this seems to be the current state of management literature. And certainly it is to be preferred to earlier attempts at oversimplistic solutions, which did not recognize the complexities of organizations and of the persons who manage them. □

Answer to **Wit Twister**, page 13: basest, basset, bastes, beasts.

Answer to **Literary Crypt** No. 1546 *Anyone who can fill out a laundry slip thinks of himself as a writer. Those who can't fill out a laundry slip think of themselves as critics.*

George Seaton

SHORTER REVIEWS

CORPORATE POWER IN AMERICA: Ralph Nader's Conference on Corporate Accountability. Edited by Ralph Nader and Mark J. Green. 309 pages. Grossman. $7.95.

THE COMPANY STATE: Ralph Nader's Study Group Report on DuPont in Delaware. By James Phelan and Robert Pozen. 464 pages. Grossman. $10.

There are now 18 reports by Ralph Nader's study group in book form, on subjects ranging from nursing homes to air pollution, and there are more to come—

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including, this spring, reports on occupational safety and the First National City Bank. Most of these were not actually written by Nader, but he is said to have supervised them closely, and certainly they are similar in style and general purpose. They comprise, in total, nothing less than a library of serious, well-researched documents about the way we are running our society, and they are so essentially reformist in nature that it seems difficult to believe the cries of sabotage and anarchy that greeted Nader's appearance on the scene a few years ago. These latest two offerings, which concern themselves with corporate responsibility, are equally reformist in nature, though each will probably raise its fair share of hackles. *Corporate Power in America* is a collection of 14 essays that came out of the Nader-sponsored Conference on Corporate Accountability held in Washington in 1971. Contributors include Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris, John Kenneth Galbraith, Robert Dahl, and Andrew Hacker, and the essays alternate between examining aspects of corporate power (community relations, political influence, etc.) and offering conflicting proposals to deal with them. Primary among these is federal chartering of corporations, for which Nader himself makes a case, calling it "a radically conservative idea . . . to the extent that it attempts to make private firms more accountable to their shareholders and more responsive to competitors." Robert Townsend, author of *Up the Organization!*, offers an appendix proposal for a salaried "public director" in all firms worth more than $1 billion to observe and report goings-on to the public. Most of the proposals are less radical, however, and though the authors in this collection are by no means in agreement—they take positions as far apart as public control and competitive capitalism—what they have to say is interesting and the range of their differences, if anything, serves to underscore the magnitude of the corporate power problem. One place where that power is visibly real is Delaware. *The Company State* is a scrupulously detailed, often fascinating account of a state where the folks on the hill—in this case, the many descendants of Pierre Samuel du Pont—really run things: the state's major corporation (employing one out

Hard Times

AMERICAN LABOR: A Pictorial History. By M. B. Schnapper. Illustrated. 574 pages. Public Affairs Press. $15.
A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICAN LABOR. By William Cahn. Illustrated. 341 pages. Crown. $12.50.

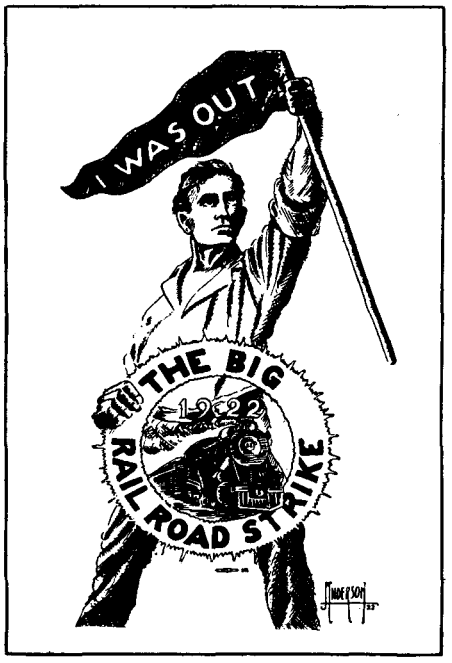
These two large-format picture books are so similar in title, purpose, and, often, choice of illustrations that at first glance they seem to be cut out of the same cloth. But Schnapper's *American Labor* is so much better a book that a comparison of the two offers a virtual case study of what can be done with this kind of book, given some imagination and care. It is not merely that there

Miners chalking out a code notice for a secret meeting of the Knights of Labor, from American Labor

are more illustrations (1,250 vs. 750 in the Cahn book), that the paper is finer, or that the production is better—the basic difference lies in their scope and pictorial approach. The Cahn book is standard overview history, decked out with visual aids to support the text; the Schnapper book, on the other hand, is a visual history—the text supports the illustrations.

The material covered by both books ranges from colonial indentured servants to the computerization of the Sixties, with heavy emphasis, of course, on the formation and growth of the unions, but it is only the Schnapper history that makes an attempt to convey the working experience in this country—what it felt like, what the odds were for a decent life, what expectations were held. And it does so not only because it contains a better arrangement and variety of illustrations but because it abandons the traditional chronological approach for a more suitable kaleidoscopic format of sharp-focus looks held together by a point of view. We are shown how historical events specifically affected working people, how social life was carried on outside the factory, how deep the divisions in this society have been. Nor is Schnapper content with the usual photographs of labor riots and union leaders—his illustrations also take in amputee victims of mechanization (no compensation), copies of blacklisting letters, union picnics and soccer matches, IWW stickers, and never-before published Knights of Labor documents showing lists of cipher words and secret codes used to call meetings. There are, in addition, some heretofore unpublished Matthew Brady photographs of Civil War workers and a fair quota of historical curiosities (e.g., George Washington's help-wanted ad for a household steward). It is not always true that a picture is worth a thousand words, but in this case long tracts on exploitation and repression seem to have been condensed to a series of faces, and the cumulative effect of all this, especially of the group photographs, is to personalize history and bring us closer to the people who lived it—exactly what a pictorial history should do and rarely does.

The book is weak only in those sections that deal with the present time;



Poster for the 1922 railroad strike, from American Labor

there is little about Hoffa, for instance, nothing at all about the Yablonski murders, and only a cursory glance at labor's changing political fabric. But short-shrifting the present has virtually become standard practice for such books, presumably to avoid controversy. Over all, Schnapper's *American Labor* is an admirable piece of work and probably the best book of its kind we have on the subject. J. K.

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BOOKS

of nine workers in the state), the largest bank, the two largest newspapers, 36 foundations (with assets totaling over $400 million), redevelopment schemes (which primarily benefit the business community), and the social hierarchy in general. This has proved something less than a mixed blessing for Delaware, which the authors see as "an aristocratic playland," and the book charts not only the extraordinary tax loopholes but the overlapping circles of government and DuPont corporate power that perpetuate the stranglehold (one state legislator, for example, said he depended on DuPont's legal department to draft the state's corporate income tax law). Since the authors believe that "the strategies for reforming the company state in Delaware may be applicable throughout the country," they conclude with a chapter of "general guidelines" for reform, but the overwhelming weight of their indictment inspires more pessimism than hope—for one thing, their proposals include considerable tax reform, and one imagines the DuPonts, who are said to control things anyway, won't exactly leap at the thought.

THE COMING CLASH: The Impact of Multinational Corporations on National States. By Hugh Stephenson. 186 pages. Saturday Review Press. $7.95.

When a manager of a Mexican-based frozen-strawberry processing plant phones the home office, chances are it's a parent company located in Louisiana. When a vice-president of a Detroit automobile corporation has a conference with a subsidiary, he'll probably get there by transatlantic jet. Direct foreign investment is nothing new, of course, but there's been a dramatic acceleration within the industrial countries in recent years: manufacturing by conglomerates of parent companies and closely integrated foreign subsidiaries—"multinational corporations," as Hugh Stephenson calls them in *The Coming Clash*—has begun to replace international trade as we know it, especially in the high-technology industries. In the 1950s, for example, United States corporate investment in Switzerland was estimated at $25 million, yet by the late 1960s American subsidiaries numbered 650 companies worth $1.2 billion. American firms, however, are not the only ones expanding—Switzerland's largest company, Nestlé, does 98 per cent of its business outside the country, and substantial numbers of other European manufacturers are now earning 50 and more per cent of their profits from foreign operations. Such crisscrossing of national borders is still such a new phenomenon, according to Stephenson (a financial reporter for the London *Times*), that the full scope of the potential financial and industrial power of the 300 to 400 multinationals involved hasn't yet been understood by the governments of the major industrial nations, the unions, or the public. And the author goes on to predict, in this carefully researched, objective book, that unless international regulations can be formulated to cover banking, antitrust, taxation, etc.—and enforced nationally—individual nations may well lose their economic sovereignty, as well as control of other political and social changes that are bound to follow.

STEALING: How America's Employees Are Stealing Their Companies Blind. By Mark Lipman. 160 pages. Harper's Magazine Press. $6.95.

There's an industrial "crime wave" gathering force in this country, from assembly line to executive suite—an allegation Mark Lipman documents with an impressive statistic from the Insurance Information Institute: company losses

total an average of $10 million a day. It's an eye-opening figure, and the subject should have made an interesting book, but the author is more gumshoe than economist (Lipman, a private investigator, has 80 agents on his payroll from coast to coast), and he offers instead some rather startling solutions to the problem. Pocketless uniforms, he suggests, could be designed for all employees; regulations might be instituted prohibiting women from carrying purses at work; undercover agents should be placed at every company to watch those seven out of every ten employees the author claims are guilty ("If faced with an opportunity to steal, most employees will"). Lipman seems to have covered all the exits, but one question keeps nagging—just who will watch the watchers?

THE COMPANY AND THE UNION: The "Civilized Relationship" of the General Motors Corporation and the United Automobile Workers. By William Serrin. 306 pages. Knopf. $7.95.

In the summer of 1970, after unsuccessfully attempting to renegotiate its contracts with America's three largest car manufacturers, the United Automobile Workers decided to strike the General Motors Corporation, its first national strike against GM since the winter of 1945. The 1970 strike was an immense undertaking, eventually affecting as many as 500,000 people, involving an estimated $1 billion loss in profits for GM and an expenditure of $160 million in strike benefits by the UAW—the statistics are virtually endless and overwhelming. The strike is the focus of William Serrin's fascinating book, a superb example of thorough, deeply committed reporting, but his larger concern is with the whole social and economic world of GM and the UAW and a peculiar symbiotic relationship between what one thinks of as opposing forces. George Woodcock, the president of the UAW, describes this relationship as "civilized," but it often sounds like a bizarre misalliance in which the partners are bound together by a single overriding interest: greed. GM, Serrin tells us, "has its sense of history, governed by a single immutable law: *GM does not change.*" The UAW is equally resistant to change—Serrin feels it lacks social responsibility and is unwilling to see beyond its pocketbook. Left holding the dirty end of the stick is the worker, because, despite the relative affluence, the benefits, and the improved shop conditions, life in the factories is "brutish, weary, stuporous. Many workers hate their jobs; many hate their lives." A revealing and absorbing book.

ALASKA: The Last Frontier. By Bryan Cooper. Illustrated. 248 pages. William Morrow. $7.95.

Alaska was ignored for so long that its history seems a legacy of neglect. Then, on February 18, 1968, the Atlantic Richfield Company discovered oil in the Prudhoe Bay area of the Arctic North Slope and suddenly everybody noticed. The discovery turned out to be the biggest ever made in the United States and the story of its aftermath one of the most dramatic industrial sagas of our time. It is very much a story of startling statistics, twists of fate, engineering marvels, and financial intrigue, and Canadian Bryan Cooper manages to guide the reader through all of them in this thorough and readable account. Finding the oil was difficult enough—men worked in temperatures so cold that metal became brittle and snapped, supplies had to be shipped by air, millions were lost on dry wells—but it was nothing to the pandemonium that followed. When the state of Alaska accepted bids on 164 tracts of North Slope land (most tracts run 2,560 acres) at the great lease sale of September 10, 1969, it found itself presiding over the biggest auction in

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history. Over $900 million was realized that afternoon, with a climactic bid of $72.3 million by the Amerada-Hess-Getty group for a single tract. But the companies still faced the problem of getting the oil out. When an ice-breaking attempt by the S.S. *Manhattan* through a Northwest Passage proved impractical, plans were made for a giant pipeline across the state, the construction of which threatened to be as complicated and hazardous as the oil operations themselves. More than anything else, it was this pipeline striking through the wilderness that roused both native Alaskans (whose hunting grounds it would cross) and conservation groups to call a temporary halt to the boom through a series of lawsuits and court injunctions. The Alaskan North Slope became not merely noticed but the springboard for a technology-vs.-wilderness controversy that still rages. Meanwhile, not a drop of oil has come out of northern Alaska, the oil industry (with over $1.5 billion invested capital tied up there) is losing $2 million a day, and the state of Alaska, far from reaping its expected oil revenues of $750,000 a day, is said to be heading toward bankruptcy. Cooper has attempted to record all this with impartiality, and if at times he seems more involved with the oil interests, it is perhaps because he is so alert to the drama they represent in his story. He has written an overlong but nevertheless interesting book: a rattling good story and a celebration of technology, whose serious implications extend beyond Alaska to concern us all.

THE CASHLESS SOCIETY. By Robert A. Hendrickson. 254 pages. Dodd, Mead. $8.95.

In *Dombey and Son* ailing, prescient young Paul Dombey manages to confound his financier father with a simple

question: "Papa! what's money?" Robert Hendrickson's answer to this question—cogent-sounding but sometimes technical and difficult for a lay reader to follow—is that "in terms of volumes, most money today is credit and debt money, not cash and currency money." It is Hendrickson's view that *all* money should be credit and debt money and that "only with the disestablishment of money as cash, and the introduction of a cashless society, can the judicious application of human foresight be brought to bear effectively against the increasing danger to society of the lawlessness of money as cash." This provocative book is both a blueprint and a warning—a warning that cash money is, as the author puts it, "one of the main forms of fuel for continuous economic growth," and that this growth must be somehow curbed if we are to survive. His blueprint for a cashless society may make some readers uncomfortable and leave Hendrickson open to charges of advocating big-brotherism, since what he envisions is a linkage of all existing credit card systems and the establishment of a "single credit ledger" for each individual and organization. "Minimum and maximum credit limits would be established for each individual ledger." No doubt there is merit somewhere in this plan, but do we really need yet another giant bureaucratic system looking over our shoulder?

VATICAN, U.S.A. By Nino Lo Bello. 237 pages. Trident Press. $6.95.

Nino Lo Bello, whose 1969 *The Vatican Empire* gave us a look at what is perhaps the world's largest conglomerate, has turned his eye to the Catholic Church in America and come up with some predictably whopping figures. Although no one seems to know exactly how rich the church is, Lo Bello estimates its total assets in the United States and Canada at over $80 billion, with an annual income reaching nearly $12.5 billion. This wealth is spread over a wide tax-free area, and a good deal of *Vatican, U.S.A.* is spent tracking it down—from television stations to Trappist jams—and explaining the various tax exemptions and loopholes that have made so much of the wealth possible and have caused such controversy. This is interesting stuff, even when familiar, but the extreme complexity and secrecy of the church's financial dealings have taken some of the wind out of Lo Bello's exposé sails—he is forced to rely on hearsay, guarded interviews, and what little published matter there is. Furthermore, Lo Bello finds that "reports about Catholic 'big business' in the United States (unlike those already known about the Vatican) tend to be exaggerated" and that "many of the dioceses are on the brink of bankruptcy." If this is so, then the church seems about to take over the land-rich-but-money-poor position more commonly associated with the English gentry, and the culprit this time appears to be the cost of education. "If parochial schools were to be abandoned," Lo Bello says, "the American Catholic Church's financial problems would almost cease to exist." But a case can also be made, surprisingly, for bad management. "As one high-ranking cleric in the Midwest put it, 'From a Wall Street point of view, I guess you'd say that Catholic finances are one big mess.'" The ironic conclusion seems to be that, though the business of America is business, the church, at any rate, manages better in Rome (where one Vatican-owned company manufactures an oral birth control pill).

THE SECOND AMERICAN REVOLUTION: Some Personal Observations. By John D. Rockefeller 3rd. 189 pages. Harper & Row. $6.50.

"The name Rockefeller does not connote a revolutionary," John D. Rockefeller 3rd says near the opening of this book, but a revolution is nevertheless what he (favorably) argues America is now experiencing. It is a nonviolent, humanistic revolution, to be sure, but its importance will surpass even that of the revolution whose Bicentennial now approaches, and it is *happening*. This may sound suspiciously close to what student activists have been saying for years—and, indeed, Rockefeller has good words for them, as well as women, blacks, consumerists, environmentalists, and the convention reforms of the Democratic Party—but *The Second American Revolution* is by no means a radical document. It is, rather, a deeply felt personal statement about this country's present dilemma and what, in very broad outline, we must do to solve it. As former chairman of the U.S. Commission on Population Growth and the American Future, Rockefeller believes the population problem is the "underlying challenge," but a change in our economic system is nevertheless the "overriding challenge." He does not shy away from redistribution of wealth (in which he envisions philanthropy playing a major role), even declaring that "I personally am ready for tax reform," and believes strongly in decentralizing federal power to state and local levels, but the greater part of his attention is devoted to the changes in human values and priorities he believes we will see. Inevitably, there is a tone here of a fund-raising keynote address, with ideas traveling that slippery road to vague generalization and outline substituted for content, but for all its faults and repetitions, Rockefeller's book manages to convey not only an earnest concern but that rarer thing—goodwill. □

SOLUTION OF THIS ISSUE'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 2031)

S. N. BEHRMAN:
PEOPLE IN A DIARY

You have to believe in what you're doing while you're doing it, no matter how deluded that belief may be. The trouble is that when you get older and your critical faculty sharpens, the generation of excitement over an idea becomes less and less frequent until finally it stops altogether.

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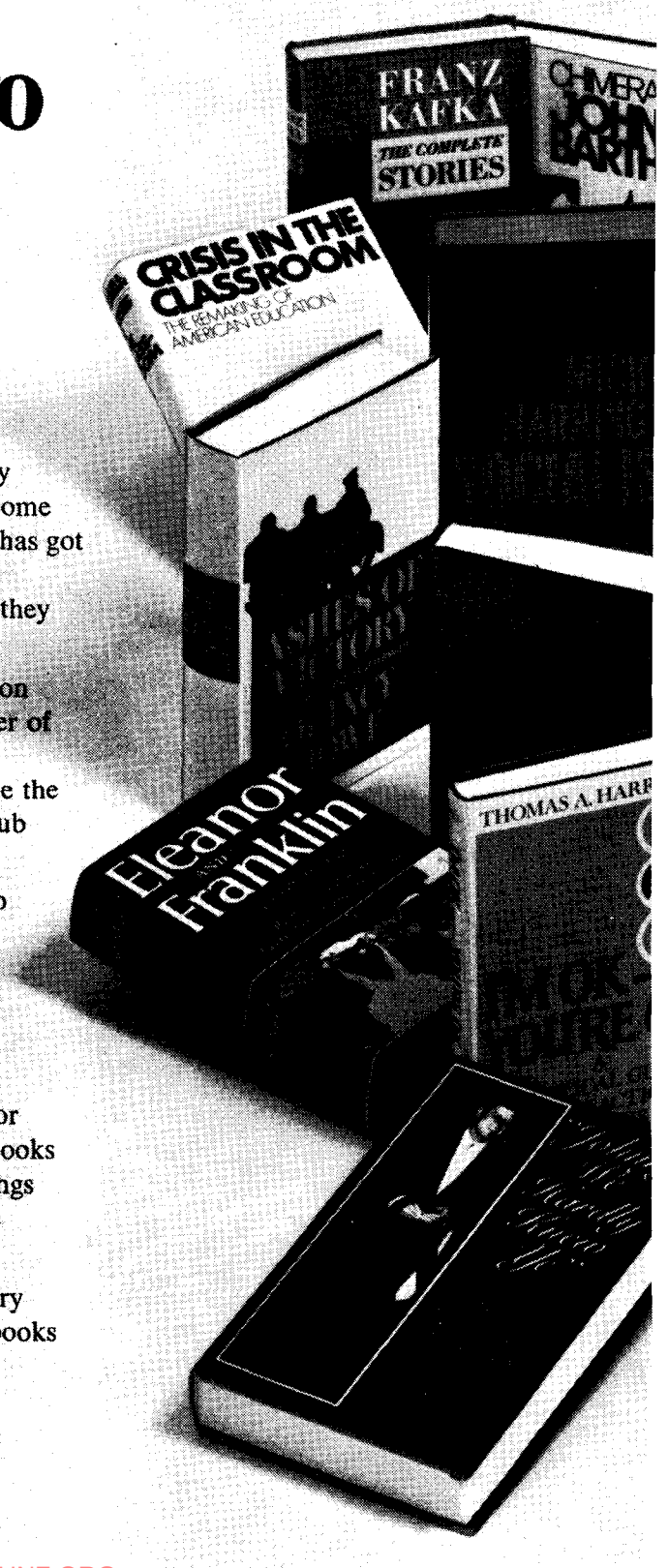

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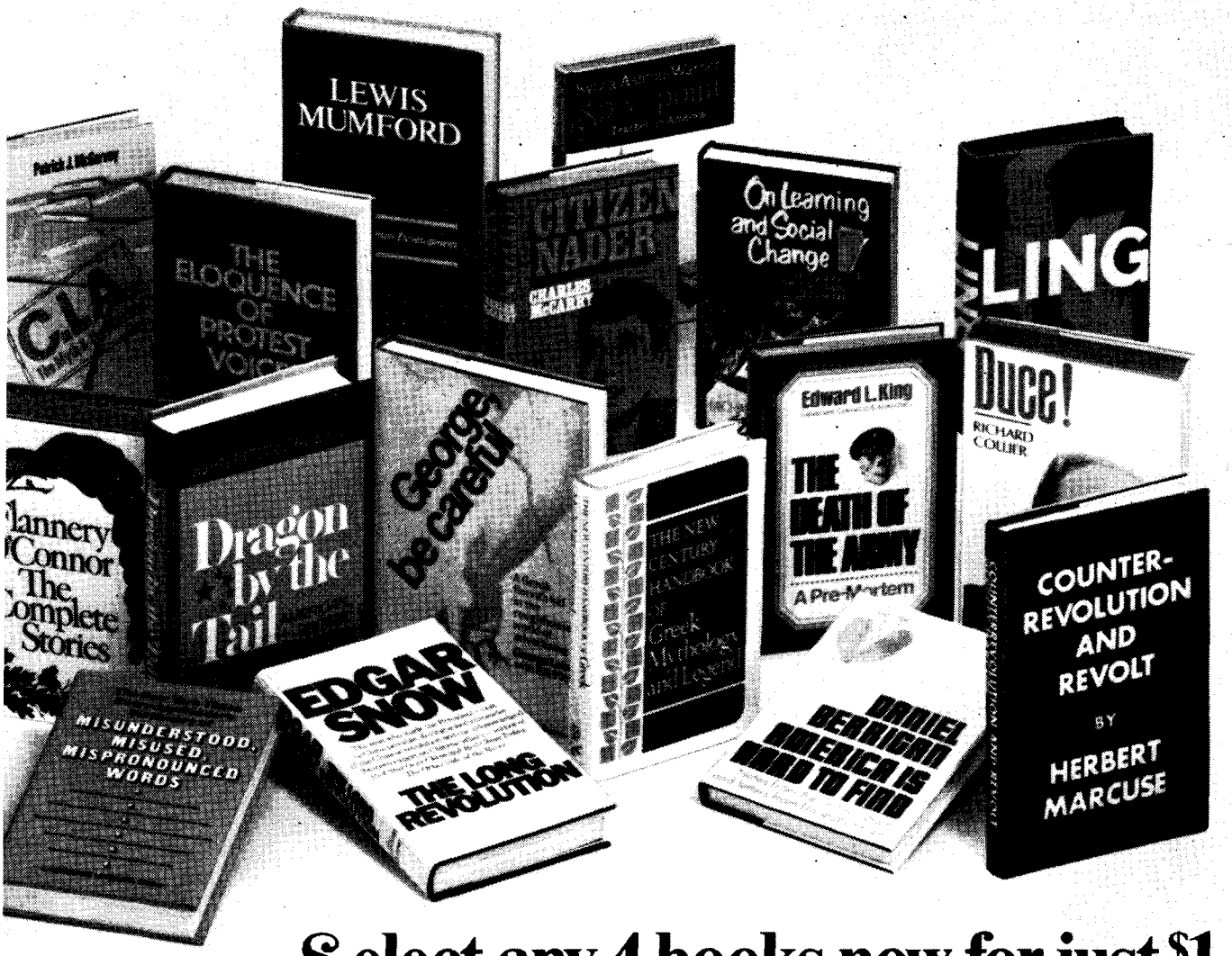

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FILM

The Tango Craze

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

Never underestimate the power of Pauline Kael, whose brilliant writing on films in *The New Yorker* and elsewhere has deservedly led her to become the most influential movie critic in America today, especially in intellectual filmgoing circles. That is, while Mrs. Kael's opinion of some such Hollywood potboiler as *The Poseidon Adventure* probably doesn't make much difference one way or another in the picture's ticket sales, her review of an art film can just about make or break it at the box office. And never has this critic's power been more dramatically demonstrated than in the aftermath of her ecstatic review of *Last Tango in Paris*, in the October 28, 1972, issue of *The New Yorker*. "Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris* was presented for the first time on the closing night of the New York Film Festival, October 14, 1972," Mrs. Kael began her review; "that date should become a landmark in movie history comparable to May 29, 1913—the night *Le Sacre du printemps* was first performed—in music history." She then went on to rave about the performance of the film's star, Marlon Brando, and to all but canonize Bertolucci in print.

For complicated legal reasons, *Last Tango in Paris* had to open in Italy before it could be seen commercially in the United States, and so it didn't have its premiere here until February 1, or more than three months after Mrs. Kael's review had appeared. In those three months, mainly as a result of the near hysteria that Mrs. Kael had generated about it, *Last Tango in Paris* became the most eagerly awaited foreign film scheduled to arrive in New York since *L'Avventura*. At Manhattan cocktail and dinner parties, in fact, film buffs did virtually nothing for weeks but argue over the merits of *Last Tango in Paris*, even though most of them were unencumbered critically by having actually seen the picture. And, of course, the film became the subject of cover stories in both *Time* and *Newsweek* as well as of countless articles in scores of other magazines and newspapers. A 31-year-old Italian who'd made five films before *Last Tango in Paris*, Bertolucci had previously been best known in this country as the director of a pair of movies—*Before the Revolution* and *The Conformist*—that had received highly favorable critical notices but that had barely broken even at the box office. And he'd been looked upon as only one among a number of promising young European directors. But now, with *Last Tango in Paris* sight unseen in America by all but Pauline Kael and a handful of others, Bertolucci found himself heralded across the country as the ultimate and only filmmaking genius of the age, just as Fellini had been after *La Dolce Vita*, Truffaut after *Jules and Jim*, Bergman after *Wild Strawberries*, Godard after *Breathless*, and Antonioni after *L'Avventura*.

Of course, since *Last Tango in Paris* is the first film in which an authentic Hollywood superstar, Brando, has had explicit sexual relations on the screen (even if the sex in the picture is simulated and Brando eccentrically keeps his clothes on while making love to his frequently stark-naked costar, Maria Schneider), the movie would unquestionably have attracted a good deal of attention even if Pauline Kael had hated it. But, I'm convinced, nowhere near the amount of attention that it got once her singularly favorable review came out. And United Artists, which coproduced the film with a pair of European movie companies, shrewdly made the most of having Mrs. Kael's enthusiastic support for its picture—the company reprinted the entire text of her 4,000-word review as a two-page advertisement in the entertainment section of the Sunday *New York Times*. Moreover, to make *Last Tango in Paris* a particularly hot ticket, United Artists chose to open it first only in New York and to book it into one of Manhattan's smaller art houses, the Trans-Lux East—reserved seats only. In consequence, it was quickly sold out for weeks in advance.

Before opening *Last Tango in Paris*, United Artists conspired, too, further to rev up the pre-opening hysteria by having only a couple of advanced screenings for media VIP's (such as Dick Cavett) and by not letting the critics see it until January 29. That they were kept from viewing the picture until two days before its opening enraged a number of the critics, who are accustomed to seeing most movies a month or so before they are released. Particularly vexed was Rex Reed, who attempted to sneak into a mid-January showing of the film in United Artists' 14th-floor midtown-Manhattan screening room and blew his top when he was barred at the door by a p.r. man for the company. If Reed tries to sneak in again, said United Artists, we'll throw him out the window of the screening room. Ha, snorted Reed in his movie column in the New York *Daily News*, there is no window in United Artists' 14th-floor screening room. For Rex Reed, United Artists retorted, we'll put in a window to throw him out of.

All of this, of course, merely further fanned the media-created fires of excitement in New York over *Last Tango in Paris*. As did a series of amusingly outrageous interviews given to the press by Bertolucci and Maria Schneider, who (while Brando was in Tahiti and talking to no one) turned up in New York shortly before the picture opened. Speaking of the actors and actresses in his films, Bertolucci told Guy Flatley of the *New York Times* that "I fall in love with them all; they are the prolongations of my penis. Yes, my *penis*. Like Pinocchio's nose, my penis grows!" And Miss Schneider, a plumpish, baby-faced French actress of 20, who'd had only minor parts in a couple of obscure pictures before appearing in *Last Tango*, cheerfully told interviewers that she'd taken heroin on a number of occasions and that she was a bisexual who had had sexual relations with approximately 50 men and 20 women.

What *Last Tango in Paris* had become by early February, in short, was no longer simply a movie but a phenomenon that might be termed a media fad—that is, something on the order of the Jesus freak movement that is far more written about in the press and talked about on TV than actually encountered or experienced firsthand by most of us. Thus it became all but impossible for the rest of us critics who'd come along in the wake of Pauline Kael's review, the *Time* and *Newsweek* cover stories, etc., to look upon *Last Tango in Paris* with any real objectivity or sense of critical detachment. Nonetheless, let me disagree with Mrs. Kael to say that, while this is indeed a film of enormous emotional impact and visual beauty, it falls short of being a masterpiece, largely because of Bertolucci's disastrous miscasting of Miss Schneider. Sluttish, unattractive, and minimally talented, she all but singlehandedly wrecks the picture. Still, if only for Brando's staggeringly powerful performance, the film is worth seeing, and if you're planning to catch only one new movie in the coming months, it should without doubt be *Last Tango in Paris*. If you can get in. □

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MUSIC

The Pleasures of Pavarotti

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Luciano Pavarotti and his pianist, Eugene Kohn, performing some 20 choice examples of Italian vocal music, converted Carnegie Hall into the world's largest living room on the occasion when the new tenor's zooming career brought him to the famous auditorium for the first time. His vocal power and personal projection made each—in an audience of nearly 3,000—a participant in an evening "at home" with Pavarotti, but his artistry was a reminder that a fine voice, well used, remains the most eloquent of all instruments.

That is perilously close to a truism, but it isn't as often available for audience participation today as it was in the time of McCormick and Tauber, Schipa, Bjoerling, Pinza, and their vocal kind. As the names suggest, they had little in common by birth or heritage. What they did have in common was an infallible sense of what some singers still call "the line," which is the ability to sustain in perfect order and with no visible vocal strain the spinal cord of any expression to which they address themselves.

In a program that ranged from the restrained grief of Bononcini's "Per la gloria d'adorarvi" to the exuberance of Rossini's "La Danza," Pavarotti's sense of "the line" was apparent everywhere. Handel's "Care selve" is a test for the best-schooled classical singer—Pavarotti's was a gem with head tone, *messa di voce*, trill, swell, and diminuendo, each only where it was appropriate, not merely to demonstrate that he has such capacity. He paid his respects to Bellini with finely formed versions of five rarely heard *canzoni*, of which "Malinconia, ninfa gentile" and "Bella Nice, che d'amore" were particularly choice.

The predominantly opera-minded audience expressed its regard generously for these, but it only roared as Pavarotti came to roar with Alfredo's "De' miei bollenti spiriti" from Verdi's *La Traviata*. A tumult of applause broke in during the last familiar phrase, and Pavarotti could have ended the first half of his evening's work right there. But after patiently waiting for the clamor to subside, he went on to "O mio rimorso!" (often omitted in stage performances), whose plunging fervor and exuberant final C evoked a pure panic of pleasure.

Some might say that Pavarotti only "opened up" in the second half of Respighi songs, a Tosti group that included the charming "La Serenata" and the ecstatic "Luna d'estate." Bononcini and Handel merited one quality of sound and Bellini another. So these later matters called on the full *vox humana* and rich diapason of his unique voice.

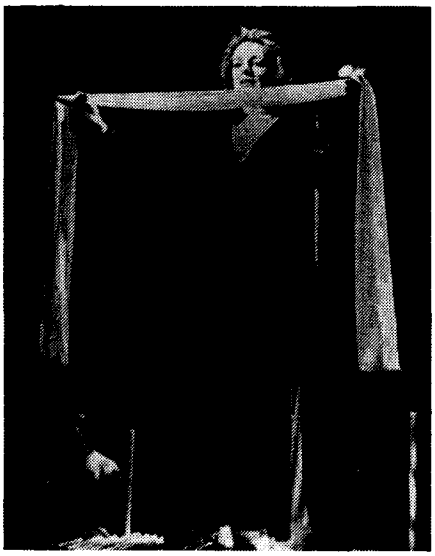
Encores are a must at such an affair, but they rarely have any unifying sequence. These climaxing pleasures of Pavarotti began with a fervent "Tornio a Sorrento," continued with "Amor ti vieta" from Giordano's *Fedora* and "Ch'ella mia creda libero" from Puccini's *La Fanciulla del West*, and concluded with a dazzling "La donna è mobile", from Verdi's *Rigoletto*. All great tenor specialities, they were especially associated with that paragon of tenors Enrico Caruso. No mention was made of such a connection, but this was undoubtedly Pavarotti's heartfelt tribute to the great artist born nearly 100 years ago.

Pavarotti sang everything with total concentration, displaying a temperament as warm as the Neapolitan sun and a beaming smile in response to the audience's more fervent outbursts. But he also twisted, knotted, and unknotted a large handkerchief between songs, which some found distracting. I couldn't have cared less, but to those who did care, Pavarotti must now prove that he can sing not only without *portamento*, poor taste, wrong notes, or offensive sobs, but also *senza fazzoletto*. □

Met in the Basement

On its first venture into chamber opera in the basement Forum of Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, the Metropolitan's administration implemented one of the late Göran Gentele's priority purposes. That was his belief that the venerable old institution should seek a new identity, make its know-how available to a new public, and, above all, come somewhat closer to the center of the contemporary scene than it has been since the 1920s.

It succeeded best in the opening *Syllabaire pour Phèdre*, whose score by Maurice Ohana and text by Raphaël Cluzel were first heard in Paris in 1967. A smallish orchestra (arranged on a gallery above stage rear of the arched amphitheater), plus taped elements, supported the effort of a cast well directed by Paul-Emile Deiber. Nancy Williams was an excellent choice for the speaking-singing lines entrusted to Phaedra, in this retelling of the Euripidean account of a mother who falls in love with her stepson, Hippolytus, during the absence of her husband, Theseus, in Crete. Jean Forêt was a suitably distracted son, Michael Wager a believably distraught father. The simple décor by Ming Cho Lee complimented well the pure and discreet sounds of Ohana's score, which, for all its contemporary means, is easily assimilable. Cynthia Barnett intoned a high-lying coloratura part with shimmering effect.



Nancy Williams as Phaedra

There seemed to be less that was comparably good in the succeeding venture with Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. The small playing area was often cluttered when 20 principals and chorus were crowded into it, the position of the orchestra gave the performers little contact with Richard Dufallo, who conducted, and neither Evelyn Lear nor her husband, Thomas Stewart, who donated their star talents to the venture, truly suited their roles. Miss Lear sang a beautiful "When I am laid in earth," but what preceded was often stilted and unconvincing. Elaine Bonazzi was principal Witch. Still to come is a production of Thomson's *Four Saints in Three Acts*. I. K.

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The Pool is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A Recessed Lighted Tennis Court with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

There Is Also A Small House consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

There Are 17 Acres which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate in which the owner's investment is $585,000. The asking price is $495,000. Liberal financing is available.

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By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2031

DEFINITIONS

A. *With a cunning look* (2 wds.)

B. The important seaport of Flushing is in this country

C. Incidentally (3 wds.)

D. Products or profits of land that has been sown or planted

E. Fiendish person

F. Radiant

G. Noxious emanation escaping from the earth in regions of nearly extinct volcanic activity (var. sp.)

H. Gulf of the ———, a dark plain on the far side of the moon

I. Town in S.W. Indiana, site of socialistic community founded by Robert Owen (2 wds.)

J. George ———, English dramatist: *The Old Wives' Tale*—1595

K. Overflow

L. Noting drugs that may be sold legally without a doctor's prescription (comp.)

WORDS

185 69 45 129 83 103 56 117 229 61

46 62 49 84 159 57 225 70 174 176 188

90 135 71 58 85 179 216 187

148 78 72 63 164 183 171 50 86 223

96 73 91 133 231 44 40 203 65

41 92 197 64 74 47 232 149 134

165 51 210 42 124 153 199

79 195 207 87 59 156 97 132 230 219

191 177 60 100 152 139 52 88 212 80

222 101 150 215 194

66 160 89 81 180 151 53 98 202

104 170 82 198 54 137 184 131 118 205 102

218 146 233

DEFINITIONS

M. Comely

N. English forerunner of women protesters, but her protest was taxation, not liberation (2 wds.)

O. Use of ambiguous expressions

P. Private form of speech invented by a child or by children who are in close connection with one another

Q. Slight

R. Goddess of Justice (class. myth., var. sp.)

S. Abolish (3 wds.)

T. Involved

U. Immature

V. Disproof

W. *Too black for heaven and* ——— (Dryden; 5 wds.)

WORDS

140 105 193 181 145 172 154 55 119 43 48

206 221 201 189

110 5 28 1 106 24 67 35 15 213

16 200 25 75 6 2 121 178 68 43 29

115

30 111 17 157 147 36 182 94 143 123 130

167 7 32 186 125 228 211 10 209 37

127 196 8 26 11 173

116 9 138 33 224 38 99 162 95 20

175 18 163 113 217 126 21 204 27

190 192 39 12 76 136 161 107 31 22

122 112 77 3 108 114 168 13 227 142

23 14 144 226 109 155 19 4 208 220 141

158 169 120 34 166 128 214

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle. . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

	1 N	2 O	3 V		4 W	5 N	6 O	7 Q		8 R	9 S		10 Q	11 R	12 U	13 V	14 W	15 N
16 O		17 P	18 T		19 W	20 S	21 T	22 U		23 W	24 N	25 O	26 R	27 T		28 N	29 O	30 P
31 U	32 Q		33 S	34 W	35 N	36 P	37 Q			38 S	39 U	40 E	41 F	42 G		43 M	44 E	45 A	46 B
47 F		48 M	49 B		50 D	51 G		52 I	53 K	54 L	55 M	56 A	57 B		58 C	59 H	60 I		
61 A	62 B	63 D	64 F	65 E	66 K	67 N		68 O	69 A	70 B	71 C		72 D	73 E	74 F	75 O	76 U	77 V	
	78 D	79 H	80 I		81 K	82 L		83 A	84 B	85 C		86 D	87 H	88 I	89 K	90 C	91 E	92 F	
	93 O	94 P		95 S	96 E	97 H	98 K		99 S	100 I	101 J	102 L		103 A	104 L	105 M		106 N	
107 U	108 V		109 W	110 N	111 P	112 V	113 T		114 V	115 O	116 S		117 A	118 L	119 M	120 W		121 O	
122 V	123 P	124 G	125 Q	126 T	127 R	128 W		129 A	130 P	131 L	132 H	133 E	134 F	135 C		136 U	137 L	138 S	
139 I	140 M	141 W	142 V	143 P		144 W	145 M	146 L		147 P	148 D	149 F	150 J	151 K	152 I	153 G	154 M	155 W	
156 H		157 P	158 W		159 B	160 K	161 U	162 S	163 T	164 D	165 G	166 W	167 Q	168 V		169 W	170 L	171 D	
172 M		173 R	174 B		175 T	176 B	177 I	178 O		179 C	180 K	181 M	182 P	183 D	184 L	185 A		186 Q	
187 C	188 B	189 M		190 U	191 I	192 U		193 M	194 J	195 H	196 R		197 F	198 L	199 G	200 O	201 M	202 K	
203 E	204 T		205 L	206 M	207 H	208 W	209 Q		210 G	211 Q	212 I	213 N	214 W	215 J	216 C		217 T	218 L	
	219 H	220 W	221 M	222 J	223 D		224 S	225 B	226 W	227 V	228 Q	229 A	230 H	231 E	232 F	233 L			

Solution of this issue's Double-Crostic will be found on page 87

BRAND-NEW DOUBLE-CROSTICS, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED, ARE NOW AVAILABLE IN BOOK FORM, SPIRAL-BOUND, FROM YOUR BOOKSELLER OR SATURDAY REVIEW PRESS, 380 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017.

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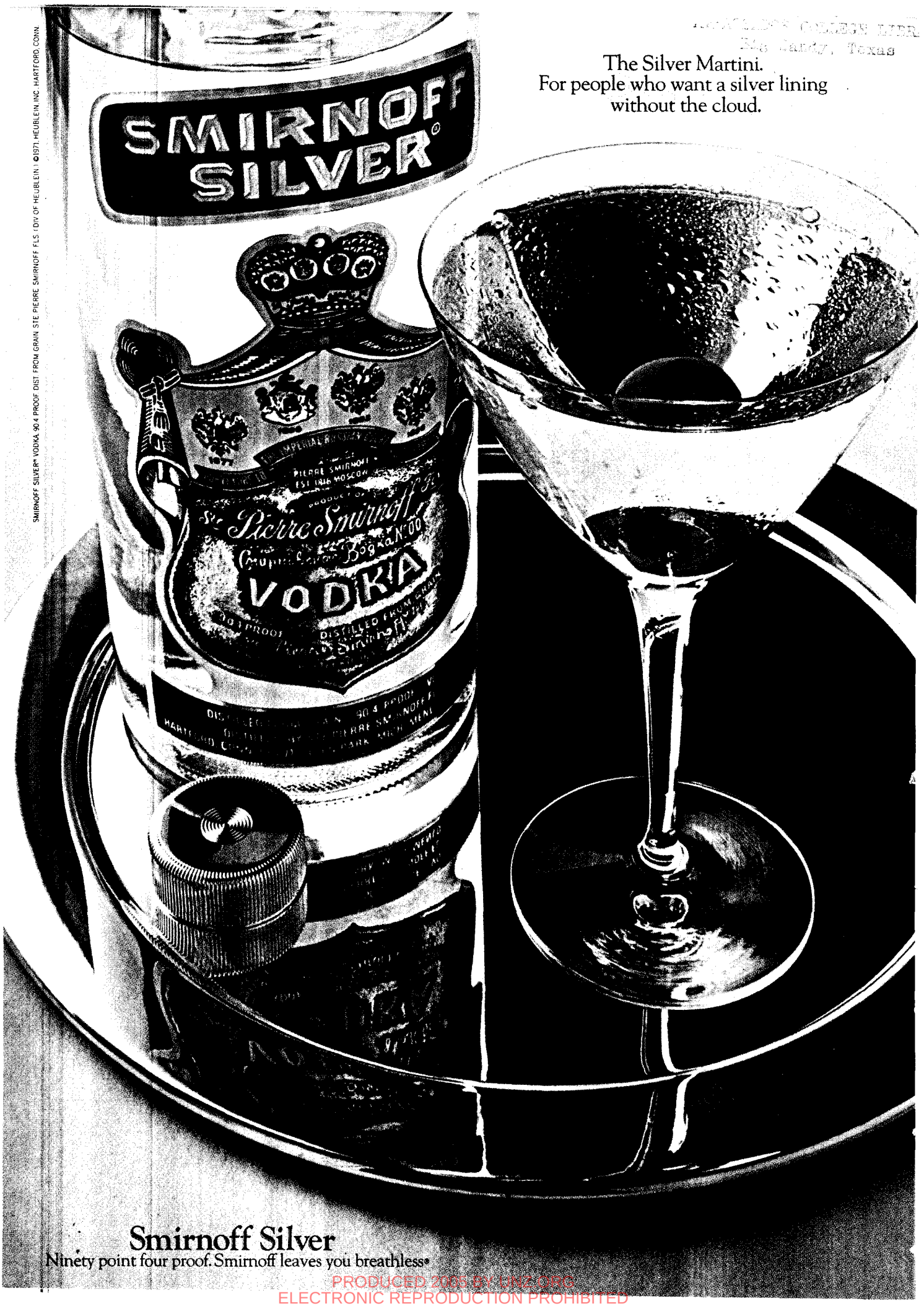

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